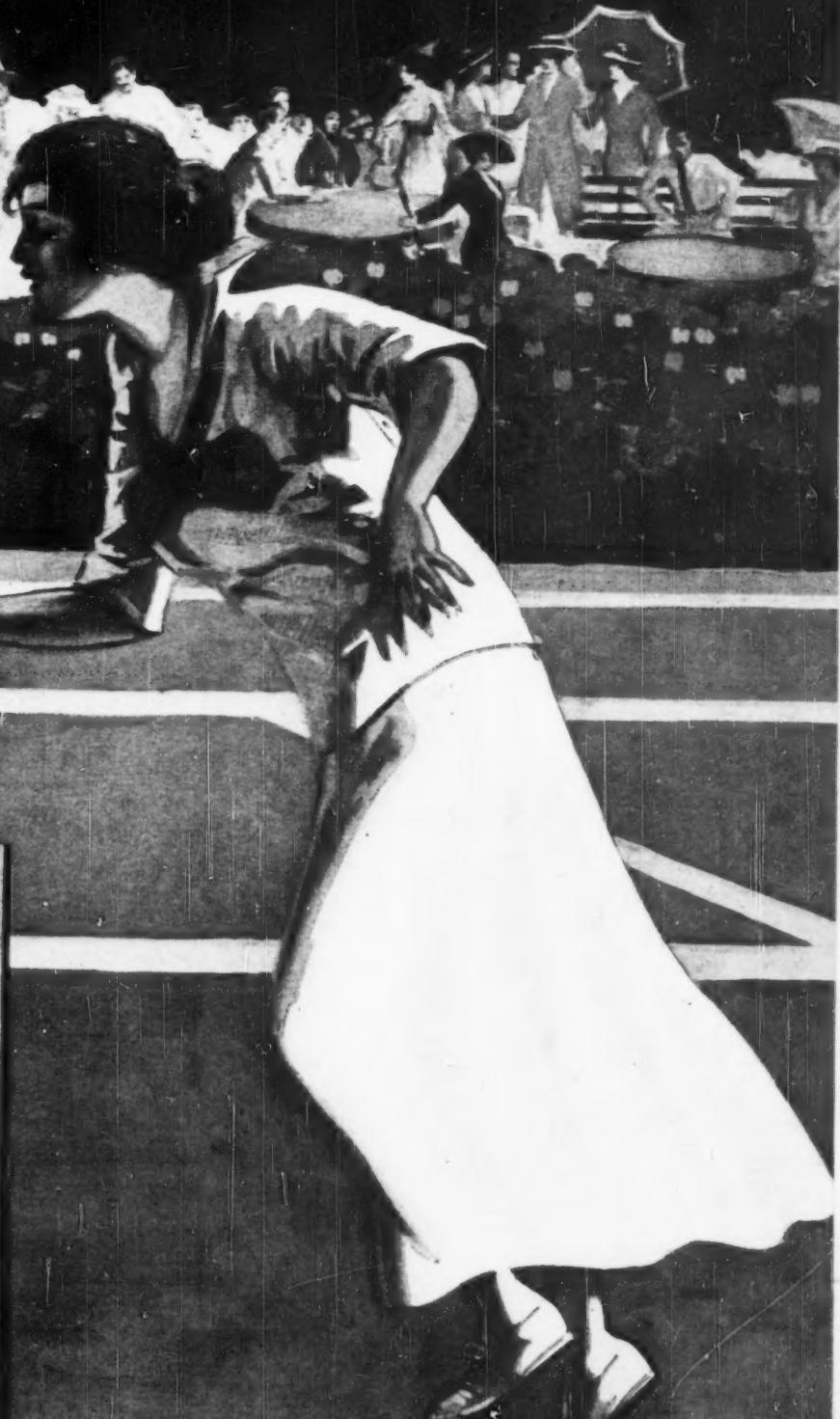


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JUNE
1916

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Canada's National Magazine

STATEMENT BY
THE MANAGER

June, 1916

No. 17

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
143-153 University Avenue
TORONTO

Over fourteen tons of paper are used in this issue of MacLean's Magazine, 1,995 pounds for the cover alone and 26,280 pounds for the inside. Two hundred and thirty-three pounds of black ink and one hundred and twenty pounds of colored ink are required to turn that white paper into the magazine you have in your hands.



Five linotype (type-setting) machines, seven cylinder presses, and an army of compositors, make-up men, pressmen, feeders, folders, binders and mailers are employed in the mechanical department of the MacLean Publishing Company to the end that you receive your copy of MacLean's promptly on the 15th of each month.



The mechanical production of a high-class magazine is an undertaking demanding an organization and an equipment of a high order, and consumes a much greater quantity of paper and ink than the general public imagine.



We take more than usual pride in this June number of MacLean's. To be able to present to our readers in one number the best work of such distinguished Canadian writers as Stringer, MacFarlane, Laut, Gadsby, Sullivan, Service, Leese and Craick, is no small achievement.



This June number is, we believe, the best balanced magazine we have yet published. Arthur Stringer's charming new serial, "The Anatomy

of Love," opens well. Our readers will note the Canadian setting and promptly recognize in Amboro—under the thin disguise—a well-known Canadian institution of learning. One smiles with Mr. Stringer at the owlish eye-glassed old-young professor of science seriously propounding to an embarrassed undergraduate the devastating question, "What is Love?" Enter Anne Appleby. Sybil Shotwell carols from behind the plum blossoms. The triangle is described. As the professor of mathematics would say, "a beautiful problem!" Mr. Stringer has to solve it and we imagine he will have his capable hands fully employed.



Agnes C. Laut continues in this issue her startling revelations of German intrigue and criminality in United States. Miss Laut, a native of Western Canada, is undoubtedly closer to inside politico-diplomatic information in the United States than any other writer. Her articles in MacLean's Magazine, almost incredible when published a few months ago, have been verified beyond a doubt by subsequent developments in the United States Federal Courts. Miss Laut will begin a new series of inside war articles in the next issue of MacLean's.



Canadian public service enterprise in the West Indies and South America has been familiar in a vague way through the medium of stock exchange information to most readers of MacLean's. Mr. Arnot Craick in this issue of MacLean's gives for the first time a really adequate insight into the stupendous engineering and financial adventures of the late Dr. F. S. Pearson and his Canadian allies of Toronto, Montreal and Halifax in the West Indies, Mexico and Brazil. It is a story no Cana-

dian can read without wonder and admiration.



"Behind the Bolted Door?" "Under the Blue Ensign" and the "Review of Reviews" department are other features we particularly recommend this month. When you have read this issue through, we would appreciate an expression of your opinion of our efforts. MacLean's is published for you. We want your personal interest and your suggestions.



MacLean's continues to increase in favor with all the best classes of Canadians. The spirit of active Canadianism reflected in our pages is more and more appreciated these days, as is evidenced by the new subscribers every day added to our lists. During April 2,020 new subscriptions were received. These represent the best elements in Canadian life, readers who write us expressing appreciation of the fact that in MacLean's they now have a high-class, distinctively Canadian magazine.



So far as we have been able to check up their occupations, these subscribers received during April, may be classified as follows:

Merchants	107	Contractors	7
Manufacturers	21	Sec's and Treas's.	4
Managers	35	Mechanics	12
Principals	7	Lumbermen	4
Teachers	120	Town Clerks	3
Accountants	32	C. Engineers	3
Travellers	10	Miscellaneous	55
Farmers	167		
Agents	10	In all	644
Doctors	15		
Lawyers	13	Occupations not	
Dentists	6	learned	1,376
Clergymen	7		
Bankers	6	Total	2,020



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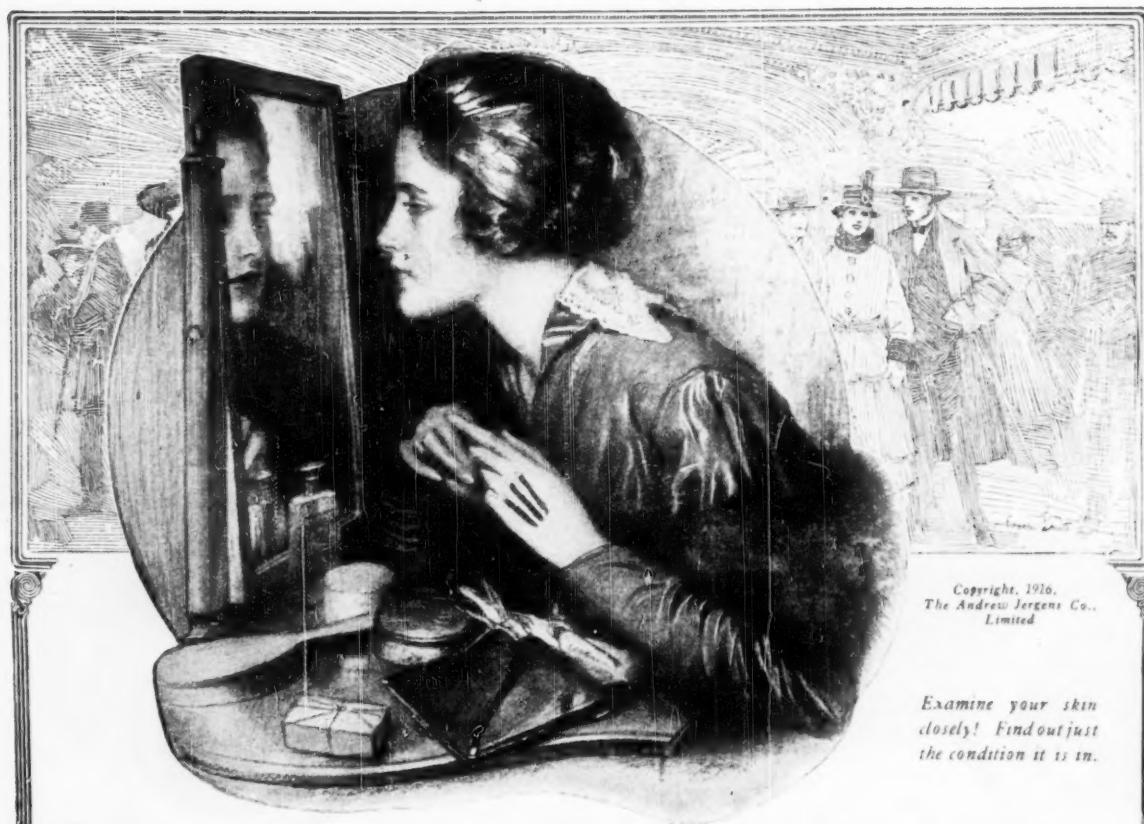
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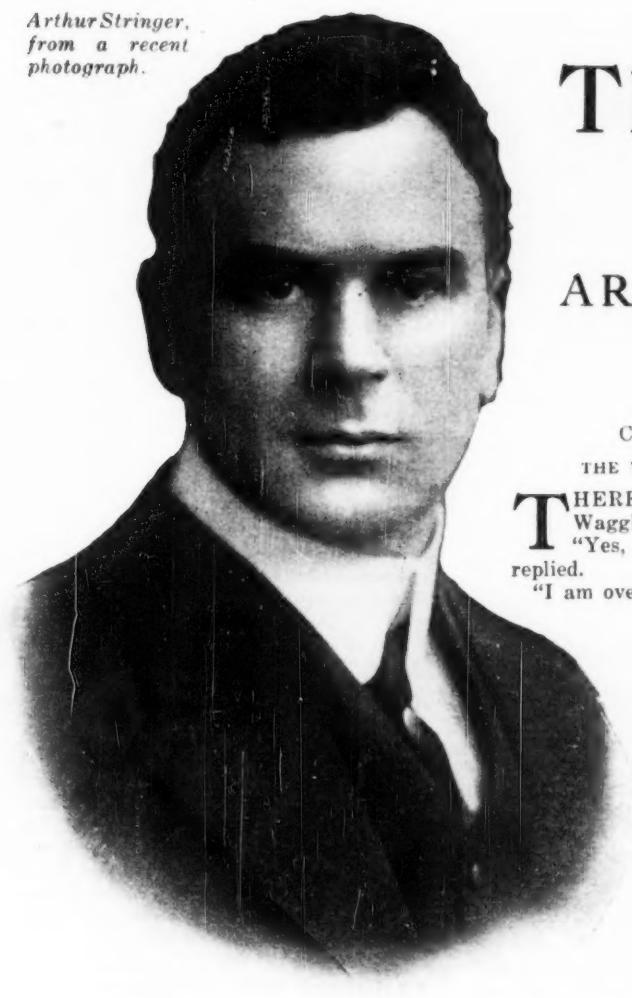
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

JUNE, 1916

Number 8

Arthur Stringer,
from a recent
photograph.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Herewith is presented the first instalment of Arthur Stringer's remarkably fine new story. It has a Canadian setting and will have a special interest for Canadian readers. It is largely due to the fact that Mr. Stringer has returned to his old Canadian home that this story—decidedly one of the best he has written—appeared thus for the first time in a magazine published in Canada. It has been written since he took up his residence again in Chatham, Ontario, and bears the imprint of his remarkable versatility perhaps more markedly than any previous work he has done.

The Anatomy of Love

By
ARTHUR STRINGER

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

CHAPTER I

THE WALLS OF LABOR

HERE is just one thing, Waggles, before you go." "Yes, sir," Waggles meekly replied.

"I am overlooking this—er—this indiscretion on your part. But the fact remains that it was an indiscretion. Undergraduates of this college have been distinctly forbidden to study astronomy from the top of the Tower with young ladies. As for the obviously indecorous hour at which you chose to pursue these studies, your contention

that astronomical observations can be made only after dark is defensible enough, even though the argument presupposes the fact that you surreptitiously and laboriously mounted this Tower for the sole purpose of planetary research. But that matter we shall now regard as a closed issue. The question I wish to put to you is something more personal, something more vital."

Waggles shifted uncomfortably. He stared furtively at the green baize table littered with books and papers, at the figurine of Astarte side by side with a bronze statuette of the many-breasted Artemis of Ephesus, at the shining round lenses of the Dean's eye-glasses which threw back the light from the green-globed reading lamp.

"Waggles," said the Dean of Amboro, resting his elbows on the arms of his

chair and leaning his finger-tips meditatively together, "*What is love?*"

"I beg pardon, sir?" gasped Waggles, recoiling visibly.

"That is a plain question put in plain words. Just what does this word 'Love' imply to you?"

Waggles glanced towards the door.

"I—I really don't know, sir!"

"But aren't you in love?"

WAGGLES' color deepened. He remained silent, although a distinct tendency to edge towards the door did not escape the eyes of the Dean of Amboro, who sighed with plaintive satisfaction.

"Then if you have experienced that most primary of all the instincts, surely you have some ideas about it. And surely, as a man of intelligence, of intelligence considerably above that of the ordinary Amboro undergraduate, you are able to articulate those ideas."

"But that's something the fellows never talk about," maintained Waggles, in the second wind of his courage.

"And why not?" pursued the scholar behind the green-baize table-top and the glimmering eye-glasses. "Why should the operation of a perfectly natural instinct promptly degenerate into a sort of mental euthanasia? Why should the mind, in a matter like this, emulate the cricket, which is reputed to be so proud of its song that it forgets to feed and dies singing?"

Waggles, shifting from one foot to another, felt that something was expected of him.

"But it's—it's not a simple thing," he inspiredly protested.

"With that point, Waggles, you stand on perfectly sound ground. Herbert Spencer, in fact, has even ventured to anticipate you there. Clustering about the physical feeling constituting its nucleus are subsidiary feelings such as those

awakened by beauty of face and figure, and those grounded on human attachment, and reverence, and self-esteem, together with love of appreciation, of sympathy, of freedom, even of property itself. And all these, under excitation, tend both to interact and unite into that immense aggregate which we so loosely designate as Romantic Love."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged the non-committal Waggles.

"But the point is," pursued the man of science behind the green-haize table-top, "just what do we mean by Romantic Love? How long has it been romantic? Is this emotional hyperaesthesia something fixed and persistent in the race, or is it the product of comparatively modern civilization? Must we limit it to Schopenhauer's 'instinct of philoprogenitiveness,' and regard it as a sort of specialized sexual desire, or must we make it embrace not only the individualized affection of the modern but also that ecstatic friendship and that regard for the universal which we usually accept as Platonic love? Was romantic love between unmated man and woman unknown before Dante's *Vita Nuova*, and was Greek love only that conjugal and post-matrimonial tenderness which such men as Boas and Finck would have us believe? Or was Eskstein, remembering Ovid and his *Ars Amoris*, remembering Sappho of Lesbos, remembering Diotima herself, who, according to Plato, gave Socrates the first true discourse on such a theme,—I say, was Eskstein right in his contention that love is as enduring and unchanging as the poets would have us believe?"

WAGGLES, feeling the searching lenses on him, like head-lights, remained uncomfortably silent.

"What, Waggles, is your opinion on that?" prompted the man of science.

"That's something I've—I've never gone into," was Waggles's altogether inadequate reply.

"Precisely," said the Dean of Amboro, with dolorous triumph. "And it's something which nobody else seems to want to go into. It's something which science itself has neglected, although Spencer acknowledges that perhaps, on the whole, this phenomenon of falling in love is the most interesting episode in the career of the ordinary man and woman. And if men decline to go into the matter, as you put it, how are we ever going to reach the truth about it?"

This question seemed to nonplus the discomfited Waggles.

"What's the good of trying to find out the truth about it?" he finally inquired.

"That question, Waggles, is not consistent with the spirit of science. Otherwise, one might ask what's the good of trying to find out the truth about anything!"

The only truth seeming to trouble Waggles at the moment was that a mild and moonlit night of early summer lay beyond those musty Deanery walls and that from the shadowy gloom of the huge maples just south of the Tennis Courts he could hear the broken sound of music and laughing voices. And not all of those voices, seeing it was Commencement Week, were the voices of men.

"So what, Waggles, are we going to do about it?" the older man asked with the same weary tolerance that a nurse might use towards an incorrigibly fretful child. Waggles, resenting that note of intellectual condescension, looked his tormentor squarely between the eyes.

"Why not ask the women something about it?" he demanded, backing towards the door as he spoke. This movement gave his question a not undesired touch of the valedictory.

THE spectacled psychologist at the far side of the reading-lamp sighed more heavily than before. For Waggles had hit on the one stumbling-block along the path of all ethnographic success. You simply couldn't ask women about such things. *Questionnaires* on that theme, Macraven had found, were only too sadly impossible. His efforts along that line had already over-embarrassed him, both as a professor and a man. His President, in fact, had mildly intimated that universities did not subsidize research in the intricacies of erotic adventure. And even though the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Russell Street has openly commended your work on the Marriage Codes of the Blonde Esquimaux, you can't expect to discuss the exogamy and endogamy of African bush-tribes with the ladies of a staid and straight-backed Canadian town, any more than you can line up a row of girls and expect them to enlighten you on the psychology of courtship, even though both Bonn and Heidelberg had acknowledged you to be a second Gillen. It was the old paradox of finding the Espousal Rites of the Upper Niger always at your elbow, but the neogamic data of your next-door neighbor forever withheld from view.

Even Waggles, the simple-minded Waggles, had served to bring this home to Macraven for the hundredth time. And when the Dean of Amboro, emerging from his brown study, looked up to address this same simple-minded youth, he found that Waggles was no longer in the room. That robust and rebellious specimen had wriggled from the cabinet-pin and escaped.

Macraven, with still another sigh, got up from his chair and went to the window. Beyond the shadowy maples he could hear the lilt and throb of guitars, and the tinkle of mandolins, and rising above the music, now and then, the sound of light and youthful voices. And some of those voices, he knew, were the voices of young women.

It was the old, the never-ending game: it was the Senegalese charming the heart of his woman with the beat of the tom-tom in orgiastic glooms; it was the twilight shepherd of the Pyrenees wooing his reluctant mate by means of the three-stringed rebeck.

Yet it made Macraven's thoughts go back to his own youth, to other nights of quiet moonlight, when he had leaned from a window in Oxford and heard much the same music and across the level Magdalen lawns listened to much the same light-noted and happy voices. And still later, in Heidelberg, he had often enough looked out on the same moonlight, on the same odorous beauty of earth and air, on the same unphilosophizing call of youth to youth. And there, too, at times, he had

been vaguely depressed by the sound of distant laughter and music.

Yet, in some way, he had always seemed above it, barred off and detached from it. Instead of bending over mandolins, he had bent over microscope-slides. And instead of living, he had been busy in writing about Life. Instead of climbing tower-stairs with impressionable young women, after the manner of the redoubtable Waggles, he had struggled to make the name "Amboro" stand for something in the world of anthropology. But as he leaned out over the narrow stone sill, gazing across the Deanery garden already fragrant with its wealth of hyacinths, and out across the soft green of the campus, pallid in the flat moonlight, and up to the great grey Tower, that rose so sentinel-like above its huddled college roofs, he felt a wayward sense of isolation creeping over him. He was no longer a young man. He was already entered, well entered, upon what his fellow-worker in Science had called "the plateau of life." Something had faded and passed away,—he scarcely knew what.

Yet it was only in fleeting and abstracted moments like this, he knew, that those years of effort crept back to him, in any way touched with regret. That lost youth, he tried to tell himself, was not altogether a youth of unhappiness. Each season had known its accomplishment; each year had marked its advance. He had done what he had set out to do. Amboro had indeed been put on the map of Anthropology, and behind him, under the green-shaded light on his sadly littered study-table, lay the last pages of the third and final volume of his "Anatomy of Love."

It was, in a way, his life work, or one phase of his life work,—and it was finished. The last authority had been consulted, the last reference had been verified. There would be only the proof-reading; and that would not begin until the early autumn. No tinkle of guitars, he felt, could ever carry to listening ears, more dulcet music, than that which had arisen from the quiet scratching of his gold-handled fountain-pen as he slowly wrote "Finis" at the foot of his last page. His college year, with all its avocational drudgery, was over. His work was done. And he was tired.

HE turned back to the Tower again. A vague and blue above him in the soft moonlight. It had always stood there, a discreet and reticent friend to his midnight questionings, always grim and resolute and purposeful. Sometimes, it is true, he had listened with almost joyous relief to the birds singing so crazily from its gargoyles and turrets. He had watched it soften, spring by spring, with its mercifully enfolding ivy. But he had always liked it best in its midnight taciturnity, isolated, aloof, unaltering, silent in its aspirations, alone in its bald and unbending strength.

He turned to the wide greensward of the moonlit Campus again, as the sound of women's voices fell on his ear. His eye caught the flutter of their white gowns against the blue-green background. He could see them moving across the moonlight, slowly, aimlessly. Some younger girl in their midst was singing. The dusk



"You can turn back," announced the girl. "You're—er—quite sure?" "Yes—it's on."

gave a touch of mystery to the group; the quiet night air, cool and dark and fresh, seemed to muffle and mellow their voices, imparting a new appeal to them, a new allurement.

A sudden inconsequential pang of envy crept through the young Professor of Anthropology, leaning out from his little Deanery window.

His youth was vanishing, and he had missed the warmer colors, the lighter things, the very well-being of life. A vague yet essential something of existence had eluded him. He had not been a drone. Neither had he been a dreamer. But even idleness, he suddenly felt, carried with it its unmerited compensations.

The careless mandolin and guitar music, as he leaned there listening, began to irritate him. He was jealous of it, of its joyousness, of its artlessness, of its unconsidering and unregretted abandonment to primal emotion. They were nothing but a band of college boys, gay and well-groomed youths of the Dormitories, frivolling away the last evening of Commencement Week; a group of chattering girls in white, idling contentedly about in the moonlight.

HE shut the small diamond-paned windows, sharply. Then he drew the curtains, and turned a little wearily to his study-table.

He had been working too hard, he told himself, as he pushed back the litter of papers before him. He had been living too long on the North side of life. The only tower he had watched had been that cloistral tower of granite. It was a tangible tower, and an enduring one, cold to the touch, sombre to the eye. But beyond it, he had always indeterminately felt, there was some far-off sister tower, some frailler thing of softly-fashioned ivory, the fragile abode of idleness and dreams, the pinnacle of poetry and longing. That was the tower his over-studious years had left untrodden. And that was the tower he most needed now, he told himself, before it was too late.

His line of thought was disrupted by a sudden knock on the door. His listlessly authoritative "Come" was answered by the unlooked for appearance of Taussig, the associate Professor of Philosophy. Macraven rose with a sudden change of expression, from diffidence to interest, as he saw who his visitor was. But Taussig motioned him back into his seat with a wave of his long cherry pipe-stem.

The difference in the two men was marked. The associate Professor in Philosophy was short and stout. The eyes that shone out from under the shadows of his beetling brows were small, restless, almost furtive in their quickness of movement, had it not been for the settled good nature about the lines of the mouth. His vest was unbuttoned, and his dress, on the whole, tended towards untidiness, redolent, as always, of strong tobacco. His sentences came from his tongue a little loose and thick in utterance, in strange contradiction of his unwavering and machine-like precision of thought on the platform before his classes.

John Herrin Macraven, on the other hand, was exceptionally tall, and some-

what clumsily put together as to frame. His shoulders were marked by that slight roundness which is sometimes known as the scholar's stoop. His face was clean-shaven, firm and clear-cut in outline, but given the appearance of being unusually long and ascetic-like by the high smooth forehead, blocked out in strokes that left it almost rectangular. The nose, however, was straight and well-chiselled, with the large nostril of physical strength, latent or neglected. The marked droop of the mouth-corners, which gave the face its occasional aspect of grimness, might be taken as a conscious and deliberate assumption of the authoritative attitude, so kindly were the wide-set hazel eyes, so pensive their abstracted gaze. The hair was thin on the high temples, and the face, on the whole, was contemplative and conciliating, but joyless. In moments of strong feeling, as of outraged Right, it was almost saturnine, and only the exercise of a sentry-like will, guarding the widening lines of abstraction, saved it from being an emotional and betraying mobile face. An air of fixed preoccupation, of continuous thought along ever-ramifying avenues of research, marked him as a man who would always be more an observer than an actor in life.

Yet there was something perversely fresh and adolescent about him, for all his sense of mental maturity. In affairs not of the mind, in fact, he was still a good deal of the boy. But even this again was contradicted by the impression of something untamed and irrepressible, carrying with it the conviction that any tranquillity which his ever-questioning mind might attain to, would be wrung from the dust of struggle, and not won from the serenity of a spirit resigned.

THREE was, in fact, something untamed and aggressive in the very gesture with which Macraven thrust back from him a loose pyramid of examination-papers heavily overscored with blue penciling.

"How's Love?" asked Taussig, as he dropped into a wide-armed rattan chair. The associate professor in Philosophy, Macraven remembered, always asked that question, and Macraven himself always winced at it. There were times, indeed, when he strongly suspected it was prompted by some possible incongruity between his personality and the paths of his research-work. But Taussig was the *enfant terrible* of the Amboro faculty; allowances had to be made for him.

"With me, it's at last a closed issue," announced the man at the desk.

"On paper?" amended Taussig. There was still a touch of mockery in his tones.

"On paper!" solemnly conceded Macraven. "Excepting the fact, of course, that my next four years must go to a study of Sexual Selection."

Taussig, nursing his pipe-bowl in short thick fingers, nodded comprehendingly.

"And you feel rather lost, I dare say, with the big job off your hands?"

"Yes, I feel rather lost," acknowledged Macraven.

"Then why don't you try smoking?"

There were times when Taussig was hard to put up with.

"You've asked me that before, I think, and my answer still is that life has always seemed quite short enough—in fact, altogether too sorrowfully short, for what there is to do, without devising anaesthetizing instruments for making it still shorter."

"Heigho!" said Taussig. Then he suddenly grew grave. "You need a rest!"

"I'm going to take one. Doctor Shotwell has asked me up to his place at Cedar Hills. I'm off, the first of the week."

"But I saw somewhere that Shotwell was starting for London to read that paper of his on Reconstructive Anthropogeny?"

"Precisely; and I've engaged to look after his place when he's away!"

Taussig smoked in silence for a moment or two.

"He has a daughter, if I remember correctly?" said the man in the armchair.

"Yes," answered Macraven, picking up his terra-cotta figurine of a heavy-browed and helmeted Minerva, and gazing at it absently, "a mere child." His last memory of Shotwell's offspring was that of an impish and spider-legged youngster who had once upset a bottle of ink over his fourth chapter of *The Mating of Mammals*.

"Hm! Do you know how old a child?" asked Taussig.

MACRAVEN did not. Replacing the Minerva, he took up his little airy, ivory Phryne.

"Ah, that brings me back to young Sewell," said Taussig, elliptically. "It's young Richard Ford Sewell of the Fourth Year. He's asked me to help him out of that Memorial Hall scrape with Ramsdell."

"But why should we make an exception of young Sewell's case?" said the Dean of Amboro, with a sudden resumption of the academic mien.

"He tells me," confessed Taussig, "that he hopes to be married pretty soon."

"Poor devil!" said Macraven. His companion smiled, understandingly. Macraven's most widely read book, through what always seemed to its author some inscrutable caprice of public taste, had been his "Woman Retrogressive." From the purely scientific side, it had done little more, of course, than provide a new and startling viewpoint for the world of psychology. But it had marked its creator as a misogynist of uncompromising and self-confessed extremes. This tradition had grown, though its ready adoption by the rebuffed women of his Amboro world caused small distress to the studious and ascetic-minded scholar who already found life too short for the work that lay before him.

"Sewell isn't a bad sort," said Taussig.

"But what can I do?" demanded Macraven.

"It occurred to me that you might have Miss Appleby speak to her uncle about it."

Taussig smiled as he watched the misogynist, who was nervously fingering his helmeted Minerva. "You see, you have
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Canadian Enterprise in the Tropics

By W. A. CRAICK

EVER since the people of Canada placed themselves determinedly behind the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railway projects and in face of mighty obstacles, financial and physical, succeeded in driving a continuous steel line of track nearly four thousand miles in length across an unpeopled continent, Canadian enterprise has been a force to be reckoned with. It has subsequently built two additional trans-continental lines; it has evolved a canal system which, for solidarity and extent, stands unsurpassed; it has harnessed great waterfalls and developed tremendous forces of hydro-electric energy.

To-day at Quebec, Canadian enterprise is building the biggest bridge of its kind in the world. Within a few miles, similar enterprise is constructing a drydock of mammoth proportions. At Halifax and St. John, harbor works are in process of evolution, the ultimate extent of which will astonish the world. On the Niagara peninsula, national enterprise is to be seen in action re-constructing on an enormous scale the Welland Canal. In the Rockies there is nearing completion the greatest tunnel ever driven through a mountain, while—further interesting illustration of Canadian enterprise—there is to-day being placed in position on Vancouver Island, the largest telescope yet made by human hands.

These are a few instances of that spirit of progress and manifestation of faith in the future of their country, which have impelled Canadians to undertake big schemes of national development. All other countries, of course, have also achieved marvels, nor is there any intention to contend that Canadians have surpassed their neighbors in the extent or importance of their undertakings. All that is meant is to demonstrate that the people of the Dominion have enterprise and that, considering sparseness of population and other obstacles in the way of progress, their enterprise is unquestionably deserving of generous recognition.

Apart altogether, however, from what has been accomplished in Canada itself, there are further examples—perhaps less well known—of activity in construction and development on the part of Canadians which go to prove even more forcibly that they, as a people, possess enterprise in

southward. The Bank of Nova Scotia, on the directorate of which were several Halifax merchant princes, who were familiar with island conditions, resolved in 1889 to place a branch of their institution on the island of Jamaica, and W. S. Stavert, subsequently conspicuous in the winding-up of the defunct Ontario Bank and in the rehabilitation of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Co., was sent to Kingston to open it. The move was an auspicious one, as subsequent events have abundantly proved. It was the direct precursor of an extension of Canadian banking facilities to several of the West Indian islands, while indirectly it led to the development by Canadian companies of those public utility services on the islands to which reference will be made at greater length later



Cars of the Canadian owned and operated tramway system in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, crossing the Carioca Aqueduct.

abundant proportions. While it might seem to the casual observer as if there were surely scope enough within the enormous area of the Dominion itself for the exercise of all possible national and individual enterprise, this has not been the case. Some of the roving spirit of their ancestors evidently continues to course in the blood of Canadians, for within the past two decades certain groups of them have planned, financed and carried out hydro-electric power and other schemes in the West Indies, Mexico and South America, the magnitude of which must certainly astonish those not already familiar with the details of these important undertakings.

THE connecting link between Canada, the islands of the West Indies and the republics of South and Central America, has been Halifax. Years ago by means of sailing vessels and more recently by steamboat communication, there has been maintained a close business association between the Nova Scotian port and the West Indian Islands. The merchants of Halifax shipped dried cod and other supplies south and brought sugar, molasses and tropical products north. Occasionally they journeyed to the islands themselves and became personally acquainted with people and conditions among them.

Out of this interchange of products and incidental social intercourse, there developed the first concrete instance of the extension of Canadian enterprise to the

on. Just as in Western Canada, the financing of the wheat crop each year is a well-rewarded service rendered by the banks, so in the West Indies the financing of the sugar and tobacco crops proves an equally, if not more, remunerative undertaking for those banking institutions engaged in it. Last year it is well known that West Indian sugar accounted in great measure for the unusually large profits of the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Royal Bank of Canada, the two banks most extensively represented in the Islands.

Jamaica has remained the centre of the Bank of Nova Scotia's West Indian activity. It has nine branches on the island which provide practically all the banking facilities required in the colony, including the Government business. Following the earthquake of 1907, the management erected at Kingston what is generally regarded as the finest bank building in the West Indies. It is the most beautiful structure in the business section of Kingston, designed by Canadian architects in the Spanish style, and so constructed as to be practically earthquake-proof. Twenty-five clerks are required to carry on the business transacted within its walls and, to make things pleasant for them after banking hours, the Bank has built a staff house, called the Acadia Club, five miles from the city at the foot of the Port Royal Mountains.

Ten years after the Nova Scotia invaded Jamaica, the Royal Bank, which was originally a Halifax institution, with Haligonian merchants on its



Street scene in San Juan, Porto Rico, where power, light and tramway facilities are all supplied by a Canadian Company.

board, opened up in Cuba. The Spanish-American War was just over and the big island had come under a United States protectorate. Outside capital had, as a result, every reason to believe that conditions would henceforth remain stable, and the directors of the Royal Bank were quick to perceive the advantage of establishing themselves early on the island.

Mr. Pease, the general manager, visited Havana in November, 1898, to investigate the situation. He found business conditions demoralized as a result of the war; but the outlook for the future was bright. The prospects before a Canadian branch bank seemed good, particularly as at that time there was no institution in Cuba doing a general banking business. The Spanish Bank of Cuba was practically defunct and such banking facilities as existed were furnished by merchant bankers, who were specialists in sugar, tobacco and other products. Mr. Pease accordingly reported favorably to his directors and in January, 1899, the Bank's first branch was opened in Havana.

For several years progress was slow. Banking methods were primitive. Trading was largely conducted on a cash basis, as, owing to the long war of the insurrection, the credit system did not exist. Every merchant was his own banker and bought and sold for cash. The banks were simply used as depositories: no interest was expected on deposits; and other methods of doing business were elemental. By degrees, however, the public were brought to learn and conform to modern methods, and concurrently the Bank began to gain ground.

THE Royal Bank received its greatest impetus in Cuba when, in 1904, it was awarded the contract to distribute to the army of the revolution \$30,000,000 in settlement of their claims against the Republic of Cuba. Two years later the balance of these claims, amounting to an

other \$30,000,000, was similarly confided to it for distribution. To facilitate the paying out of the money, branch offices were opened all over the island. These offices were at first intended to be merely temporary in character, but practically all of them were retained after the government business was completed and thus originated the numerous branches—some twenty-two in all—which the Royal Bank is operating to-day in Cuba. It is the big bank of the biggest island in the West Indies, an island, moreover, which comes directly under United States control. And yet here is a Canadian institution doing the bulk of its banking business.

Extension of the Royal Bank to other

islands followed and there are now three branches in Santo Domingo; three in British Guiana, two in Costa Rica and one each in St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, British Honduras and Barbados. Altogether the staff in the south consists of 400 men, many of whom are Canadians. The Bank has erected most of the buildings which it occupies, including managers' residences, while at Havana a commodious house set in beautiful grounds, has been built in one of the suburbs for the accommodation of the staff. The West Indian service is popular with the bank officers. There is a spice of adventure in going to the Indies and the life there offers striking contrasts to that in the towns or cities of Canada.

PARTLY through the establishment of the banks in the West Indies and partly from other causes, Canadians have become gradually interested in several important enterprises in the Islands. And just here it may be explained that the great bulk of the Canadian undertakings in the south have been along the lines of hydro-electric power development. In most places certain facilities already existed. There were, for instance, tram lines operated by mule power or by electric power supplied by small steam plants. These were expensive to run and inadequate to meet the increasing needs of the times. What the Canadian financiers did in practically every case was to secure from governments concessions for the development of hydro-electric energy and franchises for the operation of electric railways, street lighting systems, and other services. Armed with these, they bought out existing companies, built big power plants and transmission line and placed the tramway, lighting and power services of the several cities on an up-to-date modern basis.

In unravelling the threads of circumstance surrounding the evolution of the



The great concrete dam at Comerio Falls in the interior of Porto Rico, a typical example of Canadian enterprise in the Tropics.

various companies operating in the cities of the south, one encounters a rather curious coincidence. During the nineties, there was brought about in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, an amalgamation of a number of independent coal mining companies. The resultant corporation became known as the Dominion Coal Co.—now a constituent part of the Dominion Steel Corporation. In its formation, in addition to Nova Scotian capital, a good deal of Montreal money was employed, among others the late James Ross taking an important interest.

There was certain engineering work to be done in connection with the floating of the company, and to attend to it a young engineer, by the name of F. S. Pearson, was employed. He was an American, a native of Lowell, Mass. Born in humble circumstances, he had, by dint of restless energy and close application, succeeded in advancing himself to a position of recognized authority as a civil and electrical engineer. James Ross had called him in, in a consultative capacity, when he was electrifying the Montreal Street Railway system, and had a high appreciation of his abilities.

NOW, note the circumstances. Upper Canadian capitalists join Halifax capitalists in consolidating the mines of Cape Breton. F. S. Pearson, the man who above all others was to become responsible for the Canadian power developments down south, makes the acquaintance of a powerful Toronto-Montreal-Halifax group of financiers. Clearly, the train is laid for an interesting *dénouement*.

Dr. Pearson, for he subsequently received a doctor's degree, became still closer associated with Canadian capitalists through his supervision of the electrification of the street railways of Toronto and Winnipeg, then as now controlled by Sir William Mackenzie and his associates. He also got into more intimate touch with the moneyed men of Halifax as organizer and builder of the Halifax Tramways System. For a time afterwards he was engaged on most important work in New York and Brooklyn, but he never forgot his Canadian friends, and in 1898 an opportunity came for him to renew his acquaintance with them.

Becoming seized with the possibility of doing for South American cities what he had been doing for American and Canadian cities he went south to look over the ground. What he found in Brazil, will be dealt with later. In the meantime he saw a chance for a little pioneer work in Kingston, Jamaica, and suggested to the



Rio's two-million-dollar Municipal Theatre is typical of the great Brazilian city, where Canadians control every public utility.

Montreal Street Railway interests that they might with advantage take hold of the situation there. James Ross thoroughly approved of the idea and handed over the project to F. L. Wanklyn, then manager of the Montreal Railway, and to his son, Jack Ross.

The West India Electric Company, the first of the group of Canadian power enterprises in the West Indies, was forthwith formed, with the modest capital of \$800,000. A bond issue of \$600,000 was put out, and under a special license granted by the governor of the colony, the project was launched. A hydro-electric power plant was erected on the Rio Cobre River, 22 miles from Kinkston, where 800 horse-power was developed, and a tram line was built, equipped and put in operation in the city.

A YEAR after the Montreal Street Railway interests established themselves in Kingston, a Montreal-Halifax group followed their example and secured electric lighting and tramway licenses in Georgetown, Demerara. They formed the Demerara Electric Company with a capital of \$850,000 (since reduced to \$425,000 by act of the Government of British Guiana) and an authorized bonded indebtedness of \$500,000.

Then John F. Stairs, a prominent Halifax merchant, sent C. H. Cahan to Trinidad to see what could be done there in the way of power development. Mr. Cahan found three small companies already operating in Port of Spain—the Trinidad Light & Power Co., which provided electric light; the Tramways Co. of Trinidad, a seven-mile mule-power line; and the Belmont Tramway Co., a short electric road, a mile and a half in length. He was instructed to take steps to buy them out and secure a franchise from the government for the provision of power and the operation of tramways. These steps were taken in 1901 and the Trinidad

Electric Co. was formed with Mr. Stairs as president and W. B. Ross, K.C., R. E. Harris, K.C., Charles Archibald and B. F. Pearson, directors—a purely Halifax corporation. The management promptly electrified and extended the tramways and built a new 600 horse-power powerhouse.

The Halifax interests next turned their attention to the city of Camaguey in Cuba, forming the Camaguey Co., with a paid-up capital of \$700,000. The latter with the Demerara and Trinidad Co.'s have been controlled for the most part in Halifax, and the same men appear on the boards of each, they being for the most part directors of

the Bank of Nova Scotia. Much of the capital was supplied in the Maritime Provinces, where the three companies are regarded as evidences of the interest of Nova Scotians in the West Indian islands. It is now proposed to dispose of the Camaguey Co. to New York capitalists. As it is the smallest of the three systems and is on an island not under British control, the sale will not be regarded as such a loss as would be the case with either of the other systems.

THE fifth West Indian project, that of the Porto Rico Railways Co., may be described as a Max Aitken enterprise. In 1906, Sir Max, who through his earlier association with John F. Stairs and other Halifax capitalists had become interested in the flotation of securities for the various West Indian companies already established, associated himself with the engineering firm of J. G. White & Co., New York, in the development of a power project at Comerio Falls, in the vicinity of the city of San Juan, Porto Rico. He formed a company, with a capital of \$3,000,000, in which he interested W. B. Ross, R. E. Harris and A. E. Collas of Halifax, and S. J. Moore, W. K. McNaught and D. E. Thomson of Toronto. Mr. Ross took the presidency and he himself became vice-president.

The enterprise included the construction of a power plant at Comerio Falls, the electrification and extension of the tramway system in San Juan, and the building of a railway, 17½ miles long, to Caguas in the interior of the island. All these items were duly carried out, and today the Company is operating all these services and supplying light and power to a great portion of the country. Control of the Company has gradually drifted into Toronto hands. Sir Max Aitken is still a director, but D. E. Thomson, K.C., is now president, and other Torontonians have been added to the board.

There is another Canadian enterprise in Porto Rico, viz., the Porto Rico Telephone Co. It is operating under a franchise granted in 1914, and has a plant valued at over a million dollars, serving the whole island. Control is largely in local hands, though the bonds required to float the company were sold in Canada.

Telephones have not, as a rule, figured to any extent in Canadian developments in the Islands, but there is one notable exception. Some few years ago when the Union Bank of Halifax was in existence, the manager of its branch at Port of Spain, Trinidad, became aware that the local telephone company was in difficulties. He communicated with his head office and the result was that J. H. Winfield, general manager of the N. S. Telephone Co., sent an expert to Port of Spain and secured an option on the plant. This was afterwards exercised by a company, which Mr. Winfield formed in Halifax, called the Trinidad Consolidated Telephones, Limited. It is now providing the telephone service on the island of Trinidad.

WHILE all these projects were under way in the West Indies, the genius of Dr. Pearson had been energetically at work. Having observed that all the principal cities of the United States and Canada were now well equipped with modern power, traction and lighting systems, he began to cast his eyes abroad for fresh fields to conquer. South America attracted his attention. The cities of Brazil interested him. He noted their growing importance, the inadequacy of their electric services and the existence within reasonable distance of valuable water-powers.

The city of Sao Paulo, capital of the state of the same name, was the scene of his first endeavors. Situated just south of the tropics, on an elevation 2,400 feet above the sea, with wooded mountains encircling its site, it was even then a very beautiful and prosperous place. The coffee-growing industry of Brazil centred there and from its seaport, Santos, two-thirds of the world's supply of that product was shipped annually.

Dr. Pearson found three private companies already operating in the city. There was a miserable little tramway system, its cars being drawn by mules; there was a small electric lighting plant, driven by steam power, and there was a primitive twelve-mile line of railway running as far as Santos Amaro—all this in a place with over 250,000 inhabitants. The eye of the engineer, however, saw more. He noted within a score of miles of the city a water-fall, the

location of which was such as to make possible without serious difficulty the construction of a great power dam.

With note-books full of statistics, the Doctor hurried back to New York. Who should he approach for backing in this new venture? Large sums of money were needed; the project was a distant one and it might prove difficult to persuade capitalists to go in for it. Then he remembered the Canadians—a vigorous, enterprising lot of men even then—and he came north to Toronto and laid the whole proposition before William Mackenzie.

The Toronto capitalist was quite ready for an adventure of the kind in Brazil, and told Pearson to go ahead, he would provide the necessary backing. Quickly he gathered round him a little group of his associates—Frederic Nicholls, E. R. Wood, George A. Cox, James Gunn, and his son, the late A. W. Mackenzie, and formed the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light & Power Co. Shares to the amount of six million dollars were issued and sold and a similar sum was raised by the sale of 5 per cent., 30-year gold bonds.

THUS adequately financed, Dr. Pearson rushed back to Sao Paulo, bought up the necessary franchises, secured concessions and purchased rights of way and other property required for the projected works. In September, 1899, the construction of the power plant at Parnahyba on the Tiete River commenced. This necessitated the building of an eight-mile wagon road across rough and hilly country, and the bringing in of great quantities of appliances and machinery. Two dams were called for, a main one at the falls and a smaller one lower down to act as a reservoir and reduce the velocity of the water at the turbines. These it took two years to build, but on their completion, the resultant development of power was far in excess of that of any other power plant in South America.

Meanwhile, transmission lines had been strung up into Sao Paulo, a sub-station had been built in the city, an underground distribution system had been constructed and many miles of street railway track had been laid. The whole system went into operation in 1901. Since then the plant has been greatly enlarged to keep pace with the growth of the city. First, a gigantic reservoir was built at Santos Amaro, capable of holding 195,000,000 cubic metres. Then a few years later, a subsidiary company, the Sao Paulo Electric Co., secured other water powers at a greater distance from the city and put up a five-million-dollar power plant on the Sorocaba River, to supplement the power furnished from Parnahyba.

The Sao Paulo enterprise was a huge success and the Canadian capitalists, who had backed it, were delighted. Shares in the company rapidly rose in value; they were traded in extensively on the stock exchanges and became speculative favorites among the people who made a practice of following the market. Presently dividends began to filter back from Brazil and the reputation of the promoter of the scheme became firmly established.

So successful was the Sao Paulo venture, that other capitalists, who had not been included in the undertaking, began to importune Dr. Pearson for opportunities "to be in on" the next proposition. Among them was the Doctor's old friend, James Ross of Montreal. The head of Montreal Street was anxious for the chance to duplicate the feat of the head of Toronto Street.

THE magician, who was to turn water-power into gold, completed his work at Sao Paulo in 1901 and at once looked about for an opening for a similar development elsewhere. He found it this time in Mexico. Some ninety miles northeast of Mexico City the falls of the Necaxa dropped over a sheer precipice 750 feet high, providing an ideal site for the location of a power plant. The falls had already been the object of engineering attention, and a Frenchman named Vaquie had formed a company, the Société de Necaxa, for development purposes. His intention, however, had been simply to build a power plant and bring industries to the spot—not to transmit energy to Mexico City. The idea of a transmission line, 90 miles in extent, seemed at the time to be an impossibility.

Dr. Pearson, getting wind of the Vaquie concession, went to Mexico City and hunted up the Frenchman. The latter was quite willing to sell out and, after making the necessary survey and



The handsome earthquake-proof headquarters of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Kingston, Jamaica.

drawing up his plans, the Doctor hastened back to Canada. This time, he went to James Ross. With the sweet taste of the Sao Paulo plum in their mouths, the Montrealers were not slow to respond and the year 1902 saw the incorporation of the second Pearson company, the Mexican Light & Power Co. Ross took the presidency, J. H. Plummer and F. S. Pearson were named vice-presidents, and among the directors were Sir George Drummond, F. L. Wanklyn, E. S. Clouston and E. R. Wood.

The hydro-electric power project now proposed was a far more imposing one than that at Sao Paulo and considerably more capital was originally called for. There was, at the outset, a bond issue of seven millions, with a paid-up share capital of nine millions and a half, in all over sixteen million dollars. The necessity for this huge outlay lay in the fact that, owing to the annual drought in Mexico, it was not simply sufficient to build one dam, but a long series of dams and reservoirs with connecting canals and tunnels, had to be included in the scheme.

Primarily there were to be two dams on the Necaxa itself, a storage dam above the falls and a smaller dam lower down to serve as a regulating reservoir. Then, to augment the flow, the waters of the Tenango River were to be added to the Necaxa by means of a cut and tunnel. Further concessions permitted of the storing up of the waters in adjacent rivers, to the extent of over 100,000,000 cubic metres. (Incidentally it might be noted that at the time it was built, the main Necaxa dam was the largest earth-filled dam in the world.)

WHEN the original concession was secured, the Mexican Light & Power Co. bought the control of the Mexican Electric Works, a German company operating a steam power plant in Mexico City. Subsequently, through a subsidiary company formed for the purpose, it acquired two rival companies, one owned by French and Mexican capital, the other by English capital, and placed itself in the position of holding a monopoly of the electric power and light business of the city. The three systems were, of course, united and linked up with the big power plant at Necaxa Falls.

New developments now began to follow one another with astonishing rapidity. No sooner had Dr. Pearson got things moving in Mexico, than he was back again in Brazil with a still bigger project in mind. This was nothing less than the securing of all the power, light and tramway franchises in the city of Rio de



Vedado House, the substantial home of Canadian bank clerks in the employ of the Royal Bank in Havana, Cuba.

Janeiro, the capital of the Republic. He had been deterred before from undertaking this work in Rio by the distance of possible water-power from the city. Now he perceived that distance was no serious obstacle.

There were in Rio at the time four large and two small tramway systems, the two most important of which were still being operated by mule power; a company making and selling gas; an electric light company and a telephone company. The daring Doctor proposed nothing short of buying out every public utility in the place and uniting them under one management, besides which, of course, he would undertake to build adequate hydro-electric power plants to run the whole enterprise.

SAN SEBASTIAO DE RIO DE JANEIRO, to give the city its full title, is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. A traveller once described it as "a city set in a gigantic conservatory with mountains for walls." It skirts the shore of a beautiful bay, while behind and around it mountains rise in majestic splendor. Millions have been spent in improving its streets; charming avenues have been planted, and public buildings of great artistic beauty have been erected. At the time Dr. Pearson planned to acquire its public utilities, it had a population of over three-quarters of a million, making it considerably larger than either Montreal or Toronto.

It was quite natural that the second Brazilian project should be taken to the same interests which had given support to the first. Sir William Mackenzie willingly agreed to organize another South American company and in 1904 the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light & Power Co. came into being, with practically the same directorate as controlled the affairs of the Sao Paulo Co. The new corporation, however, had a very much larger capital

—\$25,000,000 of stock and \$25,000,000 of bonds being authorized.

The building of the first power plant at Rio das Lages, forty-five miles from Rio, was described at the time as an achievement, which only the pen of a Kipling could adequately visualize. It was one of the great stories of human enterprise. First, the engineers had to convey with the greatest difficulty across a mountain range, the machinery and supplies needed to make a beginning. Then a 16-mile railway was built to expedite the handling of materials. The gigantic task was pushed rapidly along. Topographical conditions favored the work and the configuration

of the land was such as to make it possible to construct a natural reservoir of great capacity by erecting a dam of moderate size. A lake 16 miles in length, impounding over seven billion cubic feet of water, was presently formed.

Of the developments in Rio itself, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The company controls everything in that big city in the nature of tramway, light, power, gas and telephone services. All the systems have been modernized. New gas works have been built. Electric lines have been extended. Radial lines have been constructed or taken over from independent companies. The telephone system has been extended to other cities. All these developments have cost money and the capital of the company has again and again been enlarged.

THE Rio Company put on its feet, as it were, Dr. Pearson returned to Mexico to watch progress at Necaxa. Now the Mexican Light & Power Co. differed from the Brazilian companies in that it did not control the tramway system in Mexico City. That belonged to the Mexico Electric Tramways Co. To acquire the latter appeared to the Doctor a desirable step and to do so he set about it in the usual way. A new company, called the Mexico Tramways Co., was formed in Toronto. It was the most purely Pearsonian company yet established. He himself took the presidency and Z. A. Lash, who had done the legal work for the Brazilian enterprises, became vice-president.

The Light & Power and the Tramways Company, while interlocking to a certain extent, were yet largely under different direction. The former might almost have been called a Bank of Montreal enterprise, the latter a Bank of Commerce enterprise. The two companies were mutually dependent and it soon became apparent that a closer union would be de-

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"I desire to speak," he said, shaking his hand at Willard. "I desire to speak, after all, you are going to let him out." The man who handed himself his eyes were blundered and his cheeks partially swollen.

Behind the Bolted Door?

SYNOPSIS.

Judge Bishop and Dr. Laneham are summoned to the fashionable duplex apartments of Mrs. Hansi Fisher, a wealthy society woman, who is interested in welfare work, to the extent of employing Prison-gate help. They are admitted by Jimmy, the man servant, who shows signs of alarm, but no one comes to receive them. After waiting for some time they start to investigate and find that the lower apartments are deserted, the servants having skipped out. The two men then try to break into the rooms of Mrs. Fisher above, but the three doors leading off the corridor are locked in turn as they try to get in. They hear voices and a strange knocking inside, when a door is broken down they find nothing in the apartments—but the body of Mrs. Fisher who has been dead two hours. There is absolutely no door or window by which an escape could have been made.

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

people alone? Judge, and Dr. Laneham—” He got no further. Cursing and crying out inarticulately, some one was forcing his way out of another group of police officers in the rear.

It was Professor Fisher himself. And even a first glance would have shown them that the man was beside himself.

He had what Bishop had called “a patent-medicine face”—the eyes too large and magnetic, the richly curling beard, the too exotic good looks—of the face of the physician printed with the typical yellow-journal remedy.

But now, with his wife’s body lying in that room beyond, his eyes were bloodshot and his cheeks pastily colorless. More than ever, too, did his German accent come out.

“I desire to ask,” he cried, shaking his hand at Willings—“I desire to ask if, after all, you are going to led him go? He vas here. He came—he came to demand money from my wife for his Settlement. He vas the last one to see her alive — And you are going to led him go! And the girl—bei Gott, the girl—is liddle better!”

“They’re dismissed on my recognisance,” Bishop answered him. “It was unpardonable ever to attach suspicion to them.”

“Unpardonable! Unpardonable!” he foamed; “then I gif you notice right away now, if you think all law and justice can be stopped in the first hour—”

“Professor Fisher—” The Commissioner tried to calm him, “if you will merely trust in me—”

“I will not! I will not!”

Boyce waited for no more.

“Judge, will you bring your friends this way.”

HE opened the door to the big dining-room. And when they were alone at last, he turned to Bishop again.

“I’ll have them both dismissed on your recognisance—”

“Thank you.”

“But as for escaping publicity—”

“Oh, no escape now from that!”

“Or even from the implication of guilt—”

“Oh, not a doubt of it. Not a doubt of it!” said the Judge again. “And McGloyne will believe in it most firmly of all. Boyce, tell me, aren’t there any reliable private detective agencies?”

“Certainly. But hardly for us, you know.”

“Then cross out the agency. Supposing some competent private individual, working largely *sub rosa*—”

The Commissioner laughed and snapped his teeth on it.

“Bring him to me. He’s some one we’ve long been looking for.”

Bishop turned to Dr. Laneham.

“Laneham, I remind you again of what we were speaking of on the way uptown to-day. You see how much these young-

CHAPTER III—Continued

MR. WILLINGS?” “He’s in our Settlement. And he called here to see Mrs. Fisher just before you, this afternoon. He came back while you were here. You must have seen him—the young man with the big glasses?”

“Oh—oh, yes. Now we know. But the police holding him? What for?”

“Why, just because he was here, and because no one saw him leaving again—and some money has been taken. And there’s something else, too—something absurd—that they can twist into looking a great deal worse!”

“We’ll be up there immediately.”

“Well!” said Laneham, thoroughly puzzled. “But we’d have been going back very soon in any case.”

And in a few moments they were in their great-coats.

Once more it was storming—a wild drive of sleet and snow. But, with an officer, D. Hope was waiting for them, coat open and wide of eye, at the crowded curb.

“Come in—this way.” And she hurried them to an elevator. When they pushed out again, she led them straight down the corridor, through more reporters and patrolmen and plain-clothes men, to the big Fisher reception-room.

Police officers half filled it. At a table in the centre sat Inspector McGloyne, Chief of the Detective Bureau. Boyce, the Commissioner, was present too. But, plainly,—for the time, at any rate,—he was leaving full authority to the Inspector, the Judge’s “Hell-Roaring Jake.”

And because Bishop was to be the new District Attorney, the man lifted his big blue jowl in a half-greeting as they entered.

“Glad t’ see you, Judge, glad t’ see you.”

Then he turned back, jaw out, to young Willings, who stood, white and very quiet, in front of him.

D. Hope had taken her stand again at Willings’ right. Her hand seemed feeling out for his.

“An’ now, young people, now maybe we can start again.”

McGLOYNE’S hand was big and puffy and red-haired and toad-freckled. He kept lifting it from the table and, in a sort of punctuation, dropping it again. “We won’t say anything about this, Mr. Willings,”—he picked up a large blue bank envelope. “By your own say-so, Mrs. Fisher had likely put \$500 of nice new money in it for your Settlement house. An’ yet, when you look into it the money is gone and there’s only this.” He spilled out its contents, a dozen sheets of bill-sized, blank grey paper, upon the table. “An’ we won’t say any more about just when an’ how you left this apartment-apartment-house when you were through. No more, at present, about that. I’ll just ask you and the young lady to repeat your pretty little good-bye talk before you went to see Mrs. Fisher—All just jokin’, of course—just pure jokin’.”

“Any decent person would know that it was!”

That from D. Hope; and she flamed it.

“Please!” Willings tried to stop her. “You can see what a rotter he is.”

“Oh, sure! Sure!” And suddenly Hell-Roaring Jake began to live up to his name.

“Oh, sure you can! An’ sure you were just jokin’! That’s why you two smooth little silk-stockin’s never bothered mentionin’ it yourselves. An’ now, Meehan,”—he swivelled about to a young patrolman standing at his left,—“will you just repeat said talk for us again?”

“Why,” began that young patrolman worriedly, “I’ve got to say, Chief, that I took it for kiddin’ myself. An’ I only brought it up—”

“Now, kill that—see—kill that! All you got to repeat for us is your evidence.”

“Well, they”—pointing to Willings and Miss Hope—“they were talkin’ about Mrs. Fisher—anyways, *some* Mrs. Fisher—”

“Sure. Sure. *Some* Mrs. Fisher—”

“And she—the girl—asks him how he was goin’ to get somethin’ from her—from Mrs. Fisher—money, it was. A hundred thousand, he mentioned. And he says he’ll ask her first, and then, if she doesn’t give up, he—but, Chief, now, it was just kiddin’, and nothin’ *but*—he makes out he’s goin’ to choke her for the pearls.”

BOTH Laneham and the Judge started forward together. And then they saw that Boyce, the Commissioner, was intervening, too.

“McGloyne,” he was saying, “I asked you at the start—and I had your promise—”

“Mr. Commissioner,” said Bishop, “Miss Hope is my confidential secretary. And if it’s any crazier to suspect the boy!—”

“I know, I know.” Boyce was a lean, clean, grey ex-army man. “McGloyne, will you let me have a moment with the young

sters are in the need of help. I can give it only indirectly, for to-morrow I'll be District Attorney and virtually their prosecutor. But you—you have long wanted to put your psychoanalysis to the test. And here is your opportunity. The thing can't be wholly supernatural—and I ask you to make this case your own."

"Bishop!"—again the Doctor put it from him, with a sort of horror: "Im-impossible!"

"Oh, you must! You will!"

It was D. Hope who was appealing now. And she had all but thrown herself upon him. Yet from the first one could see that it was not of herself that she was thinking. "You've so often told me, too, of what you believed that you—that a little modern science—"

"My dear girl!" The Doctor still resisted, and turned to Willings.

"You'll have the good will of Judge Bishop, you know, and the Commissioner—"

"Yes, Laney," repeated the Judge; "but they must have your help, first of all." He shook him by the shoulder: "Come, come, old man, you might as well give in at once."

AND in that moment Laneham did give in. He turned again, and his consent came in the form of a question.

"Both you children live at that Hudson Street Settlement of yours?"

"Yes."

"And, for a time at least, it'll not be very comfortable for you there?"

"Oh," cried D. Hope, "it'll be awful!"

"Very well. Then I engage to do what I can if you two will do this for me—pick up your traps and come up and stay and work along with me."

"Dr. Laneham!"

"Why not? Can you give me one good reason? We'll all be amateur detectives together, and no two people are in a position to help me more. As for the chaperonage, as long as Mrs. Neilson is on her job, no possible chance to cavil at that!"

He looked at the Judge again: "I'll be taking away your confidential secretary, you know."

"I give you both my blessing."

"Very well." And then the Doctor addressed himself to Boyce. "I suppose if you can take on one special deputy, you can take on three—?"

"I can give you your papers within an hour."

"Done!"

And, a moment later, the Commissioner had gone back to McGlyne and left them alone.

IT was Laneham's first intention, too, to take both young people down to his car, and send them home at once. He was very soon to regret that he had not.

It was the Judge who prevented him. Bishop had continued to pat D. Hope's shoulder reassuringly.

"When you see," he told her, "what the Doctor can really produce from his bag of tricks—!"

"I hope so," said Laneham; "I hope there'll be something, anyway."

"Let's see," Bishop went on. "Some of those basic principles you were laying down for me this afternoon, what were

they again? That Zancray lad, now, what was his method of getting at the truth?"

"Zancray? Zancray's postulate?" Laneham could hardly put the question aside, and he explained the allusion to the others. "Why, Zancray is a French psychologist who's been making a study of crime and criminal investigations. And he bases his work most largely on a theory that in general no friend of—the victim ever tells everything. Either for what they imagine are the victim's best interests, or for their own, they always hold out something."

At the moment he was looking at Willings; and it was his expression that began first to bring him to a halt. "They always hold out something," he repeated, "and if you could only get all those holdouts and fit them together—"

He did not really finish at all. For from Willings' face he had turned his eyes incredulously to Miss Hope's, to the Judge's. And upon all three—it was absurd, it was impossible, but it was there—upon the faces of all of them there was the selfsame betrayal. In the psychological laboratory he had heard it given a name—"the Zancray look"! Next moment, indeed, seeing one another, all three had realized that it was there.

The Judge was the first to give the preposterous situation a sputtering and indignant denial.

"Well, really, Laneham, really! When, for years I have been Mrs. Fisher's personal attorney!—and when every professional man is intrusted with certain confidences—certain secrets, if you like—if you can imagine for one moment—"

"Bishy!"

But by then young Willings, as white as he had been an hour before, was speaking:

"Dr. Laneham, if I give you my word of honor that anything I may be 'holding out'—"

The Doctor could only wave at him imploringly to stop. And, for that matter, it was at D. Hope that he was looking now. For if ever nerves had plainly reached their breaking point—

"Doctor," she began quiveringly, "when I tell you that the incident in my mind—the thing I'm holding out—was the merest trifle—"

"D. Hope,"—he made it an order—"you go home. And, Willings, you go too! I'm so thoroughly ashamed of myself and Zancray and his postulate! Just say we've decided to forget it—or to file it for future reference—or anything you please to get it buried!"

Absurd and impossible! It was more than that. And once more he had to assure them all that, so far from doubting them, his only feeling was one of anger against himself. Only then did he realize that had the affair been that of any of his patients, in no case could he have told everything.

"Let me send you off in the car," he said. And, Bishop with him, he took the young people down to the street.

"Everything comfy? And you're going to forget, really? For that's only fair to me, you know. Then back to your Settlement with you, and be up at Seventy-second street as early as possible to-morrow for our real beginning!"

CHAPTER IV

OF THE EVIDENCE THAT MAY LIE IN THE DESTRUCTION OF EVIDENCE — AND A HANDFUL OF ASHES

"LANEHAM," began the Judge again, "allow me to say once more—"

Again he stopped to gulp his indignation. "Please put it out of your mind," asked the Doctor. "Please be like the youngsters, and forgive and forget it."

"Oh, if you say so. But it seems to me, as a beginning—"

"There are other beginnings we can make."

And, at that moment Boyce, the Commissioner, joined them again.

"Doctor," he said, "wouldn't you like to take a preliminary look around at once?"

"Do," said Bishop, "by all means."

"I should like to, very much," said Laneham.

"Good. For the present it'd be just as well to stay away from McGlyne."

"Of course."

"And I've promised Professor Fisher—" he pointed up the stair—"his private rooms are up there, to the right,—that he'll be left untroubled. But, otherwise, you can go anywhere in the apartment."

And in a few minutes Laneham and the Judge were walking through it together.

Its general arrangement was one that, to anybody familiar with the big, modern, two-storey apartment de luxe, revealed itself at once.

Above, to the right and left, were the suites of the master and the mistress; below, their common rooms. And in the wing on the court were first the service rooms and then the living quarters—the maid's above, the butler's below—of the servants themselves. All was perfectly simple. There were neither unlooked for doors, nor unsuspected passages. The swimming pool alone was out of the common. And the Doctor began by leading the way to it.

It was as they had seen it first. The coroner's physician gravely pointed out to Laneham that death would have resulted from the blow on the temple alone; and that though the markings on the throat were, in a sense, almost identical with those often caused by asphyxiation or even electric shock, the finger marks on the arm made it needless to go so far afield. All of which had been seen and said before. Nor was any new light given. Bishop told himself, by that great, moon-like electric hanging above the pool. The Doctor moved about the swimming pool for a few minutes longer. Then they went on to the rooms beyond.

THEY could now see Mrs. Fisher's little private suite from end to end. And it, too, told no more than it had told at first. It had shown no slightest evidence of disturbance then, and it showed none now. It was a small tragic vision of lovely old rose and dull blues and eggshell white. And two "E. P." men were still searching for the hidden wall safe. By the old French fireplace in the little library some Central Office men were turning out the drawers of a fine old Washington desk. "The boss," said one of them—he meant Professor Fisher—

"told us to make it thorough—no bars up anywhere. An' we are."

Another had again opened the window of the tiny writing-room, on the theory, perhaps, that even without a fire-escape or connecting balcony, some one might have entered from the apartment next door. But the snow on the outer sill was a soft crust of sleet that had not been broken in weeks.

They descended the stairs again to the common rooms. And then they went on through to the service quarters. Nowhere was there anything out of the unusual in any form whatever.

There still remained the servants' private living rooms. Each of them had two. And if both those servants had fled, their rooms at least established this difference.

Maddalina, the Italian maid, must have had her warning. The events, whatever they were, of that day had not taken her by surprise; the proof being that she had removed all her belongings to the last old shoe. And to do that, it was a fair inference, she must have been "getting out" for the week before.

But in the rooms of Jimmy, the little English butler, on the contrary, everywhere lay the indications of flight without warning. On all sides was the litter of rejected possessions left by a man who has had to pack frenziedly and get away in a matter of minutes.

Here, too, more Central Office men were at work, thumbing their way through the contents of a disordered dresser.

"Have you found anything in the way of torn paper, or the signs of anything having been burnt?" asked Laneham.

They looked at him doubtfully. But the Judge's presence gave them sufficient authority for answering, and one of them produced a piece of stamped paper.

"It ain't tore or burnt," he said, "but it gives us a look at the fist he writes."

IT was a duplicate deposit slip—the small mutual receipt one has to make out when depositing without a pass-book. It was on the West Side Bank for Savings. It showed that forty dollars had been deposited on December the second preceding, that Jimmy's name in full—as given there—was James H. Higham, and that the "fist" he wrote was quite as scrawling and characterless as might have been expected. It bore no remotest resemblance to the unknown writing of the murder note.

"Nothing else?"

"Not a thing."

In the corridor they again encountered Boyce. And, though he let the Judge go on, he stopped Laneham for a moment to speak to him.

"Nothing so far, Doctor?"

"Nothing so far."

And then they, in their turn, were interrupted by some one coming down the stairs beside them. It was Professor Fisher. He passed on, hat in hand, to the outer hall.

His leaving, too, seemed to give Boyce an idea.

"I barred you out of those rooms up there before," he said, "but now that the Professor's no longer in them, and it'll only take a minute—?"



She caught Willings by the shoulder even as he had just managed to catch Jimmy. Yet the little butler was still trying to fight them off.

"Oh, never mind. Never mind."

"Better go. For our friend Jimmy would above all have the run up there."

So Laneham mounted to the master's suite.

THERE were four rooms altogether. And he was about to leave the second, a sort of lounging and gun room, when his eyes were drawn to the fireplace. There were ashes in it, a little fluttering

heap, seemingly the ashes from some burnt magazine. But it was where it ought to be; and, though he turned back to it, he did so incuriously.

Incuriously at least until, kneeling he bent down over it, looked more closely, and then put his hand out.

From the way in which he withdrew it one might have thought that he had been burnt. And, two minutes later, he was with Boyce again.

"Tell me, Mr. Commissioner," he asked at once, "have the E. P. people located the wall safe yet?"

"No. But it's only a sort of hidden pigeon-hole. The Professor himself doesn't know where Mrs. Fisher had it placed."

"And therefore you can't even say yet that the pearls were here at all?"

"Why, n-no. No."

"And, that being so, can you have the newspapers print just that, and nothing more: 'The pearls were supposed to have been kept in some sort of hidden wall safe, but so far it has not been found.' Can you hold it at that till further notice, too, even if everything should be found in the next half hour?"

"Why, Doctor—!"

But Laneham took his acquiescence for granted. And he hastened on to find the Judge.

"Well?" asked Bishop. "Well?"

"Bishy, I was speaking of something besides Zancray this afternoon—the thing we chaps call 'the evidence in the destruction of evidence.'"

"Yes, I remember!"

"The honest man makes no effort to cover his tracks. But the criminal—or the homicidal maniac—will go so far out of his way to cover them that right there he may tell the beginning of the story."

"Yes? Yes? But the application here?"

"Don't ask me to tell you now. And in all probability I'm wrong. But at any rate I have the sense of having made my commencement."

Yet even then the Doctor knew that he had in his pocket, loose wrapped in a handkerchief, his "evidence in the destruction of evidence" in the shape of a few fragments of brown and flimsy paper ash.

CHAPTER V

AGAIN D. HOPE, AND OWLY WILLINGS; SOME COMPARATIVELY ANCIENT HISTORY; AND A BEGINNING AT "390"

IN Hudson Street Settlement House Miss Daphne Hope was what is known as a part-time worker. She lived at "The House." But during most of the day her work was in Judge Bishop's law office. It was her evenings that she gave to the Settlement. And she had "junior cooking" and a dramatic club, and the girls' athletics. She could pitch a baseball, too, almost as well as any man or boy on Hudson street.

As for Mr. Owly Willings, he was a "full-time," and he had boys' athletics, and the editing of *The Hudson Street Whoop-her-up*, and the work of turning certain very bad gangs into at least the beginnings of good clubs by way of a basket of six-ounce gloves and a thoroughly

professional ring in the basement. And for these things he received his board and lodging and about five hundred dollars a year. Five hundred dollars a year means a check for less than forty-two dollars a month. And when Miss Daphne Hope came to Hudson street, and Mr. Owly Willings learned that she was the only daughter of a gentleman worth anywhere from five to fifteen millions, in those checks for less than forty-two dollars per mensem lay the secret of an attitude on the young man's part which for long puzzled Miss D. Hope greatly.

In those first weeks, Mr. Willings kept about as far away from her as it was, in politeness, possible to keep. He displayed an aloofness which at first, in her simplicity, she mistook for something that had come from his college and fraternity standing. Then, when she discovered that he had long ago forgotten all about his college and fraternity standing, and that in Hudson street he was loved most of all for his eternal boyishness, and an inexhaustible capacity for inventing new forms of nonsense, Miss Hope gave it up. Or rather, she went tight-lipped to her mirror, and tried to learn from it just exactly what it was in her that made him dislike her so particularly. She thought a great deal about it, too, at night.

AND the thing that had brought them together was this: One evening about half-past eleven she was returning alone to Hudson street from a performance in the old Garrick, when she found herself walking straight into one of those gang fights—and knifings—for which that part of the lower West Side has long been famous. She didn't know what she was looking at, at first. All she saw was a young rough suddenly burst his way out of a surging, yelling crowd. And she thought he was wearing a red necktie. But it wasn't a necktie. And two other young gentlemen were after him. And others were behind them, yelling at them to "make it a job," and "get him good!"

But before they could "get" him that young rough ran into a store, a delicatessen store. And then Miss D. Hope found herself thinking very rapidly—and acting almost more rapidly than she was thinking. In the first seconds she told herself—like any carefully brought up young lady—that she must get away at once, that she mustn't even dream of interfering. And then she told herself: "Yes, run away! Run away!—Do exactly the thing that has made women an *inferior* sex, and we have been, since the beginning of time!"

By then, too,—and she had taken the step in about three jumps—she was inside that delicatessen store. She had seized the biggest ham knife from the counter. She had leaped back to the door. And she was still holding it against all comers—when Mr. Owly Willings had arrived upon the scene.

After that, of course, and on the way home, there had been explanations.

Miss Hope said that she had been at the theatre.

So also had Mr. Willings. And he added, later on, and quite unnecessarily, that he had been in the gods.

Unnecessary though the remark was, it

had this result. Miss Hope promptly followed it with the statement that she also had been in the gods.

She also? And the mere look on Mr. Owly Willings' face was a question that had to be answered.

Why, of course, the gods, she told him. And if he would look up the pay of women law clerks he would never need to ask her why.

THEN, on the remainder of that walk home, there had been further explanations, from which Mr. Willings had gradually come to understand that, compared with Miss D. Hope's present financial position,—however self-imposed—his own was one of affluence. He learned, too, that if there had been a hundred millions waiting Miss Hope at home, there was no earthly possibility of her going back to it till she could go with her head up, and on her own terms. By then he had discovered that he had liked her from the beginning, and liked her very much indeed. And it was shortly after that that they had gone to the theatre again, and sat in the gods together.

It was about that time, too, that they had begun to know Mrs. Fisher.

Mrs. Fisher had first been D. Hope's friend. Then they had taken her about together. They had shown her the meaning of the tenement dark room, of the street playground, of tenement labor. With them she had seen children stringing beads and making artificial flowers for fourteen hours a day. And from them she had begun to learn some of the things that money could do.

She had begun to learn it. It had been a lesson of months. . . . And now, in a few hours, or a few days more! Who, or what, they asked themselves again, had done the deed that had brought everything to an end?

AT the Settlement there were already reporters waiting to interview them. And even had they not arranged to leave Hudson street at the earliest possible moment they would have done it then. Every effort was made to keep them. From the directress to the door boy there was a loyalty which almost forbade them to go. But they had no real choice. Dr. Laneham had offered them a chance which for the sake of the Settlement itself must not be lost. Both spent half the night packing. And in the morning they were on their way together to Seventy-second street.

For days, perhaps for weeks, they would be under the same roof, working and living in an intimacy greater even than that of "The House." But neither of them was thinking of that now. Who had killed Mrs. Fisher? And why? And why did it seem so horribly mixed with the impossible and the supernatural? And why had chance drawn *them* into it?

At "390," Jacobs, Laneham's man, received them.

The Doctor himself was still dressing. He had been up most of the night. For one thing he had had to arrange, so far as was humanly possible, to free himself of all professional duties for the next ten days. Fortunately, he had been

Continued on page 82

He May Be Leader Some Day

W HEN Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Being a Sketch of Hon. Wm. Pugsley

By F. H. GADSBY

With Cartoons by LOU SKUCE

quits the political scene there will be such a scramble among his lieutenants as took place when the great Alexander died at Babylon. The difference will be that one man will seize all the power, and my bet is that that man will be the Honorable William Pugsley, K.C., D.C.L., of St. John, N.B. There are reasons.

In the first place, Dr. Pugsley is one of those persons who want a thing when they want it, and are accustomed to take it with nonchalant masterfulness. Which is not to say, however, that he cannot bide his time. He never tries to pluck the fruit before it is ripe; which explains, perhaps, why it seems to fall into his lap so easily.

The admirable doctor is now sixty-six years of age, his eye not dimmed, his natural vigor unabated. His nose is straight, his mouth smiling, his chin, under his beard square, and his presence portly. One observes with real pleasure that his neck is No. 19, which is a sure sign that his opinions are broad and that he has the strength to back them.

He takes hold of life with both hands. All his digestions, physical, mental, spiritual, are in good working order. I gather that from the way he smokes his cigar. Enjoyment! Yes, more than that — a brave challenge to the future. The doctor has the steady glow of a glad heart which, as Solomon sayeth, doeth good like a medicine. There is about him a dauntless air, as of those old adventure-seeking captains of condottieri whose swords were ever at home in the hottest corner of the battle. Fancy harks back to the Middle Ages, and I see the doctor, a plume in his steel hat, a high polish on his steel cuirass, riding at the head of his troop of horse. He gallops up, the glorious swashbuckler does, to Duke Sforza, or whoever it happens to be, and asks: "Is this a private fight, or can anybody get in on it?" The Duke replies: "You're on." They strike hands, the doctor rides away to his place in the front row and the scrap begins. What I mean to say is that Dr. Pugsley loves a good fight even more than he loves a good dinner.

DR. PUGSLEY'S second advantage is that he learned his politics in New Brunswick. He has been thirty-one years in public life, of which twenty-two were

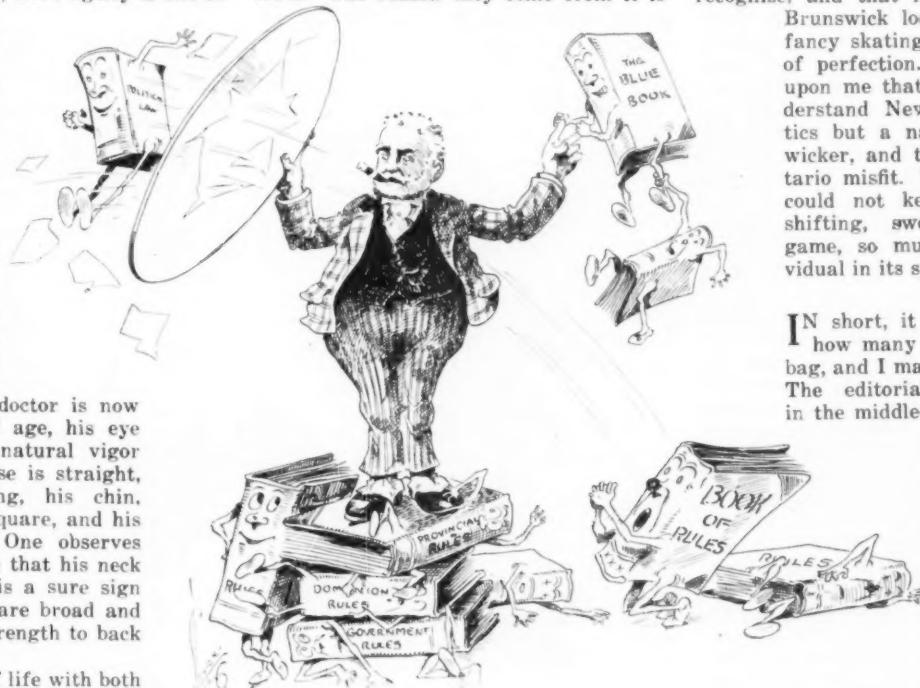
that New Brunswick would be A. B. C. by comparison. I still believed with Euclid, that the greater contained the less, and on that principle I went blithely ahead. At first I thought it was the fog from the Bay of Fundy that was muddling my landmarks, but I soon found out my mistake. I became dimly aware that there were no broad lines of party cleavage in New Brunswick, at least not any that I could recognize, and that leadership in New

Brunswick local politics meant fancy skating of a high degree of perfection. It was borne in upon me that nobody could understand New Brunswick politics but a native New Brunswicker, and that I was an Ontario misfit. Try as I might, I could not keep up with that shifting, swerving, winding game, so multitudinously individual in its special applications.

IN short, it kept me guessing how many beans were in the bag, and I made a poor job of it. The editorial policy changed in the middle of a sentence and left me gasping for air. Perhaps New Brunswick politics are easier to follow now—at that time I was trying to follow A. G. Blair—but I doubt it. It stands to reason that they have grown more difficult because civilization is fifteen years more complex than it was in 1901 when I

jumped my contract and fled to the United States. This will explain, somewhat late in the day—it's never too late to explain, as Sir Sam Hughes says—why I threw up my job in St. John and took to the tall grass. I was frightened.

It also explains why I have had an admiration ever since for triumphant graduates of New Brunswick politics like Dr. William Pugsley, K.C., M.P. I know that such men are world beaters—they can hold their own in any legislative field of babblement and confusion in the habitable universe. In most civilized countries the politician has to consider parties, factions, wings, at smallest, cliques; but in New Brunswick he gets right down to cases—his adjustments take account of every man's pet corn, also which toe the pet corn is on. After an experience like that, Ottawa is mere pie to the New Brunswick statesmen translated to the federal arena. As a matter of fact, New Brunswick statesmen make a point of being translated to the federal arena when they want to rest up a bit. The liveliest spot in Parliament Hill is ease, dignity,



He can make any rule in the book do anything he likes—sit up and beg, jump through the hoop, lie down and play dead.

that Dominion politics are so much easier. Thus it happens that while New Brunswick is mostly famous for its raw materials it excels in one line of manufactured goods,—statesmen. In fact, I would say that New Brunswick's chief export is statesmen, and when I cast my eye on men like Tilley, Blair, Foster, Carvell and the hero of this sketch, I am bound to admit that the finished product can compete in any market in the world.

I speak with warmth of New Brunswick politics as a school for statesmen, the most difficult kind of dry-nurse for future premiers of Canada, because it was my lot many years ago as managing editor for a short time—a very short time, indeed—of a St. John newspaper to get a look at that minutely organised chaos and delicately balanced congeries of conflicting interests which is, or was, the government of New Brunswick, and which develops so many skilful steers among New Brunswick politicians. Foolish youth that I was, I imagined, because I had grasped the outlines of Ottawa politics,

absolute repose to the statesman trained at Fredericton, N.B., where whirlwinds are the quietest things on the order paper.

This New Brunswick training, as I said before, is going to help Dr. Pugsley a lot when he reaches out with his strong but cunning right hand for the premiership of Canada. Space lacks here to describe how he skipped lightly over the New Brunswick quicksands. Private member in 1885, Speaker in 1887, Solicitor-General in 1889, Attorney-General in 1900, Premier in 1907, stepping-stones smoothly taken in his buoyant stride. Never slipped once—though his enemies do call him Slippery Bill, which is less of a rebuke to his methods than a tribute to his suave manners. Behold him at Ottawa in 1907, Minister of Public Works in the Laurier Government—his sun, say, at 4 p.m., mid-afternoon, a long sunset ahead of him. This sunset was interrupted in September, 1911, or rather was occulted by circumstances over which he did not have the necessary control. But the doctor expects to resume it shortly with undiminished splendor. Meanwhile he shines in Opposition—the doctor's blithe spirit making little account from what angle he shines so long as his sun gets full play.

THEY made the doctor Minister of Public Works for two reasons—because he had learned the practice of human nature in New Brunswick, and because he had a temper that no trouble could fret. To him came all the kickers, soreheads, grousers, disgusted Liberals, disappointed Grits, and such; and he forbade them not. On the contrary, he greeted them with smiles, rubbed their wounds with oil, and handed out the soft answer which turneth away wrath. If their woes got on his nerves he never showed it. Always the same—smooth, smiling, urbane—never more so than when they had him in a corner sticking a thousand pins into his comfortable flesh. St. Lawrence, I am told, smiled on his gridiron. The saint had nothing on Dr. William Pugsley, who displays a lovely disposition, no matter who bites him in the leg.

Dr. Pugsley is a man of many qualities, useful and ornamental, but if you asked him which quality he prided himself on most he would probably answer, keeping his temper. It has helped him as a politician more than any other qualities in his repertoire. Very early in the game the doctor analyzed anger as a luxurious passion which soddened the mind and cankered the soul. What was worse, it interfered with business—so the doctor decided to cut anger out and let the other fellows foam at the mouth. The doctor has been thirty-one years in public life and he has kept his temper just that long. Its a long spell—it must have seemed longer—but the doctor emerges with his reward, a genial imperturbability against which the bludgeonings of fate and his political opponents hammer in vain. The doctor has a mighty punch and he isn't like a man who can't take as good as he gives. The harder the wallop the brighter he bobs up. Not that the doctor hasn't his natural feelings of revenge. His is no cold storage soul. He has a warm nature—plenty of the old Adam in him—not the man to turn the other cheek to the smiter—lots

of pep. But his judgment has sat on his human weakness and rendered a verdict against. With the wise king of old, he has decided that he who conquereth his own heart is greater than he that taketh a city; and it is conquered accordingly. As a result, the doctor can look back on thirty years of action and recall no spot where rage betrayed him into mistakes. He could smile—and wait. In a word, the doctor has been a good player all through the piece.

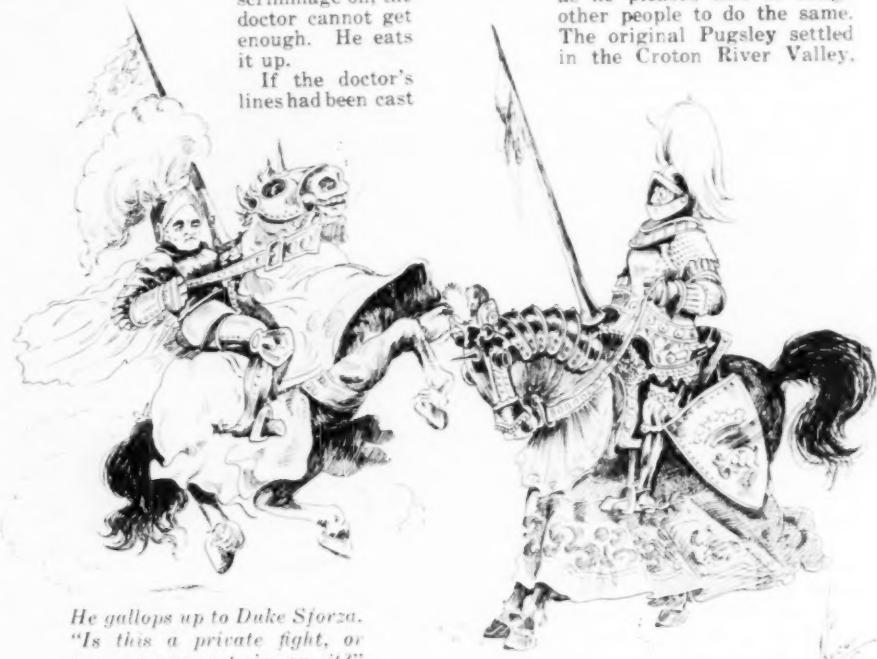
Even when they were coming at him from all sides as they did in the Dreadnought debate, the doctor never flew into a passion or dropped a step. Mr. Speaker, as I recollect, was not a little agitated, but Dr. Pugsley never turned a hair. He presented a calm, nay smiling, front to all his enemies and could say with much better heart than Macbeth: "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, 'Halt, enough!'" Where there's a brisk

scrimmage on, the doctor cannot get enough. He eats it up.

If the doctor's lines had been cast

rule deserves another and Dr. Pugsley plays no favorites. As a matter of fact, he can make any rule in the book do anything he likes—sit up and beg, jump through the hoop, lie down and play dead. Yes, Sir, he has 'em tamed. Tamed but not cowed. Let anybody else monkey with them and see what happens. Let Bill Pugsley, the Rule Tamer, withdraw his fiery eye for a minute and see them spring at the spectators. The consequence is that the rest of Parliament leave the rules alone when Pugsley is putting them through their performance. They realize that at the word of command from Bill Pugsley the mildest looking rule in the book will rise up on its hind legs and claw their face off.

D. R. PUGSLEY fights because it is his nature. He comes of fighting stock. There was a Pugsley in the *Mayflower*. He came over to America to worship God as he pleased and to oblige other people to do the same. The original Pugsley settled in the Croton River Valley,



He gallops up to Duke Sforza.
"Is this a private fight, or
can anyone get in on it?"

in less active and more reflective places he could have written books that would have made Todd and Bourinot back numbers. He has the mind of a great lawyer and a knowledge of parliamentary procedure which renders him easily first as a master of tactics in the Green Chamber. The little green rule book, which is the members' *vade mecum*, he knows by rote down to the smallest sub-section, and, when it is necessary, he can quote from the more bulky authorities. He doesn't have to spend the dinner hour looking it up, either. He has it at his finger ends, a thorough training in the technicalities of the rule book being part of the regular course in New Brunswick politics. This readiness makes him a formidable fighter. He doesn't obey the rules. He orders 'em around. He has achieved the higher wisdom which recognizes that all rules are made to be broken. Moreover, he knows the other rules he can use to break them with and what's better still, he doesn't need to use the same rule twice to do the same thing in the same place. One good

New York State. He fought Indians, wild beasts, the wilderness, loneliness, his fellow deacons and his own stiff soul. So his great-great-grandson comes by it naturally enough. There is Plymouth Rock in Dr. Pugsley's disposition right now, but, as I said before, it is draped with honeysuckle.

The Pugsleys emigrated to New Brunswick at the time of the American War of Independence. The United Empire Loyalists were well treated by King George and his successors. Not only were their financial wounds bound up with grants of land and money, but the best Government jobs were theirs to the third and fourth generation. Somehow the government job missed Mr. Pugsley's father, who was a farmer in Sussex County, New Brunswick. Consequently Dr. Pugsley had to work his way up on his merits. But nobody thinks any the worse of him for that.

As might be expected, Dr. Pugsley, being a strong man, makes strong friends.

Continued on page 89

Give America the Whole Truth

And Cement Sympathy With Britain

By AGNES C. LAUT

Is Germany aiming at war with the United

States? Does she hope to provoke conflict, and so gain a party in her favor—the German-Americans—when peace comes to be arranged at a final conference?

Or does she wish to rupture diplomatic relations so that she will have a free hand with the submarines to sink every ship from the United States bound for British ports?

Or, drunk with forty years of vain glory, does she dream of an American vassal state on this side of the seas?

I know many German-Americans. Some repudiate "the mad dog" policy of Germany in the United States, and some defend it; and some defend it from loyalty to the Fatherland, and some from loyalty to the huge bribery fund paid into their pockets by the German government; but of all, who repudiate it, and all who defend it, I do not know one who believes that Germany will ultimately win in this War. Two of the most bellicose pro-German editors in the United States, who are recipients of "personal funds" of \$100,000 each a year, acknowledged frankly that the Russian success cutting the route to Bagdad took all meaning out of any possible German victory.

First, it was a cry of German "kultur" fighting Slav barbarism. Then, it was German valor fighting for "liberation"—save the word—of the seas from British tyranny. Now, it is German valor with its back to the wall fighting with mad and lion-like ferocity for the right to exist.

But what—the world asks—has German valor to do with plots of murder and assassination and arson and political bribery in the United States? The very two editors, who acknowledged that Russia had cut off the last hope of saving the route to Bagdad, were sitting discussing the American political situation at the German Bazaar, recently held in New York. An American present ventured to predict that one more submarine outrage would inflame public opinion and force Wilson to break off diplomatic relations. The two German editors simply hooted. What did they care what Wilson did? When the show-down came they would control enough congressmen and senators to refuse to ratify a declaration of war; and the ghastly truth is—they do; and Wilson knows that the lawyer most powerful as "a fund" man in his own political campaign is also legal adviser and controller of the German corruption funds.

Granted all this! It is perfectly true and known to everyone. What is Germany aiming at?

One could understand the policy if she could invade the United States, as the militarists have dreamed and planned. German naval guns have a range of twenty-six miles. American coast defences have a range of less than fifteen

miles. German guns could shell and knock level as a pile of bricks every city on the Atlantic Coast from Boston to Baltimore. German guns could do all this if they could get past the British fleet; but they can't. Write that fact in letters of fire. The British fleet to-day is all that saves the United States from invasion.

If Germany cannot invade England, only a few hours away, how can she hope to invade and conquer a country three thousand miles away?

Suppose she is provoking a conflict to gain a friend at court when the peace conference comes. Against that fact, set this other—that, while thousands of German-Americans are loyal to the Fatherland as against the Allies, in a war between the United States and the Fatherland they would be loyal and on the instant to the land of their adoption. Here, Germany's policy seems to be alienating loyal liegemen of her own.

Is her aim to win a free hand to sink every ship bound for the British Isles? She knows very well that in 1915, 84 per cent. of her submarines were captured or destroyed by the British fleet, and that the British fleet to-day has a new secret device of most deadly destructive force against submarines. The British fleet can defy the German submarines to do their worst. In a year and a half, German submarines have destroyed only a few million tons of British ships; but in American harbors are interned seventy-two German ships of first rank. On the rupture of diplomatic relations, on the instant, these ships would be seized by the United States Government and turned into the trade of the Allies; so where is the gain?

Or does Germany hope by bribery and intrigue and political manipulation to gain such invisible vassalage in the United States as prepared the way for the conquest of the Balkans? If so, it is more than a blunder in diplomacy. It is a screaming, hooting derision; for the United States are not ruled by back-door diplomacy. The United States are ruled by the horse-sense—hard-headed and crude and rude though it may be—by the horse-sense of the average American man; and the average man won't see that country a pawn in Germany's desperate gamble of dice and vice, thrown by madmen blind to facts, drunk with their own ego and opaque to moral values.

It would seem in reality that Germany's mad moves on the chess board of fate to-day are the result of divided council. Bernstorff and Albert in America are no longer on speaking terms. Von Rintelen, who was the author of the most tragic

plots and marplots last spring, has consented to come back to the United States and turn State's evidence against those confreres, who have thrown him to the dogs. Von der Goltz, who acted as the go-between in financing the Mexican factions to involve the United States in war, has already come to the United States and given full confession; and the German conspirators have picked their men to assassinate him if ever he walks free, as they picked their men to shoot the assailant of Morgan, when that demented culprit was about to confess. It is known that from the first Herr Ballin, the head of the Hamburg-American Line, opposed the war. "Whether we win or lose," he said, "Germany is ruined for a hundred years"; and Herr Ballin is opposed to antagonizing the United States. Herr Ballin to-day has the Kaiser's confidence, which explains von Tirpitz's retirement; but Ballin has not the support of the rabid military party. In Berlin, yes, all is quiet and in order; but outside Berlin, the Social Democrats are on the verge of armed revolt; and the only hope of the military party is to strike some desperate crushing blow, or to involve the United States before the crust of the volcano breaks beneath their own feet.

This, and this only, would seem to be the explanation of Germany's mad policy in the United States to-day.

Let us see what is happening! Connecting links cannot be given, for they have not yet come out; and there is such a medley of tragedy and comedy, of clown and courtier, that it is hard to tell some of the story with a straight face.

For instance, last spring the welkin rang with the protests of labor against the United States shipping munitions to the Allies. Strikes broke out in almost every munition factory. Against all this campaign of duplicity, Gompers set his face like flint. It was largely his hint to the Government that led to the indictment of one congressman, one senator and one state attorney for taking German bribes to foment strikes. These cases are now in the Federal courts; and it is interesting to observe that the two Federal attorneys, who are pushing the cases—Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wood—are being threatened with political extinction if they do not stop their proceedings against the conspirators.

Last spring to give the protest of so-called "labor" a political significance, it was decided to hold a grand rally in New York. A man infamous on Wall Street and now under sentence for impersonation was intrusted with the job of "beating the tom-tom," rounding up delegates and obtaining "big guns" as speakers. A certain very prominent American politician was chosen as speaker. It is an even guess that he no more knew the use that

was being made of him than the fabled sheep knew of its hide being used to conceal "the wolf." Von Rintelen, who has been in the Tower of London for the last six months, was footing the bills. He was footing them royally, profusely, flushly! The impersonator assured von Rintelen he could "land" this famous speaker for \$25,000 for a speech. Good! Von Rintelen wrote a check; but, of course, as a matter of discretion, it was not written in the politician's name. Splendid! How the welkin would ring from Madison Square to Carnegie Hall! But the delegates? These labor fellows were proving a bit shy in coming forward. How about \$1,000 a man for one hundred of them—representative men and leaders from every section of the political map to sit on the platform as a background for the speaker—as a tail for the comet, so to speak? If von Rintelen's hair had not been cropped so short, it would have bristled in glee at the very thought. Good! Splendid! Splendissimus! He wrote another check for \$100,000. And the welkin rang all right! I was dining in a hotel a few blocks away from the speakers that night; and we could hardly hear our own ears for the yells. The applause fairly pulsed. Five thousand people could not get into the hall; but alas and alas, did the big politician or any of those delegates ever get one sniff of those checks? *It is an even bet they didn't know those checks had ever been requested or written.* Their presence on the platform had pulled chestnuts out of the fire for a sleek scoundrel. Talk of war bribes and war stocks! This man did not even pay a brokerage fee. He cashed and pocketed \$125,000 in two days; and von Rintelen departed for parts unknown till he was rounded up a prisoner in England. But gentlemen, don't smile! This is a sample of what German diplomacy has been accomplishing in the United States.

DO you wonder that the Social Democrats, who will be taxed 60 per cent. of their incomes for a century, to pay for this war, are on the verge of armed rebellion; that the women of Germany shout in mobs, "Give back our sons and husbands"; that Bernstorff doesn't speak to Albert, and that Pollwog and Ballin look in different directions when they meet? *And what does it all accomplish?*

Three years ago, von Papen was laying plans in Mexico. So was Horst von der Goltz, who has turned state's evidence. He served first with Carranza, then with Villa, then back with Carranza. When a certain large projectile company was organized by the Germans about a year ago, there were two suppositions about it. First—was it to keep the Allies from tapping this source of munitions? That was the general theory. Or was it to accumulate a supply of ammunition for Germany on this side? That was what Federal Secret Service men feared. It now turns out that this company was supplying the Mexican rebels with munitions. *Why? Why was Villa financed to attack the American soldiers in Columbus, New Mexico? Why has the American press, almost universally, been silent on this fact? Why were details of this financing*

ordered not to be published in a New York paper, which had obtained them? *How high up do the German underground wires run? And what is being accomplished by it all?* One of the first things that happened the week Villa raided American soil was a German inquiry for 5,000 motor trucks and 5,000 army mules to be shipped to "Argentina?" They didn't go. *The same week, secret orders went out from Germans in the United States to conceal all firearms in their possession? Why?*

Did Canada ever stop to think why the United States has arranged by money payment exclusive rights to the Nicaraguan Canal? Because Germany had offered \$12,000,000 for this route. Why?

I SAID early last summer that I did not think the American press had been bribed on the subject of German propaganda. Last summer, that was true. Today it is not. Where political considerations are not sufficient quietus, straight subsidies are being paid running all the way from \$8,000 a month to a few dollars a week, not for pro-German arguments, but chiefly for suppression of facts.

For instance, the arrest of Tauscher, the Krupp agent, for plots against Canada—is no surprise to those who know what has been going on. The surprise is the arrest was not made long ago. What precipitated the exposure was undoubtedly the open raid on American soil of Villa, the Mexican bandit, financed by German plotters.

Not all the work of the plotters is crude bribery. Insidious influences are brought to bear in other ways. It will be remembered that the sharpness of Wilson's first note to the British Government on the blockade bore the mark of German efforts to force peace through American intervention on the Freedom of the Seas. *The real story of who inspired that note at German dictation will some day be told.* It was sent to the President's adviser, Colonel House, from Belgium and embodied almost word for word. If it had been sent to Great Britain as it was written in Belgium, it would have caused war with the United States; but proof of who had inspired the unfortunate protest and pulled the wires was laid before Wilson; and the protest was allowed to die a natural death.

It has been asked why England is searching mails; why England is seizing foreign securities. England is searching the mails because it was found that food in condensed form for the German Army was being sent through the mails—peanut butter, lard, bacon, biscuits, pellets of condensed soup. When this seizure was made, the outcry was at once raised that Great Britain was interfering with condensed milk consigned for the orphaned babies of Germany. Sir Edward Grey answered this. Not a baby was deprived of a milk pellet. The babies were full grown German soldiers in the trenches. Sir Edward might have added—for the fact will come out sooner or later—that quantities of relief provisions from America to Poland and Servia have been requisitioned in transit by the German Army, whether the Polish and Servian babies died or lived.

The whole of this story will some day be told.

As to the securities owned by foreigners seized in the mails: As the corruption fund in the United States has dwindled, secret service men have been searching the new source of supply. American securities held by Teutons were being sent to New York, sold privately, then re-sold in the Exchange, and the proceeds placed in the banks from which the plotters drew their funds. England stopped this pretty business by seizing the securities. A few pro-German congressmen and senators raised hue and cry in Washington over the outrage of the British tyrant; but it is observed *nobody wants the searchlight switched in this direction.*

THE latest move of the National German Alliance as centred in Philadelphia, Milwaukee, St. Louis, is to force the choice of a presidential candidate. The Alliance boasts a voting list of two millions in the Middle West. Add to those two millions the Irish-American vote, and the boast is not an idle one. Take New England's population! Of 6,552,681 population, 1,814,386 are of foreign birth, 3,867,095 of foreign descent but one degree removed. The proportions are probably more startling in the West. The *New York Times* may predict in derision that such a move would consolidate all other voters in the United States on the other side and would be the best possible factor to elect the other man; but the question that must stab every thoughtful mind is *—to what end all this manipulation by Germany?*

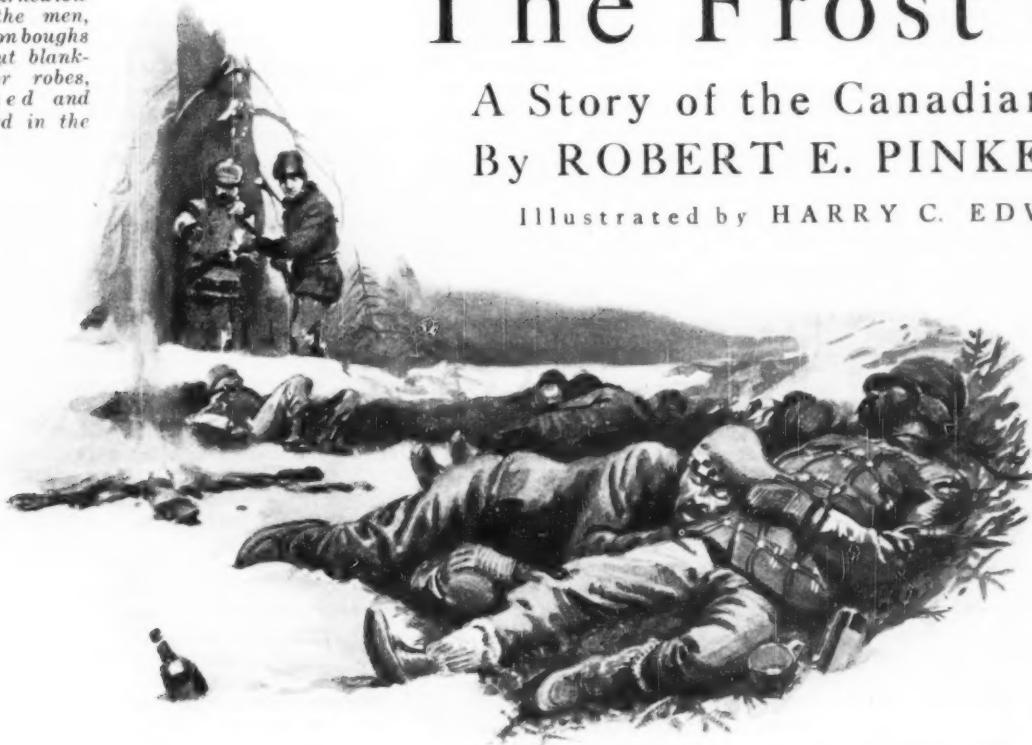
Don't forget for a moment that while the United States is pro-Ally, *it is not distinctly pro-British.* It is pro-French, pro-Belgian, pro-freedom; but deep in American consciousness—perhaps subconsciousness—it is almost anti-British. Why?

Because the German propaganda has been working insidiously for twenty years. Because the Irish antagonism has never been allowed to die. Because the falsity of lying school books has instilled in the young American mind deep suspicion of British integrity. Why not? Have little Englander journalists never irritated the resentment by patronizing sneers at crude Yankeedom? What has England ever done to counteract the insidious propaganda against her?

"Done?" demanded an irate Englishman out on a mission for his Government. "Why should we do anything? Truth justifies itself. The United States has hung back in this fight for world freedom. Let her hang back! We need her no longer! We'll have our own munition works within a year great as the Krupp works of Germany. We can depend on the Colonies for our food supplies and raw materials; and when the Allies form an economic alliance after the War, the United States will find where she is on the world map, for shirking her part in this fight for freedom. Where would she be to-day, if our fleet had not defended the sea?"

I did not tell him he was talking like a
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The campfire had burned low and the men, lying on boughs without blankets or robes, turned and twisted in the cold.



THE STORY—UP TO THE PRESENT

Allan Baird, who has been running a preliminary survey line for a new railroad to Hudson's Bay, meets Hertha MacLure, a strikingly attractive but very mysterious girl who runs a trading post, formerly managed by her father, and who is known all through the north country as "The Frost Girl," on account of her coldness to all the men who visit the post. Baird completes his survey and returns to headquarters at Toronto, where he receives peremptory orders to start at once on a complete survey line from his chief. Baird must complete his work and file plans at Ottawa by April 1. He at once returns to the north. Four days out from Sabawe, his base of supplies, nine of his dogs are poisoned over night. Baird goes to the post of the Frost Girl to secure supplies. She refuses absolutely to sell him anything. He then hurries back to get supplies up from Sabawe, and, after a long delay, gets back to camp to find that his hungry men have gone to secure supplies by force from the Frost Girl. He protects the Post from his men and sends them back to camp. By this time Baird realizes that he is in love with the girl. He starts out himself to discover who poisoned the dogs and at the team's camping place he finds a man hiding pieces of frozen meat in the snow around the camp

where the dogs would find it. He endeavors to overpower the stranger and a fierce struggle ensues, from which Baird issues victor, his opponent sustaining a broken arm. The poisoner gets away, however. In striking across the ice, Baird breaks through and is nearly drowned. Fighting his way back to camp in freezing conditions, he nearly succumbs, but is found and rescued by the Frost Girl. He is nursed back to life by Hertha and their intimacy ripens to friendship. In the meantime the guardian of the food cache is lured away by an Indian and, in his absence, the cache is burned. They catch the Indian, who proves to be one of the Frost Girl's "people." She comes to the camp to plead for him and reveals to Allan that she has been opposing him because she believes the building of a railroad will drive the Indians, the rightful possessors of the country, away. She spends Christmas Day in camp. By reason of further depredations on their stores, food runs out and the camp finally faces starvation. Allan and Hughey start out to find food and, in their absence, Hardisty, a missionary whom Allan had met at the Frost Girl's, visits the camp and lures the men away with an extravagant talk of a land of plenty to which he can lead them. When Allan gets back the men are gone.

The Frost Girl

A Story of the Canadian North

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

CHAPTER XIX

Allan Finds Food

ALLAN BAIRD could handle himself well in the woods, but he was not a woodsman. When he left the survey camp in search of the missionary's dogs, only the hard-packed trail itself was visible in the darkness. Hardisty had said that the dogs ran away about fifteen miles south of the camp. He went on a jog-trot, thinking only of covering the distance as quickly as possible.

So, when daylight came, he looked eagerly ahead for the dogs, not thinking of tracks or looking for them. On and on he went until mid-forenoon, when he suddenly realized that he had covered more than fifteen miles, and that there was no sign of the dogs. He knew he could measure distance only by the time he had travelled, that Hardisty could only do the same. Perhaps one had erred. He hurried on.

At noon he struck a big burn across which the trail led. The wind had filled the deep trench in places, and in one of these Allan saw the tracks of his own moccasins made on the journey to camp the day before. There were no tracks on top of them. The dogs had not gone that far.

Perplexed, he stopped to consider the question. He thought of the trail he had been travelling all day. He did not remember having seen any sign where the dogs or Hardisty had entered it. Sub-consciously he had been watching for it, and now he knew that the two straight walls of the toboggan trail had been unbroken.

He was now nearly twenty-five miles from camp and he had come for nothing. It would be late at night before he could return. And, when he did, what was there? Nothing but inaction. Only one day of half rations would remain. It would be better for him, with the little food he had, to go on in an attempt to hurry up the dog teams from Sabawe. One team could be lightened and make a record dash to the camp.

HIS decision made, Allan turned and hurried on toward the south. For an hour he maintained his jog-trot, and then,

where the trail crossed a small lake, he saw a freshly broken branch leading off to the east. Could it have been the runaway dogs? In any event, it was someone, someone with dogs, perhaps someone with food. He turned at once and followed the new trail.

It led straight east into a bay. Allan jogged on across the ice to the shore. As he climbed the bank he heard the growl of a sledge dog and the next instant found himself before a birchbark wigwam, a band of snapping dogs at his heels. The blanket flap over the door was thrown back and an Indian stepped out.

Allan's knowledge of the Indian nature was limited. He had had Indian canoe-men the summer before. Hughey had told him something of them, but he had never given the redman much consideration. Accordingly he was not surprised by the fact that this solitary Indian hunter was living there without a family, by the fact that there was nothing settled about the camp. He did not think it strange that the man should have two hundred pounds of flour, some beans and sugar. He only knew that it was food and there were dogs to haul it.

Nor did Allan think it unusual that the Indian should agree so readily to sell his provisions and to haul them to the survey camp. There was none of the delay of the accustomed negotiations with the redman.

And the Indian knew some English, could tell Allan of another Indian a little farther down who had dogs and much food. He could get him to sell, to haul it, too.

Allan, overjoyed, eager to be started, assisted in loading the toboggan. Out onto the lake they drove the dogs and, at the juncture with the main trail, left the load and turned south to where the Indian had said more food could be obtained.

But it was farther than Allan had understood and darkness came before they reached the second wigwam. This Indian had flour and pork, and was willing to sell. But neither would stir until morning and Allan, though he tried to induce an immediate start, was forced to remain in the wigwam with them.

They were up early enough, but the Indian dogs, half starved and weak, were not equal to the pace of Allan's own dogs with a load, and the day dragged through without their reaching camp. Even the engineer saw that the teams could not go through without a rest, and the three camped beside the trail until morning. It was ten o'clock when, with the dogs staggering and limping, they reached camp.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Allan, in amazement, as he saw Jacobs, Matthews and Slavin sitting beside the blaze. "Why aren't you out with the crew?"

"There isn't any crew, chief," answered Denny. "They left last night."

"Left? Where on earth could they go?"

"It's my fault, I guess," said Slavin, humbly. "That preacher fellow got them going last night with a new religion he discovered in an Indian's wigwam. He told them all about a vision, and how he could make them lords of the whole country and fill them with all sorts of food."

"And you let them go!" cried Allan in-

credulously. He could not even believe they were gone. He had returned in triumph with food. Failure was incomprehensible.

"I had no idea they would swallow it," answered Slavin. "I lay in the tent and heard him, and I thought it would only amuse the men as it did me. He got to talking in a lower voice and I couldn't hear. So I went to sleep. This morning when we got up there wasn't a soul in camp except us three."

"Which way did they go?"

"North. On the way to the cache that was robbed."

THE tinkle of a dog-bell interrupted, and in a moment Hughey entered the camp on the lopé, a team of Indian dogs hauling two caribou behind him.

"I've got a little grub," he called, "enough to keep us going. I ran into this Indian, the one who burned the cache. He's got a dozen carcasses less than twenty miles from here, and we can have them all."

"I've got some grub, too," said Allan. "But it's too late, Hughey. The crew's gone off after that missionary to live in luxury the rest of their lives."

"You mean Hardisty?" asked the woodsman. "I was afraid of something like that."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"It was only yesterday I learned about him. He's the one that hired this Indian to burn the cache. Gave him twenty-five dollars for the 'ob."

"Hardisty did!" exclaimed Allan.

And then he comprehended. For a moment he was dumb before the knowledge of the truth unfolded. When he tried to speak he became inarticulate with rage, chagrin and an even stronger emotion. For he knew that, with Hardisty the National agent, Hertha was his confederate, perhaps more. She had fooled him from the beginning, had led him on that she might fool him the more easily.

But when Allan did speak these thoughts were hidden.

"That fellow is the man the National people sent up here to block us. He's been at the bottom of the whole thing. He's fooled me, and now he's fooled the crew."

"He seems to have made a good job of it this time," commented Matthews. "I don't see what we can do without a crew. and it's too late to get another."

"We'll get that one!" retorted Allan savagely. "Hughey, tell these Indians I brought to take your back trail and haul in the rest of the caribou. We'll take your Indian and his dogs and get after the men. Denny, you and Jacobs get your robes and all the grub there is in camp and load it onto this toboggan. Matthews, stay here and watch after things. Hughey, get the three rifles and all the ammunition we've got. Hurry, all of you. They're getting farther away every minute."

IN less than half an hour, the four men, the Indian and his dogs, were on Hardisty's trail. It was plainly marked, for the pseudo-missionary had followed the dog-team track to the cache that the half-breeds had robbed. The men had left without even getting their snowshoes, and, as

they crowded after their leader, they crushed down the sides of the narrow trail.

"That's the work he's been doing among the Indians," Allan remarked bitterly to Hughey. "He's been stirring them up against us, hiring them to poison our dogs and rob caches, and now, after working his way into camp, he's stolen the men. How did the Indian happen to tell you it was Hardisty who hired him? Why didn't he tell us when we had him here?"

"He said he did tell you when the Frost Girl came that night before Christmas, but that you wouldn't believe him."

"I didn't understand him," replied Allan, realizing what might have been averted had he only known. "How does he happen to be so friendly now?"

"That's a funny thing, that and his having a dozen caribou killed and dressed. And those other Indians you found having so much grub, and being so willing to sell it. I don't understand that part of it."

"It doesn't make any difference. We've got the grub and enough to last until the teams get in. It's the crew we've got to get now."

"Just the same, it's mighty funny all those bows and arrows showing up with something to eat just when they did. You don't suppose it's poisoned?"

"They ate some of it themselves when we camped last night."

Hughey hurried on, shaking his head over this strange, un-Indian procedure, while Allan followed, his mind now occupied with Hertha as she appeared in the light of what he had just learned.

No doubts were left for the young engineer. The Frost Girl was this man's confederate. Everything pointed to it. He made her post his headquarters. She had confessed to poisoning the dogs. Her own Indian had been caught at it. She had refused to sell food to him. She admitted that, while she had not hired the Indian to burn the cache, she was responsible for him.

In vain Allan recalled what had happened in the days he had spent at her cabin. But the tender memories of his happiness then served only to torture now. He remembered the joy of her presence on Christmas day, the wish she had expressed to be his friend, her avowal that hostilities had ceased. He remembered her as he had last seen her, clad in her wonderful coat of lynx skins, her golden hair crowding out beneath the black fox hood.

BUT the sweetness of each memory only added to his bitterness and, as he pressed on at Hughey's heels, there grew within him an intense hatred of this pretended missionary, a desire to hunt him down, to confront him with what he had done and then, in the wild, ecstatic rapture of brute gratification, to even at least one score.

"They stopped here and had lunch," Hughey called from the head of the line.

"He must have had it cached!" exclaimed Slavin as he crowded forward. "He didn't have anything with him when he came into camp last night."

"Here's where they increased their religious fervor," said Jacobs as he dug an empty bottle from the snow.

"Here's a couple more," offered Allan.

"They'll be howling hymns when we get to them."

The line moved on until the ruined cache was reached. From there the trail of the thieving breeds led to the barren expanse where Hughey had lost it. The trail of the Chosen, however, led off to the east.

"He must have had snowshoes cached here," said Hughey, as he went on. "They had three or four ahead to break the trail. The others followed without any."

"You've got to admit his work was thorough," remarked Jacobs.

Night found them still on the trail. Tired as they were, there was no stopping. With each hour the crew was getting further from camp, and the ultimate failure of the survey became nearer.

Allan, dogged, resolute, unconscious of weariness, was in the lead. Behind him, strung out in the darkness, came Hughey with his smooth, easy stride, little Denny Slavin with a quick, nervous shuffle of his webs, Jacobs, unemotional and tiring, the Indian, restless and crowding like the dogs that followed with their load.

But the zeal of the Twenty Chosen had added more miles to the trail than the pursuers had believed possible. As the night wore on Hughey suggested that the Indian be allowed to go on ahead a little way.

"They can't be much farther," he advised, "and we don't want them to hear us coming."

His judgment was proved when, just before dawn, the dim figure of the guide, his hand raised, appeared in the trail ahead. At a whispered suggestion from Hughey, the Indian crept forward. In ten minutes he was back.

"He says the whole gang's sleeping around a fire a little way ahead," translated Hughey.

"Is Hardisty sleeping, too?" asked Allan.

"He says he couldn't make him out from the others," was the reply, after a question and answer in Ojibway.

"We'll just walk in quietly, cover them with the rifles and wake them up," said Allan.

The Indian fastened his dogs and the entire party went forward until they stood just outside the circle of sleeping men. There was a faint odor of whisky. The campfire had burned low and the men, lying on boughs without blankets or robes, turned and twisted in the cold.

"They must be drunk," whispered Allan.

to Hughey. "They couldn't sleep that way if they weren't. Ready, you fellows."

He kicked the nearest sleeper.

"Get up!" was the gruff command. "Get up, you fellows! Your picnic's over!"

Slowly the men turned, scratched and shivered. Some sat up and looked about in a daze.

"Watch out for Hardisty," whispered Allan. "He'll be sober."

HUGHEY threw some birch bark and dry wood onto the fire. But the light that leaped out failed to disclose the missionary.

"Where's Hardisty?" demanded Allan of the nearest man, shaking him roughly. "Where's the missionary?"

"The leader of the Twenty Chosen sleeps in his tent over there," mumbled the woodsman, waving an arm back toward the brush. "To-morrow we enter the promised land. Hallelujah!"

His shout was echoed by the others, and immediately the place was in an uproar.

"Find his tent quick, you fellows!" called Allan, as he sprang into the brush, Hughey at his heels.

"Listen!" commanded the old woodsman as he stopped suddenly.

There was a sound of dog bells back on the trail, then a sharp command. The little bells tinkled again, grew fainter. Their Indian owner dashed through the circle of awakening men and disappeared in the forest.

"He's slipped out!" shouted Allan. "Get after him!"

He was the first to follow the Indian, his rifle ready for a chance shot in the darkness. But, when he found the Indian standing at the spot where his dogs had been tied, he halted.

"It's no use," panted Hughey, as he rushed up and saw what had happened. "He's got clear away with the dogs."

CHAPTER XX

The Bay

ALLAN turned back at once to the now awakened crew.

"Which one of you is sober enough to talk?" he demanded.

"Hallelujah!" shouted some one, and the crew joined in the cry.



For an hour they maintained a steady jog-trot.

"Come here, Frank," commanded Allan, who had watched the men closely during the shouting.

One of the rodmen pushed through the crowd and stood before his chief.

"You weren't drunk enough to holler with the others," continued Allan. "Tell me what this means."

"I guess we've just been off on a spree. That's all," was the hesitating reply.

"How about this Twenty Chosen business?"

"Oh, some of them believe it yet, but they won't when they get sober."

"Where were you going?"

"He didn't say, except that we were to have lots of grub and all we wanted to drink and no work to do. You can't blame us much. We were getting mighty hungry, and there didn't seem to be any chance of grub being hauled in any other way."

"That's not what's bothering me. I want to know where Hardisty was taking you to and what he had there. He'd leave you to starve, but that wasn't his game. He wanted to get you away and keep you away."

It was noon before the crew was sober enough to travel and before Allan, Hughey, Jacobs and Slavin had pieced together a story and plan of action. As a result of what little the men knew, it was believed that Hardisty had some sort of temporary headquarters within a few miles. Some of the crew remembered his anger because they would not go farther when darkness came. Others told of his sleeping apart from the men as if he expected an attack.

"It looks this way to me," Allan finally decided. "He was taking them to some place within a few miles of here. From there, after a short rest, he intended to lead them on east. He couldn't keep them together and keep them contented without a lot to drink and a lot to eat. That means he's got grub cached in this temporary place."

"Another thing, he didn't plan all this without expecting it would be sure death to the survey. The other things failed."

Then nothing happened for a month. He spent that time getting ready for this, and he had something else planned than just getting the men away from camp. I think he's got a big cache of grub, probably what he stole from us, and other things near here. We'll send some one on to get it and haul it in. Chances are that all our dogs are there too.

"So, Hughey, you and Slavin go on. Take the Indian and head in the direction this fellow was going and see what's to be found. If it isn't far, and the dogs and a lot of supplies are there, send word to me. We'll rest here until to-night and then start back for camp."

IT was not necessary for Allan to convince the crew that Hardisty was a fraud, and that they had been his dupes.

Sober, their stomachs full, knowing that

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A specimen from Cobalt—a sheet of native silver, 32 in. long, valued at \$350.

THE Birthday of Cobalt goes back several million years when far below the earth's archaic surface rumbled the first murmur of a vast upheaval. Presently the face of that portion of the earth was changed and there flowed upward molten hot, great lenses and kidneys of conglomerate. Then passed other cycles in which the glowing rocks slowly cooled, till with irresistible bitterness advanced the ice age. From the north moved slowly a phalanx of glaciers, grinding down the wrinkled face of the buried earth; rounding, smoothing, rubbing, polishing. And embedded in the glaciers were boulders and fragments whose mordant teeth gnawed those long scars which may be seen to-day in the northern Canadian wilderness wherever the rock lifts clear.

But, after the cooling and before the glaciers, precious waters flowed through the fractured ricks, bearing in their solutions silver, gold, nickel and kindred metals. As the waters cooled, their contents were deposited. Here a lens of solid silver a foot thick, here a fairy-like leaf of gold, there a mass of nickel.

More cycles passed. Slowly the ice retreated, so slowly the terrific seasons grew softer. Vegetation sprang up, with mosses and lichens. The prehistoric elk crashed through the swamps and strange fish peopled the new-made lakes. Then these gave way to the pike and trout, to the red deer and caribou. Still Cobalt slumbered. The she bear suckled her cubs beside a king's ransom and the groundhog scuttled along a silver sidewalk.

MEN began to pass, but noted not. A farmer broke in virgin soil after he had cleared his few acres on the shore of Lake Temiskaming, sixty miles distant.

The Romance of Cobalt

By ALAN SULLIVAN

and began to wrest his arduous profits almost within shouting length of nature's mint. Hudson Bay traders and packers portaged across from the Montreal River into Ottawa waters, but their necks were bent to the pack-strap and their eyes prickly with sweat. Indians traversed the lakes and fingered precious fragments with apathetic curiosity, as they set their rabbit snares. Hunters hunted and tourists toured. But still Cobalt slumbered.

Then came politics, an ambitious premier, a railway and a fortunate blacksmith.

It was not amiss that the Ontario Government of 1903 should build the railway. There were profits in sight for Ontario. The water system of the Cobalt country runs north into the Ottawa, thence to the St. Lawrence. It by-passes Western Ontario. It was also common knowledge that there was much pulpwood, pine and good land to be had for the taking, once the steel was down. So the Government girded its political loins, and went ahead.

IT happened a year or so later that Joe La Rose was sharpening drill steel beside a rock-cut when a red fox emerged from the bush and, pausing in his trot, regarded Joe's forge with a curious eye. Joe glanced up and, seeing him, reached for a hammer. In another instant it was hurtling through the air. The fox did not wait, but loped off. Joe swore amiably and strolled over to retrieve the hammer. He found it and incidentally on this summer morning also discovered Cobalt; for, where the hammer had struck, a gleaming strip of metal shone through the moss.

He looked at this with interest. It was silver. But Joe did not know it yet.

Now, if it were possible to enter into

Joe's mind and feel with him all that he felt, one could grasp that thrill which is the incentive to discovery and nerves the pioneer all the world over. It is not so much for riches or honor as for a certain divine flood of triumph that men traverse the wilderness and endure much. But he had the thrill without paying for it.

His find was soon identified. The news ran down the line. It was talked of on ballast trains and in construction camps. Men began to eye the tangled slopes of the encircling hills and conjecture what lay within them. Then the news reached Toronto and the outside world, and reached it, moreover, at a time when there was nothing very novel in mining circles. British Columbia was slack. Goldfield, Nevada, was an established camp, the Rainy River country had been tried and found wanting. The public was ready for Cobalt. More especially, because one could reach it by a night in a pullman car. By the public I refer principally to the citizens of the United States.

Canadians were at first rather apathetic. Badly bitten in Rossland and the Slocan, aggravatingly stung in the Rainy River district, they were slow to accept Cobalt as the greatest modern deposit of precious metal. It was too near. It was too good to be true—yes—quite so—but.

IN 1904, a quiet-eyed Englishman, W. G. Trethewey, drifted down to Toronto from Edmonton, where he had been something more than successful. Of an inquiring mind and a roving nature, he assembled a prospecting kit and started for the north. It happened also that one W. G. Miller, Provincial Geologist, of whom more later on, met Trethewey on the shore of Lake Temiskaming, after the latter had put in a few weeks unprofitable investigation along the borders of



A view of Cobalt taken in June, 1905, in the early days of the rush.

The Past, Present and Future of the Silver Camps

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM COBALT

that inland sea. Miller was driving over six miles east to inspect the discovery of Joe La Rose, and he invited Trethewey to mount the wagon also. Trethewey picked up his rifle and came along in shirt sleeves. He had had enough prospecting for the time being. It is written also on that eventful day, Trethewey wore a white shirt. An anomalous garb in the woods.

The road was rough, very rough. Trethewey, bumped into soreness, dismounted before the La Rose vein was reached. He surveyed the tangled forest and fingered his rifle.

"Where shall I go?" he queried.

Miller waved a long arm and glanced at a neighboring ridge.

"Anywhere—try over there."

Trethewey scoffed amiably and disappeared.

Miller jolted along on his appointed way.

That afternoon Trethewey discovered the lode that, named after himself, developed into a mine which has produced up to the present time five and one-half million ounces of silver, or approximately two and three-quarter million dollars.

BUT the tale of that day is not complete. Trethewey plodded on and in another hour or so tripped over what is now the Coniagas mine. The thing stood up out of the ground and grinned at him. Trethewey grinned too but, looking about, thought he saw signs of former staking. That sobered him, and round the campfire that night he told Lawson of his second find. Lawson was up there for Leonard of St. Catharines.

Next day the two inspected the ground.

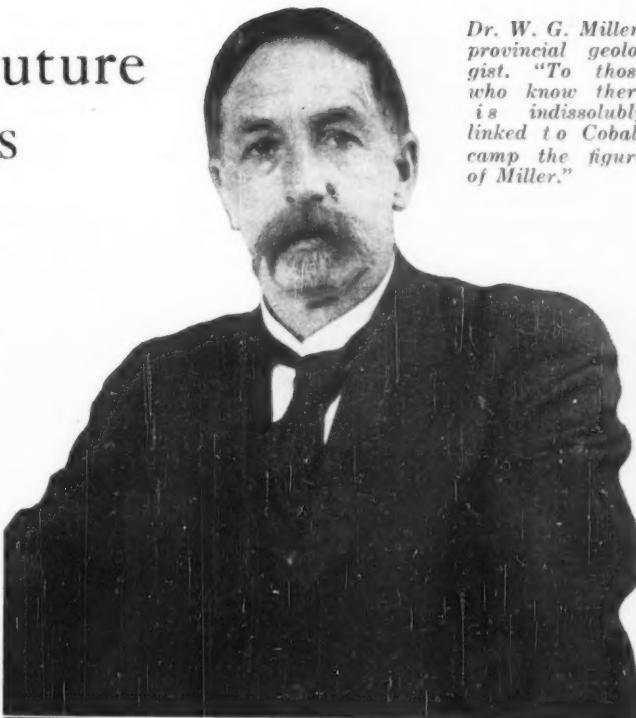
Trethewey, not unconscious of his own good work, made a proposition:

"You take a half interest and stand the chance of a lawsuit."

Lawson, in Leonard's interest, agreed; and Leonard won out. The lawyer who conducted the case was paid in shares at a nominal valuation. These proved to be worth a quarter of a million. A few months later, Trethewey sold half of his half for ten thousand, and a little later still, consented to take three-quarters of a million for the remainder. The Coniagas on a capital of four million has paid about eight million in dividends.

WHEN I first saw the great Lawson vein, one of the most spectacular things unearthed, it was a slab of silver thirty inches across gleaming dully in a rock face that dipped gently to the water twenty feet away. In this case the glaciers had ceased their grinding half way down to the vertical lens and left it exposed at its widest, richest part. The thing looked fabulous. Imagine a street drain of unknown depth filled to the brim with molten silver that has cooled in places and then been burnished by the slow passage of an ice sheet, a thousand feet thick, and the reiterated kiss of thousands of years of waves. Nearby was a guard with a rifle. He glanced at me indifferently, then at the Lawson vein, then out across the lake. He had watched this

Dr. W. G. Miller, provincial geologist. "To those who know there is indissolubly linked to Cobalt camp the figure of Miller."



wonder so long that it had ceased to mean anything to him. But the Lawson lode proved to be but a painted woman. Under ground it has yielded only a few hundred thousand ounces. A bagatelle, considering its superficial promise.

The University vein was stumbled over by surveyors—a five-inch rib running like a vertebra along a hogback of rock. Marty Wright and his gang found the Drummond, or rather it found them. They had been prospecting for days without result and on a certain night pitched camp by the shore of Kerr Lake. The ground was wet and they dug a ditch to carry off some of the water from a small fissure which promised value. Incidentally they uncovered the Drummond mine. And all through the north the tale is the same. Mother nature regards us with a smile, sometimes quizzical and sometimes kindly, as we push through her trackless solitudes. The tenderfoot finds what the seasoned prospector has sought in vain. The shelves are loaded where we think them bare. There is not much rhyme or reason. And over all, the goddess Chance broods supreme. This is the call of the North, and to the voice of Circe both sourdough and tenderfoot have but one reply.

UP till the year 1912, Cobalt folk had a grudge against the Government. Close up beside the rich area lay the Gillies timber limit on which no prospecting was allowed. The prospector, it was decided, has no particular regard for anything that conceals the rock surface—even though it be standing white pine—and the Gillies Limit was thick with pine. Forest fires, mysteriously started, had swept the country. There was to be none of that on the Gillies Limit. But nevertheless hundreds of men had slid into the big timber limit for no apparent purpose and



A recent view of Cobalt, showing the business section.

there were rumors thick as peas that the place was loaded with silver. Whereat many chafed and swore.

It fell on a day that the Government announced that at midnight on August 2nd, 1912, the limit would be open for prospecting. Instantly Cobalt became a town of energy. There were secret journeys and a cutting of trails and a preparing and piling of stakes and relay teams. Many were the whispered confabulations, till on the stroke of midnight, the Gillies Limit suddenly became alive with men. There followed a slashing of timber where prospectors did not find that lines were already cut by phantom hands and the further discovery of corner posts ready squared and marked in just the right position and a breathless racing to the Recorder's office—and in a few months the dull recognition of the fact that the Gillies Limit was hungry ground and hardly worth the stroke of a pick, much less the law suits that follow invariably where six men swear that each has planted his discovery post first. It is questionable policy to say much about the Gillies Limit now.

THE Cobalt camp has made some amazing shipments of crude ore. Individual carloads have yielded fifty and sixty thousand dollars. A Crown Reserve

carlot ran even higher, and a thirty-ton Trethewey shipment sold for eighty thousand dollars. From one trench fifty feet long and twenty-five feet deep was extracted \$200,000. The vein was only eight inches wide. The great Carson vein which lies in the Crown Reserve and Kerr Lake properties, has yielded twenty million ounces all above the 200-foot level. An idea of the ratio of profit may be deduced from the fact that to produce an ounce of silver worth 56 cents in 1911, cost the Coniagis people only 9 cents.

In 1904 Cobalt sent out 158 tons worth \$136,000. In 1912 the camp was producing annually 30,000 tons worth 18 million dollars. By the end of 1915 it had enriched the world by one hundred and twenty-two million dollars' worth of silver. And this all started when Joe La Rose threw his smithy hammer at the red fox.

By and bye it became apparent to the wise heads that, while the Cobalt area proper was of amazing richness, there was not outside a strip about two miles by four any proportionate value. In a general way when one left the conglomerate, one left the silver also; the reason being that the silver-bearing solutions most easily penetrated the conglomerate, which is a porous, open-grained rock.

But to this the cheerful promoter was

oblivious. He floated companies on chance. He robbed the widow and the mechanic. He filled his office windows with ore from producing mines, labeled to suit his own location. He pitted the north country with shafts and trenches and dotted it with bungalows where pseudo-engineers lived in vast ease and comfort. One could name hundreds of flotations that started with a blare of trumpets and ended with a weed-grown pile of rock at the mouth of a water-filled test-pit.

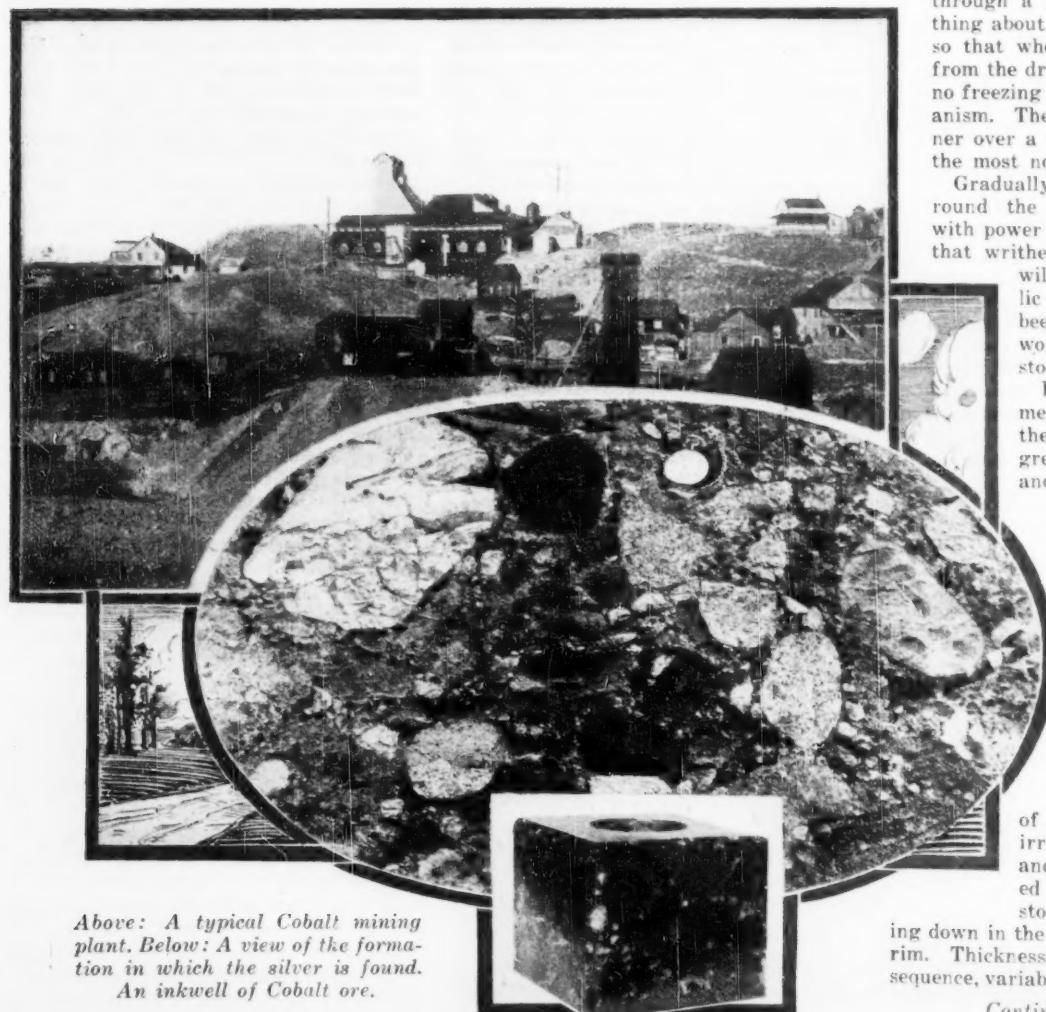
IT was not long after shipments began that fuel trouble arose. The surrounding country was shaven clean of wood. Coal cost \$12 to \$15 a ton. Nothing but the extraordinary richness of the ore kept Cobalt in action. As a low-grade proposition it would have starved to death.

Then started the reign of water power. The rapids of a dozen rivers were harnessed to turbines and generators. Cobalt was electrified. More than this. One company constructed a Taylor system of compressed air, a novel process by which water flowing down one shaft and through a tunnel and up and out through another shaft, is made to carry air down with it. The air is automatically released at the bottom and mounts under pressure into a hump cut out of the roof of the tunnel whence it is drawn as required through a pipe. And the excellent thing about this air is that it is dry, so that when it cools as it escapes from the drills underground, there is no freezing up of that rattling mechanism. The language of a drill runner over a frozen machine is one of the most notable things in memory.

Gradually the barren country around the mint was criss-crossed with power lines and great air pipes that writhed for miles through the wilderness like great metallic snakes. If Cobalt had been a waterless desert, it would have been a different story.

Later came the heroic methods of prospecting. At the foot of shaven hills, great pumps were installed and gigantic streams plowed into the soil-covered slopes and washed them bare. It was placer work—but with a difference; for in Cobalt—in the extra special area—a seam an eighth of an inch wide may develop into something worth a million. The ore bodies were proven to be shaped like the lenses of a great telescope, placed irregularly over each other and on edge. It all depended whether the glaciers had stopped their work of grinding down in the middle of a lens or at its rim. Thickness and length were, in consequence, variable quantities.

Continued on page 92



Above: A typical Cobalt mining plant. Below: A view of the formation in which the silver is found. An inkwell of Cobalt ore.

Number Thirty-Six and J. Wilson

By MARY E. LOWREY

Illustrated by DOROTHY STEVENS

THE orderly's razor, stumbling uncertainly across Wilson's face, slipped suddenly and clapped a neat piece from his ear. "Oh, get out!" said Wilson bitterly; and took the razor in his own hand.

Ten minutes later Miss Thompson, the day nurse, happening in, discovered her patient shaving painfully and indignantly with the assistance of a mirror on the opposite side of the room. Miss Thompson was a very efficient young woman, who dispensed mercy with the impassive precision of a slot machine distributing gum and, noting her patient's need, she vanished instantly, to reappear in a moment with a little silver hand-glass.

"Borrowed it from Number Thirty-Six," she explained briefly.

She swiftly adjusted pillows and magazines to bring it to a level with Wilson's face, accepted his gratitude in silence and disappeared.

Wilson, having completed his shave in comfort, turned his attention toward the little mirror. It was a handsome mirror, heavy and highly polished, and engraved on the back with the initials A. B. Y.—a pleasing object, conveying a suggestion of well-appointed and attractive femininity.

BUT Wilson at that moment took no pleasure in the suggestion of femininity for the very sufficient reason that less than a week before he had been jilted. He recalled the scene now, oddly enough without resentment. Quite suddenly the girl had announced that the engagement must be broken. Entreaties had moved her not at all. He had pleaded his love, their suitability from a social point of view, their equality of temperament.

"It's tastes and not temperament that make a happy marriage," she had declared. She paused suddenly and picked up a little volume of Swinburne that lay on the table.



They compromised finally, and he was wheeled rather ingloriously down the long green corridor.

"Lights and sounds of the unreached pole
And shrill fierce climes of inconsolable
air,
Shining below the beamless aureole
That hangs about the North wind's
hurting hair,"
she read.

"That doesn't appeal to you at all, does it?" she said, facing him suddenly.

Wilson, not being in the mood for Swinburne, was obliged to confess that it left him cold. The girl threw out her hands with a little gesture of finality.

"Well, there we are," she said; "I adore

poetry, music, art. How much poetry, for instance, have you read since you left college?"

He had read the "Barrack Room Ballads" and the "Rubaiyat," but he felt instinctively that they would do little to strengthen his case, so remained silent, watching her with anxious eyes.

She swung her engagement ring between thumb and forefinger.

"I've thought and thought, and there's only one way out," she said at last. "We would be happy at first till the glamour wore off, and then—misery. Oh, I've been terribly wretched."

She dropped her head on her arm with a movement that indicated utter dejection—and brought out the wonderful tints of her hair beneath the soft glow of the table-lamp.

Wilson was "terribly wretched" too, and very humble. She was right, he said at last; artistically he was a failure; he had no right to spoil her life.

The girl rose and, crossing the room swiftly, dropped the ring into his hand.

"Poor Jimmie!" she murmured, seating herself opposite him and regarding him with a look of real pain in her lovely eyes. Her shoes were a little tight.

It is proof of the depth of his infatuation that, an ordinarily keen young man, Wilson detected nothing theatrical in the interview; nothing theatrical.

either, in the fact that, after he left her, he had paced the street for an hour, his hat drawn down over his eyes, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. He justified her fiercely to himself. She was right, of course; he could never have understood her; his reach had exceeded his grasp, that was all.

A DAY later, Wilson's appendix, hitherto a well-conducted organ, showed sudden distressful symptoms, and within twenty-four hours he awoke in the hospital to a vast pain in his side and the strange sickness of soul and body which only ether can produce. Poor Jimmie,

struggling stertorously back to life, felt at that moment as though all hope of happiness in the future and all reason for existence in the present had been completely and permanently removed.

He returned the mirror, with a pile of magazines and a little note of thanks, by the hand of Miss Thompson, which read:

"Dear No. Thirty-Six. It was very kind of you to lend me your mirror. I am returning it reluctantly, because it is very beautiful, and because I shall need it as badly as ever to-morrow. The magazines aren't much good, but perhaps they will help.

Gratefully yours,
J. WILSON.

THE next morning he awoke as usual to find Miss Thompson washing his face—a humiliating proceeding, but unavoidable. The temperatures were taken at half-past six, when she would appear by his bedside, a large blue and white striped dream, pop a thermometer into his mouth, and vanish, to return an hour later, in order to "do him up." It was not until she had disappeared for the second time that morning that he discovered the mirror back on his table again, and on it a little note.

"Thank you for the magazines. You may keep the mirror as long as you like," the note said, in a square boyish hand.

That was all; but the little bit of impersonal friendliness cheered him surprisingly. It was a wonderful day, too. The early morning sunshine lay bright and warm across his bed, and the air that entered through the wide open window was full of the vague sweet quickening of spring. Down in the street an organ grinder was playing "The Holy City" at a reckless tempo.

Jimmie folded the little note carefully. "Rather jolly being alive, after all," he reflected, to his own amazement.

His answer, accompanied by another pile of magazines, and reflecting his restored good humor, went out by the hand of the orderly.

"This is awfully good of you, Number Thirty-Six," he wrote. "I am trying to make a feeble return by sending a few more magazines. There are some good things in them—a sentence on page twenty-seven of *McVicar's Monthly*, 'Turning suddenly at the sound of a horse behind him, he looked straight into the startled blue eyes of Mary.' And the young woman in *Fiction* whose eyes are 'a deep sea blue' on page 18, and 'the brown of woods in autumn' on page 45. However, one can't expect a busy author to notice everything.

"I am rather curious about you. Are your eyes 'deep sea blue' or 'the brown of woods in autumn'—or both, like the lady's in *Fiction*? I hope you will answer this, Number Thirty-Six."

THIRTY-SIX did answer, after a discreet interval, with a friendly little note that heightened his interest and did

nothing to satisfy his curiosity. She had enjoyed the magazines; she had had her appendix out, too, but was getting better; she was feeling very happy because this was the night for sweet potatoes and fried chicken.

And, the perverse spirit of cheerfulness being still in control, he wrote back instantly:

"You are rather exasperating, Number Thirty-Six. I ask you the color of your eyes, and you answer that you are to have fried chicken and sweet potatoes for tea. When you parted with your mirror so willingly, I had you at forty with glasses. But I have taken off your glasses and clapped you back into your teens. Nothing but a flapper could take such an interest in her food."

Her answer was prompt and non-committal.

"I was eating breakfast this morning," she wrote, "when someone knocked at my door and a very dirty young man came in. He walked over to the bed, and said threateningly:

"I want to look at your switch!"

"I was too overcome to do anything but gasp. And after all it was only the electric switch over my bed that he wanted to examine. The little red bulb outside my door wouldn't work yesterday when I pressed the button. Such a sudden young man!"

THE days in a hospital are long, long days, and every diversion is a welcome one. This, Wilson assured himself, was the basis of his interest in Number Thirty-Six. For she did interest him, despite certain misgivings that had to do with his recent engagement; and her frank friendliness did much to restore his humbled self-esteem. Gradually, the informal interchange of notes took on the dignity of a regular correspondence. Only, on the subject of herself, Number Thirty-Six remained obstinately silent.

"I don't know anything about you," he complained, "except that your initials are A.B.Y. and your number thirty-six. I have done an enormous amount of speculating, but it hasn't got me anywhere. I have even tried it algebraically—ABY and 36 equal x, the unknown. But I need some more factors—"

"But why do you want to know everything about me?" protested Thirty-Six. "Don't you see the romance of not knowing anything whatever about me?"

Wilson didn't, but he was obliged to content himself with that. Moreover, the letters themselves were sufficiently diverting. She had a remarkable trick of description. The Staff, the people who passed her door, her visitors, the dignified interne with the little black moustache and the "flickerless" face, who reminded her of Charlie Chaplin—she sketched them all, not maliciously, but very skilfully, and with a delightful freedom from bias.

"Some one sent me six little flower pots this morning, each with a single red tulip in it," she wrote one day. "I have them drawn up in a row on

my window sill, and when the sun strikes through them they are almost transparent. Do you remember "Up In a Villa, Down in the City?"

"The tulip at end of its tube blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood—

"It strikes one as being rather more ingenious than beautiful, doesn't it? But I like it."

Wilson liked it, too. Number Thirty-Six had good sense about poetry!

THAT afternoon Wilson had a visitor. About four o'clock there was a gentle knock at his door and a low-keyed voice inquiring, "May I come in?"

The next moment she was in the room—the girl to whom he had once been engaged. She was beautifully dressed in dark green and had a great bunch of violets pinned to her coat.

Wilson was startled into speechlessness—not so much at sight of her, but at the sudden thought that for an entire week she had scarcely entered his mind.

She advanced swiftly across the room, and took both his hands.

"Poor Jimmie!" she said softly.

Poor Jimmie wriggled.

The girl dropped his hands suddenly and went and sat in the sunny window with her profile turned toward him and her eyes upon the violets on her coat. There was a moment of silence. From the Nurses' Residence came the faint sound of a piano, the air blurred by distance into a vague thump of chords.

"I think you must see now, Jimmie," she said at last, "that it's all for the best."

"All for the best!" repeated Jimmie, with a heartiness for which he was instantly ashamed.

That piqued her.

"I don't believe you cared," she said reproachfully.

"Cared! Of course I cared," answered Jimmie, rousing himself. "I—I care yet," he added heroically, to save her feelings.

She was not a discerning young woman, and this appeared to satisfy her. Indeed, Jimmie half believed it himself, for she was very lovely as she sat there, with the sunshine on her soft hair and clear profile. After a moment:

"I heard you were sick, so I came to see you—as a friend," she said. "That's what we must be after this—just friends. Because I never could marry you—never, Jimmie!"

Her insistence on this point filled him with a vague irritation. The situation plainly called for a slight bitterness on his part—recrimination even—and he had neither recrimination nor bitterness to offer. So he said nothing at all, which was the wisest thing he could have done. Quite unconsciously he had struck the right note—a note of subdued and troubled gloom.

For Jimmie it was a very painful interview. When the girl disappeared finally, leaving the air of his room heavy with the odor of violets, he was filled with

strange and conflicting emotions—irritation and doubt, regret and self-reproach—and far down underneath, a deep and abiding peace.

AT eight o'clock the orderly brought him a letter from Number Thirty-Six and the sight of the small white envelope in the man's hand filled him with a sudden and amazing sense of pleasure. He drew the little reading lamp closer, and settled himself comfortably on one elbow.

"Dear J. Wilson," he read, "This afternoon I dressed for the first time in three weeks. Learning to walk again is the oddest sensation! I was staggering around the room on the nurse's arm when I caught a sudden glimpse of myself in the glass. Such a thin, white, forlorn sight! It was so depressing that I was very glad to be put to bed with a cup of chocolate and a funny paper to make me forget it.

"At four-thirty I had a visitor—a very beautiful one, dressed in dull green, and wearing the largest bunch of violets I ever saw in my life.

"Mother said you were here, and I promised to drop in and see you," she said. "How well you look! Exactly like your old self!"

"Oh, I don't," I wailed. "I look exactly like a rag and a bone and a hank of hair!"

"She went over to the window and sat down. When she places herself with her wonderful profile toward one and the sunshine on her hair, it is pleasant to reflect that she has large feet.

"What are you reading?" she asked. "Newspapers! My dear child, why don't you read something worth while?"

"What, for instance?" I asked, politely.

"Well, take poetry, for example," she answered. "There's Tagore—and Rossetti—I dare say you imagine that Rossetti wrote Italian Grand Opera."

"Take politics," I retorted, indicating the newspaper. Unfortunately, the funny paper was on the top of the pile. "I dare say that you imagine that a plebiscite is a microbe."

"That annoyed her. "Don't be flippant," she said. "It's narrow to look at life from only one point of view, and you never see things except on their frivolous side. Isn't it Ruskin who says that life is polygonal?"

"That was misquoted, but I let it go.

"Life may be polygonal," I answered perversely, "but most of the sides are funny sides."

"It was a very uncomfortable visit. I'm afraid I was feeling bad-tempered and showed it. She got up in a little while and said she must go.

"You know, you have intelligence," she admitted handsomely, "if you only knew how to apply it."

"Her visit left me in a dreadfully depressed state. Unpleasant thoughts that never trouble me at ordinary times—wasted opportunities, the problem of being good instead of being beautiful, bleak old age—overwhelmed me quite suddenly and completely. I don't quite see why I am writing this to you, J. Wilson—perhaps it has never seemed quite possible to me that you are a real person—a 'really truly person, with a meat face.'

"It didn't last long, however. When tea appeared at six o'clock I felt suddenly at peace with the world again. That's absurd, isn't it—to have 'Th'

exquisite balance of the soul' restored by a fried leg of chicken!"

It was a long letter, but Jimmie read it through very slowly twice. For the first time he was beholding the girl he had once been engaged to with the clear-seeing eyes of Number Thirty-Six, and the last shred of illusion fell away. But there was something to take its place—a little warm, tender feeling, altogether unlike anything he had ever felt in his life before.

"I am coming to see you to-morrow," he wrote back, "a really truly person with a meat face!"

To the orderly, who read the note through carefully beneath one of the dim electric lights in the corridor, it seemed a very curious message indeed.

HE had a good deal of trouble with Miss Thompson in the morning. Miss Thompson, who possessed a retreating chin, belied by much firmness of character, was unalterably opposed to his getting dressed. She was also in possession of his clothes—an unassailable argument. They compromised finally, and he was wheeled rather ingloriously down the long green corridor, with a bright red blanket spread across his knees.

Number Thirty-Six was gone!

Her bed was neatly made up, and a nurse was just hurrying out of the room, her arms filled with little pots of red tulips.

"Number Thirty-Six left this morning," she said to Miss Thompson. "I am just taking these down to the public ward."

Jimmie, who had been leaning eagerly forward, collapsed against the back of the wheel-chair.

"Home, driver," he said wearily. And he was propelled along the dim green corridor to his own room.

On the table was a little note that had not been there when he left.

"Dear J. Wilson," it read.

"The orderly will give you this after I have gone. It is just to say good-bye."

Number Thirty-Six.

A WEEK later, J. Wilson, pale but very determined, walked up the steps of a large stone house on an expensive avenue, presented his card, and was ushered into a rose-hung drawing-room. There he was left to wait for a long time on an uncomfortable little gilt chair—so long that he rose at length and went and stood in the window, looking down the wide sunny street. When he turned again, there was a girl standing against the curtain in the doorway.

She was quite a small girl—and against that background of soft curtain, almost plain. But no one with red hair looks well against a rose velvet curtain. Her mouth,

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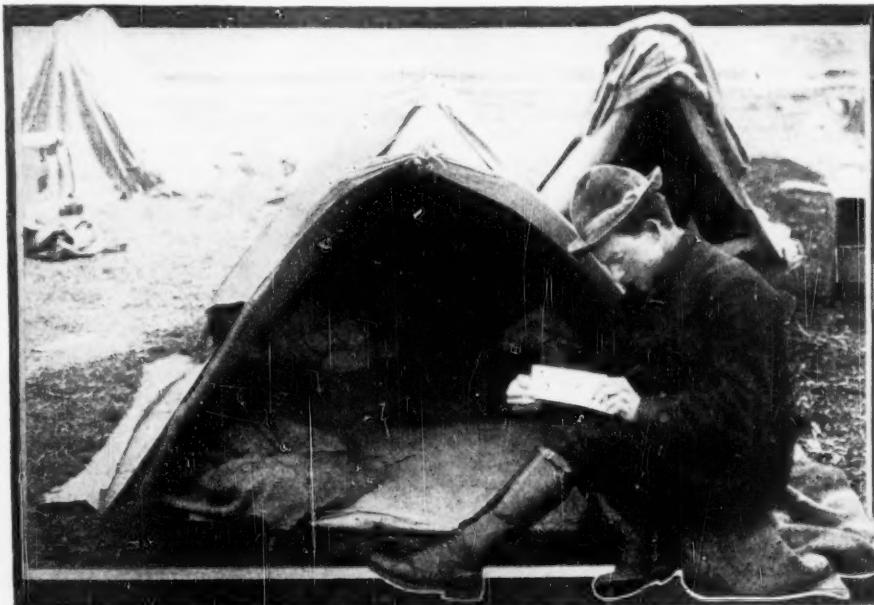
When he turned again there was a girl standing against the curtain in the doorway. She was quite a small girl.

Eavesdropping on War

PICKING Europe over for war news with which to tempt the jaded appetite of the American newspaper reader has probably broken the pride of more good newspapermen than the ablest and most zealous city editor that ever graced an anathema. Try to stethoscope the chest of France—that Scotland-Yarded, barricaded and double-sentried “Zone of the Armies”—for sounds of victory or defeat inside, and you will understand why this is so. Get yourself appointed official correspondent for something or other inside the “zone” and you will marvel that the world

happens to know anything of the war at all. Try sorting over the gossip of London for something worth writing—then try it on the Censor! War reporting in the years 1914-15 has driven more able-bodied journalists to enlist, or back in despair to finish old college courses, or to take the prosaic jobs they once spurned from the hands of their fathers, or to cover the work-a-day assignments of peaceful America than you could shake a stick at. I am not speaking of sob-story writers or magazine men, though I have known even some of these to be literally swamped with “color” and unable to turn out anything but forced stuff. I mean the professional news-digger, the blithe cynic who in the United States and Canada is accustomed to wheedling, cajoling and commanding the news out of the mouths of reluctant Americans. He didn’t expect to be a war correspondent when he left America: He knew that game was at an end. But he did think he could ferret war news out of London and Paris, or reap a modest harvest well to the rear of the secret-loving armies. I have seen six examples of him cable home to be relieved. Two of them bolted when their offices continued to refuse permission. Three of them whose doggedness had been worthy of better rewards broke out finally in irritation and went home in the sulks. One, whose courage and resourcefulness made him the beloved of his news editor, lost his nerve and went home with a nurse. Another handful that I know are still standing by the game. But they are a grim lot of veterans.

By BRITTON B. COOKE



This picture gives an idea of the difficulties under which the war correspondents work in the preparation of “copy.”

OF course there are the regular officially recognized correspondents, but they don’t count as news getters. Take, for instance, the half dozen who live behind the British lines, about a mile from British General Headquarters. They live rather well, though the ex-mansion that covers them is down at the heel, the garden a tangle of naked stalks, and the vines dead that trail down over the bare garden wall from the lofty urns flanking the gates. There is one of these men to every two important London papers, and their copy is usually passed on by these papers to various newspaper associations covering the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland. The American Associated Press has also one man, and his copy goes to Canada because Canada’s newspaper publishers could not agree on one man to represent them. Australia has one representative. Innumerable courtesies are extended to these men. They have military automobiles to carry them about. They dine occasionally with some high person on the British Staff. They play bridge and swap pistols, or binoculars. In nice weather they drive to lunch with brigadiers at far ends of the British line, or have afternoon tea at K—l within easy range of the guns of the Kaiser. If they are lucky, they get occasional leave to visit London. But these are not news diggers. They are pledged and double-pledged to write nothing that is not approved by the censor at “G. H. Q.” They know better than to talk indiscriminately. They are forced to be merely descriptive

writers. Even descriptions must not include names of places, or commanding officers, “nor any details or comments likely to have a depressing effect on public opinion.” In short, although the King’s Messenger—the only open means of communication between London and “G. H. Q.”—often carries really fine pieces of prose from these writers to the newspaper world outside, he never carries news.

Anything better than official and semi-official news gets to America by the efforts of the news hunters on the outside, the tenacious men who are able to stand that racket. They are a dogged, oldish-looking lot with

quiet eyes and tight mouths and a great love of sitting still and saying nothing. If the fragments of news in your favorite paper seem few and far between, be sure it is not on account of sloth on the part of the European correspondents. Heaven knows with what pains some one of them dug out that tenu-line item about the real nature of Mr. Asquith’s illness in this morning’s paper, or how he labored to get it to America. That story from Amsterdam “via London” about Teutonic activities along the frontiers of Holland probably cost the man who went over to Holland and dragged the yarn out of reluctant burglers, hours of secret anxiety, the risk of arrest on a charge of violating Dutch neutrality—if he happened to be British—and the joy of seeing only a third of the story allowed through by the British censor. Big Barney (that isn’t his name) who fought in South Africa and claims he got the Great Seal of China when he marched with the Americans into Peking, was stealing a ride under the back-flaps of an empty ambulance going up from Etaples toward the firing line when last I saw him. He was arrested and jailed and played poker all night with a bored commandant and deported in the morning with a “top hole” story on the work of the Canadians in the October offensive. F. G. B., a cold-eyed plodder for the London — was in the landlady’s parlor in the hotel Metropole in Boulogne, arguing with Cox, the humorless Scotland Yard agent who guards Boulogne, whether he would go to jail or back

to Folkestone. I left him to catch the boat—having made my choice earlier. Philip — of New York connection, was tapping a Lieutenant-General in Claridge's. John — of Washington was in a saloon bar near the corner of Panton Street and the Haymarket where pay-office underlings do congregate. Hill, the Canadian, was getting his passport *visé* for Paris. Another was dining a major on leave from Ploegsteert, and there were ten of them in the American bar at the Savoy the night before I sailed.

YOU will never see them writing their stories. They wear nearly always the appearance of having just finished their work for the day. They sometimes recount stories of various conflicts with Cox at Boulogne or his colleague at Havre. They announce pieces of news between them that would make seven-column headlines if whispered in New York. But these are the stories they never need to be secret about. Nobody could send one of them across the cables. Most stories are too big for that. That is the trouble.

The responsibility is great. The volume of news pouring over the cables has to be maintained. It has been estimated that there are fifty English-writing correspondents covering war news (field and political stories) between Marseilles, Paris, Boulogne and London. Some of these are free lance men depending on their ability to get salable stories to keep them alive. Others are the salaried free lance agents of the big news agencies, such as the Central News, American Associated Press, United Press, and so on. Others still, but not so many of these, are the special agents of special newspapers or special groups of newspapers, like the Hearst papers in the United States. In addition to the fifty there are, of course, the officially recognized men living in the war zone and subject to the authority of army commanders. Of these, there were last September ten in the British lines and less than that number in the French lines. Between them all there are hundreds of despatches filed every day of the week, including Sunday. But of the number filed, probably one hundred per day actually get through. This number would include everything from forty-word despatches about the intensity of artillery fire on certain sectors, to column stories based on interviews with wounded men, and so on. The general manager of the Western Union cables told me that at Penzance about seventy-five operators are kept busy sending. A large part of their business is "press" matter. They handle probably ten thousand words of skeletonized copy (that is, with all unnecessary words cut out) in the busy half of a day. This is expanded in scores of newspaper offices on this side of the water and repeated under a multiplicity of headings till the total result might fairly be estimated at over a million words of war news a day. That, at all events, is a picturesque and quite probable total.

MOST of the successful war reporters are men over forty who have had long experience of men and customs of men, and London in particular. But one

of the best is a youngster from Philadelphia whose previous record in newspaper work was police-reporting for a Buffalo paper and later on a Boston paper. He was a bumptious lovable sort of boy whose early successes on small city police "beats" had won him rapid increases in salary and a swelled head. Like most of the Boston paper's staff, he demanded to be sent to Europe to represent his paper when war broke out. He apparently regarded the assignment as his right. He didn't get it. Threatened to jump his job, but got married instead. In July last year he and his wife turned up in Fleet Street with a couple of letters of introduction and \$100 between them. They took a flat in Maiden Lane—knowing no better—and presented the letters. A news agency in New Bridge Street gave the youngster a job at nothing per week—and space. What was his assignment? The War. In a week's time the youngster had picked out a skeleton "beat." He covered the Cecil, the Savoy, Claridge's, a cheap place called "Fritzi's," a public-house patronized by Canadian pay-office officers, and the Canadian casualty-clearing station. In two weeks he was beginning to get scoops—of a sort. What he could not sell to the news agency he turned into "color stuff" for his wife. That little person, being an ex-New York sob sister, made fairly interesting copy which she sold as

"letters from France" to a New York syndicate. These letters went by mail and escaped censorship. They were carefully written so as not to cause too much comment on their "news" quality in America, and thus escape the attention of British agencies. Otherwise the letters might have been traced back to London—and stopped.

THERE are five kinds of war news—I use the word news in its broadest possible sense,—and there are ten news centres. There is official news, semi-official, unofficial but reliable conjecture, fake news, and human-interest stuff. The last-mentioned comes from Alexandria, Salonika, Athens, Rome, Paris, British General Headquarters in France, Havre, Petrograd, Antwerp and London. Fake news may come from any of these centres, or elsewhere, for that matter. A little of the best conjecture comes from Athens and Salonika, a trifle more from Rome, much from Paris and much from London. But of all kinds of news, London is the chief centre, and the newspaper workers who want real information as distinguished from human interest stories and "color stuff" make London their centre.

The unofficial correspondent has been taken into nobody's confidence except that of his own friends. While he has not a "laissez de sojourn" good for use within

the British or French lines, he has what is much better, in some respects. The whole of London and Paris is open to him if only he can pick out what man or men in these cities are hiding what he wants to know. He has to reckon with the censor, of course.

WHEN he files his cable with the cable company in London—he cannot file cables from Paris very well unless he prepays them—it is sent by pneumatic carrier to the top floor of the Press Bureau in Whitehall, part of the



Havre, where the lines are rigidly drawn to prevent unauthorized correspondents from getting into France.

old Naval Museum. Here any one of the ten cable censors read it. Up at the end of this room is a black-board on which are marked the catch-lines or other descriptions of forbidden articles. If the particular article in question does not deal with any of the subjects on the blackboard, and if it does not mention names of places in France, or commanding officers, or the locality or movement of strength of troops, the story is initialled with a blue pencil, sent back by the pneumatic carrier to the cable company and forwarded to the cable-station at Penzance. Even with this system in force the correspondent at large has a better chance to get news to his papers than has the official correspondent with the armies. Sometimes there are ways of wording a message so as to escape the eye of the censor. Occasionally a good story is let through for some unknown official reason. Whether his story has passed or has not passed, the writer may never know until he gets a copy of his paper from across the Atlantic. Sometimes it is hard to recognize it as the same he sent.

Long before the general public dreamed that Sir Ian Hamilton was to be recalled from the Dardanelles, a correspondent with an enterprising turn of mind had learned what was likely to happen. He had decided to spend a day looking over some of the big London docks. In the East India docks, just off Commercial Road, lay a hospital ship, one of the famous old Castle Line. Walking boldly aboard he was about to be turned off when the medical officer commanding the ship happened to ask where the correspondent came from. Had he not met him in Seattle once? Yes? No? They compared notes, found they had met as patient and physician years before in the boom days in Seattle. The correspondent was invited to a drink, a cigar and a tour of the ship. In the course of the tour the little Major mentioned that he had heard Ian Hamilton was in London. He went on to comment on the reasons for the visit, discussed the recall, and foretold the abandonment of the Dardanelles campaign. Plenty of people were making that particular prophecy in those days, but the recall of Ian Hamilton was real news. In other days it might have been flashed to countless newspapers and created a sensation. As it was, however, the correspondent gulped to keep down his surprise, wrote a cable conveying a hint of the news, addressed it personally to his chief in New York, and prepaid it so as to escape the closely-watched "press collect" classification. His cable never got through.

Similarly, the change in the chief command of the British forces in France was known to the chief correspondents in London. They made no attempt to get it through.

There are such things as private newspaper

cable codes, but they are dangerous. There are times when a wise correspondent passes up what looks like a good chance to get a "beat" through, simply because he sees how it would react on him. A certain New York man had an arrangement with his news editor whereby a seemingly personal message to the news editor's house, mentioning the buying or selling of property or mortgages could be made to convey big news. The amount of money mentioned in the cable was to indicate the number previously agreed upon to represent a certain locality on the western front—each village on a map in the correspondent's possession was numbered the same as the villages and towns on the news editor's map. To pay off mortgage meant a British victory near —, to cancel mortgage for so much held against so-and-so meant a defeat, etc. But the correspondent never used it. Any news that he might have been able to put through that way might have been noticed by British agents in America and traced back. The London man might lose his privileges as a free man in the vicinity of troops or docks in England, or might be deported.

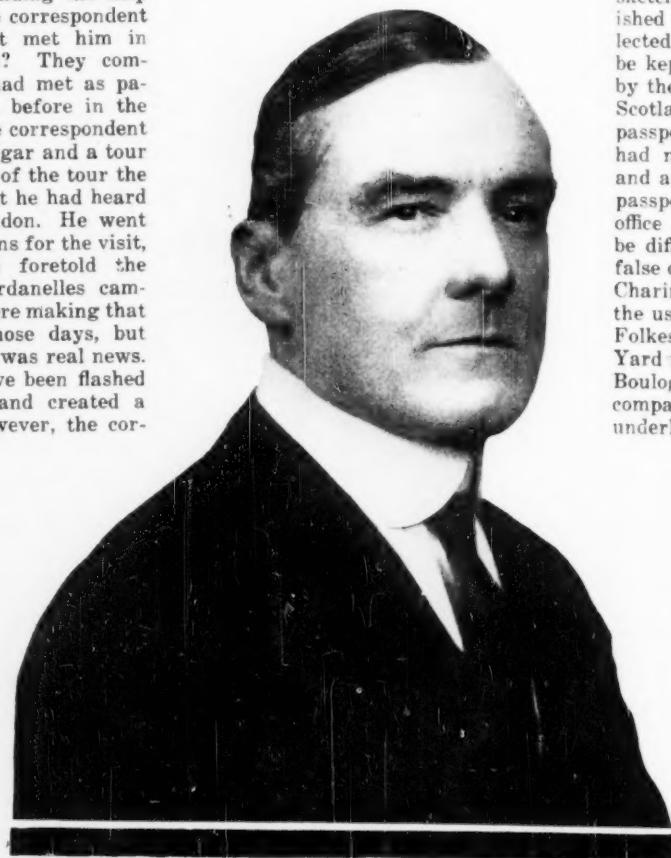
Of all the newspapermen in London, the Canadian representatives have probably the most difficult role to play. They are interested in more than the mere generalities of the day's work. They want to know what the Canadians are doing every day, what part they took in

such and such actions, what casualties they had, what distinction they won, if any, and the names of men who are to be promoted, or commands that are to be changed. Though there are two divisions of Canadians in France and thousands of men in the camps in England, there is not a single Canadian newspaperman in the zone of the Allied armies in France. This anomalous situation is due to the fact that the Canadian publishers were unable to agree among themselves as to who should represent them. It is left, therefore, for the Canadian newspaper men to make up for this handicap. One Canadian, Roland Hill of the *Montreal Star*, showed such zeal and ingenuity in getting Canadian news from the front that the authorities paid special attention to him. In the earlier part of the war he was arrested on many occasions and later, when through the intercession of various high authorities a party of six Canadian journalists were to be taken on a visit to the Front, Hill was all but excluded owing to his formidable record as a blockade runner. Having won himself the place he deserved in the party, he was shown the records Scotland Yard had made of his activities. "It contained more entries than I ever would have supposed one man could have charged against him," said Hill.

Faking is only too easy. A big London daily sent an artist to Boulogne with a special War Office permit good for one week in the zone of the Allied armies. The artist was to spend his week making sketches, then return and make the finished drawings. The War Office first collected two photographs from him: One to be kept by that office and one to be sent by the King's Messenger to Mr. Cox, the Scotland Yard man at Boulogne. Then a passport had to be had—a document that had never troubled this artist before—and another photograph gummed on the passport and stamped with the foreign office stamp in such a way that it would be difficult to replace the picture with a false one without breaking the stamp. At Charing Cross the happy artist was given the usual embarkation-card to fill in. At Folkestone he was questioned by Scotland Yard men and his passport compared. At Boulogne as he came down the narrow companionway he faced Mr. Cox and his underlings, was met by a War Office official, compared with the photograph which had been sent on ahead, and driven to a certain hotel—not the Metropole. While there it transpired that repairs were necessary to the motor which was to have driven him to the Front.

The delay was fatal. The artist never reached the Front. He met the jovial official representative of two London papers at the Front—all the London papers have to double up in that way. This friend was on his way to London to spend a few days leave. The pair sat in first one corner of the "bar" and then another. They lost track of

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The late Richard Harding Davis, one of the greatest of American war correspondents, who was openly pro-Ally in his sympathies.

Under the Blue Ensign

By VICTOR LEESE

THREE were changes in the collier *Lily Hall* of Halifax. The black diamond had been stripped

from her funnel, to indicate that her charter to the Dominion Coal Company had been cancelled, though the two red bands, which were painted on, remained. She still belonged to Ortwright Bros.: their house-flag flew as of old. But the blue of the notched ensign at her stern flagstaff was new to her.

Thomas Baffin Newbolt, master mariner and commodore of the little Ortwright fleet, has sacrificed the purity of his commercial rating. He belonged to the Naval Reserve. And that meant more than an empty dignity—in fact, before the end of the year 1914 he would not have looked on it as a dignity at all, nor even as a possibility. He was conscientiously—and, since the habits of his choice had become confirmed, with the grizzling and thinning of his tawny hair, instinctively—a man of peace.

He did not look it. His lean, strong-boned face with its drooping moustache and shaggy grey brows was quietly but competently imperious, hinting withal that his Nova Scotian mother had given him more than a little of the explosive temper that often goes with Gaelic speech and a strong suspicion of red in the hair. But his speech was sober and his light-blue eyes were mild. During the eight years in which the *Lily Hall* had carried Cape Breton coal about the Atlantic coast and up to Montreal no man had known that temper to explode, not even one of the changing score or so of Chinamen who trimmed and greased and swabbed and shoveled coal and otherwise labored to maintain the meteor flag of Britain on the seas.

Thomas Baffin Newbolt was a peculiar man. He put the fear of God even before the traditions of his trade—which is an exceptional attitude at sea and practically unknown ashore. But somehow or other he got away with it. His orders were readily obeyed. His officers respected him. His brevet dignity as commodore and his tangible well-being as master of Messrs. Ortwright's best boat were looked on as privileges alienable only by retirement or death. His competence and his sincerity were so well established that even his chief engineer had long ceased to regard his peacefulness as a deliberate provocation.

YET at last, when the pride of his strength was past, he had entered the Naval Reserve. The tales of horror that had come from Belgium, the thought of men and women struggling in the sea—and not because the sea demanded them, but because a callous despot willed it—had moved him to offer his service to the cause that seemed to stand for better things. Not as a combatant; he neither expected nor desired to be called upon to fight; but he was ready to fetch and carry at the behest of fighting men—and if

more should be demanded, he would obey. His intention included the acceptance of unusual risk in that vital service of his own people which was his trade. That was all; but it added his modest sanction to the moral impulse of the war. And it marked a change in him greater, though less obvious, than the change in the ship.

For the moment, the *Lily Hall* had ceased to be a collier. She was destined for Cardiff, to which port she would probably continue to return for her normal cargo of eight thousand black and dusty tons so long as the State had need of her. But for the trip across she had loaded munitions at Boston, and now lay beside the wooden wharves of Halifax taking in furs and oddments, with a conspicuous band of red still showing between the grey of her sheer sides and the water.

Newbolt reflected that he liked her better, if that were possible, with white men on her deck—and everywhere, in fact, save the galley and the stoke-hole. He was not prejudiced about the color of a man's skin; but he had set his heart on taking the ship over with a Canadian crew. It seemed more fitting. The owners and the charterers were giving up the boat ungrudgingly; but Newbolt felt that a mere sacrifice of profits was not enough. The *Lily Hall* ought to express something of the loyalty of his nation; and that demanded men.

It had been difficult. But with the fortunate discovery, that very morning, of a wandering deck-hand from the Lakes and a French greaser who at least had once spent a short term in jail at Quebec, the difficulties had been practically surmounted. The cook and the steward were still Chinese; and McCullaugh, who ruled the engines, had emphatically declined to try to change the nominal yellowness of his black squad.

"You know as well as I do," he had said before they went to Boston, "the Canadian stoker is so rare he's practically extinct. What are you going to do about us engineers and your first mate?"

"Well, McCullaugh, I think it would take more than my mere fancy to persuade the firm to separate you from your engines. To tell the truth, I wouldn't want to do it if I could. But I have persuaded them to make room for Larssen in some other place, and to get me a mate from Saskatchewan."

The engineer had made an eloquent gesture of approval. "You will be getting a good man. He will have served before the mast on a prairie schooner and got his certificate for steam on a threshing engine."

Newbolt was impervious to humor. "He is a good man. He was passed for his master's ticket while he was under me five years ago; but he got himself married and took up the business of selling groceries."

NOW that the *Lily Hall* was back from Boston, Larssen had left her, and Newbolt found himself waiting

with some impatience for the man from Saskatchewan, who should have joined that morning. The second and third mates were well able to look after the loading; but the shipmaster was anxious to talk things over with his quondam subordinate, to probe him thoroughly and find out if he had grown rusty.

Through the open skylight of the cabin came the rumble of drays on the wharf, the rattle of winches, a stray wisp of oil-saturated steam, an occasional burst of high-pitched voices proclaiming that the inevitable human adjustments were being made in due form. Then there came a man's voice in brusque but jocular exposition, and a woman's murmur, and steps upon the cabin stairs. The steward entered to announce the mate from Saskatchewan—Mr. Oliver Brownsword—and his wife.

"Show them in," said Newbolt. "And, steward, close the skylight!"

The immediate cause of this solicitous command appeared in the shape of a slight, pretty woman, well but rather fluffy dressed and carrying a tiny black-and-tan terrier. She was followed by a thick-set man with a handsome, brick-red face, black-moustached, and a cheery air struggling under ineffectual repression. He greeted Newbolt warmly and introduced his wife.

"Doesn't want me to go," he added. "Doesn't believe me when I tell her it's as safe as a church. So I brought her along to see you. I thought you might convince her. If you don't, I'm going to run away and join the army."

"I'd rather he did, almost." His wife spoke with plaintive gloom. "If he gets away to sea I shall never get him back . . ."

"Nonsense," Brownsword broke in. "Everyone who leaves the West goes back to it sooner or later . . ."

" . . . And we were getting on so well. I don't think married men should have anything to do with the war; do you, Captain Newbolt?"—she knew, then, that Newbolt was unmarried—"Don't you think Noll's first duty is at home, to me?"

NEWBOLT'S reply was oracular. Oracles are out of fashion; but Newbolt was of the sea, which has not changed since the days when oracles were wise and reverend.

"His first duty is to his God. He has also his duty to you; and what I know of him tells me that he will have been fulfilling it. But after that he has a duty to his State. I must not point this out to him; but if he sees that he must serve in one way, and that the way of his calling, is it not foolish for anyone to say that he may not?"

Mrs. Brownsword was a thoroughly modern woman. She surged with impatience. And then she realized that to this

seaman with the mild, firm face, so steady under her gaze, impatience appeared as a plain human failing for which a pretty face and fluffy clothes did not constitute a valid excuse.

She began confidently: "But he isn't really serving the State. There isn't anything glorious about carrying coal. And it's so dangerous now they are sinking all the little ships. And it isn't only that. He loves the sea more than me"

There was a long silence, in the middle of which Newbolt said: "Wise women, Mrs. Brownsword, do not let themselves become jealous of a man's work."

At the end of the silence Mrs. Brownsword knew that she was beaten. She said that Captain Newbolt had given her confidence. A woman's first duty is to save her face; but, over and above that, she spoke the simple truth.

"I thank you, madam," the skipper replied. "I would have you still remember that we shall do no more than ply our trade. The safety of my ship is the highest charge committed to me."

As they walked to the gangway Brownsword said something under his breath and manoeuvred to distract his wife's attention from a large chest swinging at that very inauspicious moment from a derrick. He feared she might recognize that chest. She did, thanks to his anxiety; but being a woman who did not do things by halves, she smiled a pardon touched with amused regret.

Ten minutes later Newbolt heard his chief officer helping to slide that chest to his cabin, whistling the while. And soon there rose from an open port a contented but slightly raucous voice, singing:

"Back to the army again, sergeant!
Back to the army again!"

The captain was not an imaginative man, but he began to believe that he would not find his mate very rusty. He had heard that the dry air of the prairies is kind to all good metal; and he conjured up a glimpse of a process of constant and surreptitious oiling.

THE new mate settled comfortably into his groove at first. He was a glutton for work, and at table a very pleasant fellow, full of strange tales of the land, some of which were credible and others funny. But after the first day at sea the skipper introduced a laborious innovation called boat drill, and Brownsword lost caste because of the juvenile enthusiasm with which he tried to put ginger into the business. Every day for a week they were at it, going to the absurd length of stopping the ship and having each life-boat with its half of the crew row round it. Deaville, second officer, had in the beginning assented to the skipper's views on the necessity of a little practice; but at length he was moved to protest.

"It's not as though we were a liner with a crew of waiters," he complained. "We could handle boats to begin with, and it seems to me we are just wasting energy. Unless we expect to take part in a regatta every other week."

Next morning Deaville's views were

substantially the same but more acute. He had been rolled out of his warm bunk at one o'clock and made to take his boat once round the ship in a race. He lost his temper first and the race afterward. He was inclined to put the blame on Brownsword.

"You put the old man up to that," he said. "Did you do it to be mean? Or has haymaking turned your brain?"

"Pure high-spiritedness on my part. Deaville. At the same time, you understand, we might need those boats in the gosh-awfulest kind of a hurry one of these days. Don't get sore! I'm truly sorry this had to happen in the middle of the night; but maybe if we don't grumble it won't be that way again."

HE meant this to be a promise. Skipper and mate alike were satisfied that something like the automatic precision at which they aimed had been achieved. The last wasted seconds had been cut from the routine. Even the stokers had been trained to take their places without confusion. Newbolt said something of this at table, and Deaville ceased to growl—but without abandoning his idea that the two senior officers were playing at being men-of-war's men. That they could be taking all this trouble as a mere measure of safety did not satisfy him. He knew that other ships had been given five or ten minutes to take off their crews and had failed to do it. But his own tastes leaned strongly to the grinding of enemy submarines under the vessel's keel. He was perfectly willing to take a crack at this feat any old time, regardless of the fact that German submarines made about fifteen knots on the surface and the *Lily Hall* one less. He was what is called an optimist. Brownsword, he felt, was a pessimistic Jonah, and his enthusiastic vocal energy a delusion and a snare. He blamed the skipper less, holding age an excuse; and being unable to shake off his habit of respect.

On the twelfth night, when the *Lily Hall* approached the angle in which the great steam-lanes of the world converge, Deaville was roused from his bed again, but this time for ample cause. Even as he groped for the other sleeve of his jacket, stepping out on deck, he saw a thing that banished lingering sleep and all ill-temper—a flash of redness some miles to the south-east, a vague arc of dull light round the dark silhouette of a listing ship, lasting but an instant, but striking every man on the deck of the *Lily Hall* still as a statue till the sound of an explosion followed. Deaville ran to the bridge.

THE skipper stood with an irresolute hand upon the telegraph. Brownsword was near, resolute and silent, like a man who has had his say. Orton, officer of the watch, fidgeted as though he wished to utter the Napoleonic word, but found his youthfulness a burden.

"Port the hellum, quartermaster," said the skipper.

"D'ye see that ship?" asked Deaville, knowing that they had.

"Barque." Brownsword corrected.

"Sinking with every stitch of canvas on her sticks."

"Easy hellum! Keep her so!"

The *Lily Hall* forged toward the vessel sinking in silence and the dark. There came a series of small flashes, followed by reports in pairs, two for each flash.

"Submarine all right," said Orton, with leveled glasses. "Barque won't sink. I think I can make out a boat."

"How about a rocket?" Deaville suggested presently. Brownsword jerked his hand to indicate that they were all ready in the rack.

"It would show us up," said the skipper, a trace of testiness appearing in his quiet voice. "Don't forget I have to take this ship to Cardiff!"

"But the beggars in the boat—and likely in the water!"

"Don't be a hysterical idiot, Deaville. D'you think we're running for Bordeaux, or what?" The first mate's voice was not quite free from strain.

"Who's an idiot? I thought it might cheer 'em up a bit to know we're here." Deaville had achieved the distinction of being first of that group to persuade his tongue to express fully what he thought.

The skipper knew that Cardiff and the safety of the barque's crew lay in opposite directions, and that a rocket would add but little to the heavy risk he had decided to incur. And Brownsword was torn by many emotions, the dominant one being a blind anger at the impotence of the *Lily Hall* and the enemy's success. It was as though the crisis had bent each man's character from its normal trend—the skipper's least, because he was older, and perhaps stronger.

Newbolt glanced at his mate.

"Shoot 'em off!" said Brownsword.

Two rockets, bursting in succession, shed but little light on the grim drama of the barque and a good deal on the *Lily Hall*, even as the skipper had said. But the main effect of the illumination was altogether unforeseen.

THE U boat saw the steamer bows on —a grey, squat mass with a stout grey funnel belching out dense volumes of soft-coal smoke. Even the narrow bands on her funnel showed for a moment, before the siren broke out in a fantasia of short blasts and curtained them with steam. The logical deduction from the ship's sudden appearance was that she knew what was happening and had her own reasons for wishing to be present. The unforeseen but equally logical corollary was that she was a ship of the British Navy. There was nothing wrong with the eyes of the startled Germans, whatever the state of their nerves might have been. As seen by that uncertain light—so colored, so noisy, and so anxious, apparently, to get into trouble that a three-foot wave curled upward from her stem—the *Lily Hall* gave ample excuse for the error.

Therefore the U boat housed her gun with haste and sank, swinging her bows for a more deadly attack.

Skipper Thomas Newbolt laid aside his glasses.

"I'm afraid"—he did not say of what—"No more rockets! They are

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Left: A typical street scene in the Turkish capital. Right: A view of the Bosphorus.

Constantinople, an Allied Goal

By GEORGE H. HEES

OUR ship lay all night in the bay of the Golden Horn, and when the light of day broke over the Turkish Capital, showing up the numerous mosques, with their domes and minarets, the buildings and picturesque scenery, the floating bridges and ships from all nations in the harbor, we quite understood why writers from all countries had raved over this charmingly situated Oriental city.

Constantinople is the centre of the ancient world. It stands at the junction of the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, and is the only city that can claim the distinction of lying on two continents. The Golden Horn divides the city; on the east side is Asia, and on the west side, where the most important part of the city lies, is Europe. It has a population of about a million inhabitants, but there is no official census of cities under the Turkish flag. Constantinople was originally called "Byzantium," and then "New Rome," it being situated on seven hills; but there the comparison to the Italian Capital stops. Then it was named after the great Emperor, "Constantine, the Noble," a name, which with slight changes, has passed into all European languages.

The first impression one gets of the streets when one arrives by boat, is not at all complimentary to them. We were

conveyed through dirty alleys, filled with noisy hawkers of Oriental fruits and cheap wares, brawling sailors, and swarms of the pariah dogs that infest the city. Probably the reason the streets are paved with rough cobble stones is because the city is built on a succession of hills, where asphalt and other modern pavements could not be successfully used. As we got away from the docks and ascended the hills, we met better streets, better buildings and better dressed people.

THE first place of interest tourists naturally visit is that wonderful piece of architecture, the Mosque of St. Sophia. It is 250 feet by 235 feet, and the only mosque in the world with six domes. The main dome is 185 feet from the ground, 107 feet in diameter and 46 feet high. There are 44 small windows at its base, and it rests on four large arches carried by an equal number of piers. The materials used in the construction of the domes are white and extremely light Rodian bricks, only a twelfth of the weight of ordinary bricks. St. Sophia was originally a Christian church built by Constantine the Great, in 326 A.D., and around it centre the traditions of the Greek church. It is in no small degree from

the desire to free holy St. Sophia from the control of the infidel that the Slav longs to drive the Moslems from Constantinople. It is the boast of Ferdinand of Bulgaria that he will ride his charger up the steps of St. Sophia when he becomes Czar of Macedonia!

This sacred building has undergone many changes by fires and riots. After the disastrous riot of 532, in the reign of Justinian, then at the summit of his power and glory, he found it necessary to rebuild the church and resolved to do so in such a manner as to eclipse all former attempts in magnificence, grandeur and size. For this purpose he ordered the best materials and the best workmen to be got together from all parts of the Empire. The building was completed in five years, ten months and two days. Twenty years after, half of the main dome fell, and crushed altar and pulpit in its fall. Justinian had the church restored again, and the inauguration took place on Christmas day, 562 A.D. The church was converted into a mosque in 1453, after the memorable siege of Constantinople by the Turks, and Mohammed II first said his prayers in it June 1st, that year. The four sky-piercing minarets that rise above the domes were built by four different Sultans; that on the south-east corner having been erected by Mohammed II; the north-east corner



A scene in the business section. Below: Crown jewels of the Turkish Sultans.

by Selim II, and those on the west side by Murat III.

It is said that in the re-erection of St. Sophia a hundred architects were employed, each having a hundred workmen under him. Of these, five thousand worked on the right side, and five thousand on the left side of the building; each of the two sets vying with each other as to which should first complete the task. The cost of rebuilding St. Sophia is estimated at \$5,000,000, an immense sum in those days. The same undertaking

would cost many times that sum to-day. As it was, it drained the exchequer, and Justinian had to stop the salaries of Government officials and masters of public schools, as well as the pay of his troops, and divert the money thus obtained to his pet scheme. Gold alone was not thought good enough for the altar, which was made of gems set in silver and gold. The doors were ivory, amber and cedar, the outer one being plated. The building contains nearly every known marble; the white Phrygian with pink streaks, and

others from Italy, Russia, Asia Minor and Egypt. On the floor is a broken porphyry basin from Bethlehem, supposed to be that in which Mary washed the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus. The four green marble columns came from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Pillars from Solomon's Temple, and columns and arches from the ruined buildings of Athens, and other countries were levied on for works of art to adorn this famous temple.

THE walls of the interior, when a Christian church, were covered with Scriptural paintings, frescoes and inlaid work, by the best artists of their day. But the Mohammedans, when they got possession, covered the decorations with white-wash. Time has partially restored the walls, however, by crumbling away some of the wash, enabling the visitor to see what was said at that time to be the most magnificent ceiling in the world. Suspended from this ceiling hang more than two thousand lamps—or rather, small glass cups of oil, with floating wicks. These are lighted only once a year and that during the festival of Ramazan, when pilgrims travel to Mecca to visit the tomb of Mohammed.

During our visit to the Mosque, a half a hundred stevedores and coal heavers had come up from the docks to say their prayers and clear their souls. Before all mosques are troughs of running water, provided for that class of worshippers, who wash the head, face, neck, arms, legs and feet. On a tablet where they enter is engraved "Cleanse thy iniquities, not thy face only." The good Mohammedan prays several times a day, and is continually counting his beads, not always in prayer, but by force of habit. These navvies had their necks well exposed, sleeves rolled up, and legs and feet bare to the knees. As they came to the prayer bar, provided for their class, ending where the rich carpets begin, they faced east to the tomb of Mohammed, fell on their knees, swaying their bodies all the while, and quite loudly chanted the Koran in tones most monotonous.

WHEN you have visited the mosques and churches, temples and shrines, which show all the varieties of architecture imaginable, you will then as a matter of course go across the Golden Horn to Scutari, and visit the interesting department shops of "Far-away Moses." This Turkish Marshall Field got a great lift in his business when, years ago, Murray's Guide Book first pointed out his shops as among the attractions tourists should visit when doing the Capital. His shops will remind you of Liberty's great place in London. Works of art, modern and antique furniture, gems and jewelry, ancient armor, statuary, ivory, glass and pottery, some good pictures, and especially the rugs, make his stores well worth a visit. Nowhere else is it possible to see such a collection of rare and beautiful rugs. Moses' silent and obsequious salesmen will show you rugs worth thousands of dollars each, and will offer to send them to you; and you need not pay for

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EDITOR'S NOTE—Robert W. Service, the young Canadian poet who set the world reciting his ballads of the Yukon, arranged some months ago to send a series of war poems from the front to MacLean's Magazine. He has been driving a motor ambulance since the start of the war and has had an unexcelled opportunity to gain material and color for his vigorous verse. Two poems have already been presented to MacLean readers; and two more, just received from France, are offered here-with:

The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins

Me and Ed and a stretcher
Out on the nootral ground,
(If there's one dead corpse, I'll betcher,
There's a 'undred smellin' around;)
Me and Eddie O'Brian,
Both of the R.A.M.C.,
("It's a 'ell of a night
For a soul to take flight,"
As Eddie remarks to me.)
Me and Ed crawlin' 'omeward,
Thinkin' our job is done,
When sudden and clear,
Wot do we 'ear?
The 'owl of a wounded 'Un.

"Got to take 'im," snaps Eddy;
"Got to take all we can.
'E may be a Germ
Wif the 'eart of a worm,
But blarst 'im! Ain't 'e a man?"
So 'e sloshes out fixin' a dressin',
(E'd always a medical knack),
When that wounded 'Un
'E rolls to 'is gun,
And 'e plugs me pal in the back.

Now what would *you* do, I arsts yer?
There was me slaughtered mate;
There was that 'Un,
(I'd collared 'is gun),
A-snarlin' 'is 'ymn of 'ate!
Wot did I do? 'Ere, whisper!
'E'd a shiny bald top to 'is 'ead,
But when I got through—
Between me and you—
It was 'orrid and jaggy and red.



"'Ang on like a limpet, Eddy.
Thank Gord! You ain't dead after all."
It's slow and it's sure and it's steady,
(Which is 'ard, for 'e's big and I'm small.)
The rockets are shootin' and shinin',
It's rainin' a perishin' flood.
The bullets is buzzin' and whinin',
And I'm up to me stern in the mud;
There's all kinds of 'ootin' and 'owlin',
It's black as a bucket of tar;
Oh I'm doin' my bit,
But I'm 'avin a fit,
And I wish I was 'ome wif Mar.

"Stick on like a plaster, Eddy.
Old son, you're a-slackin' your grip."
Gord! but I'm groggy already;
My feet, 'ow they slither and slip!
There goes the biff of a bullet.
The boshes 'ave got us for fair;
Another one—*whut!*
The son of a slut!
'E managed to miss by a 'air.
Ow! wot was it jabbed at me shoulder?
Gave it a dooce of a wrench.
Is it Eddy or me
Wot's a-bleedin' so free?
Lord! But it's long to the trench.

I ain't just as strong as a Sandow;
And Ed ain't a flapper by far;
I'm 'anged if I can understand 'ow
We've managed to git where we are.
But 'ere's for a bit of a breather;
"Steady there, Ed, 'arf a mo';
Old pal, it's all right;
It's a 'ell of a fight,
But are we down'earted? No-o-o!"

(Continued on next page)

* * *

Now war is a funny thing, ain't it?
 It's the rummiest sort of a go;
 For when it's most real
 It's then wot you feel
 You're a-watchin' a cinima show.
 'Ere's me wot's a barber's assistant;
 Hey presto! It's somewhere in France,
 And I'm 'ere in a pit
 Where a coal-box 'as 'it,
 And it's all like a giddy romance.
 The peevish quick-firers are spittin',
 The 'eavies are bellowin' 'ate,
 And 'ere I am cashooly sittin',
 And 'oldin' the 'ead of me mate.
 Them gharsty green star-shells is beamin';
 'Ot shrapnel is poppin' like rain,
 And I'm sayin': "Bert 'Iggins, you're dreamin',
 And you'll wake up in 'Ampstead again;
 You'll wake up and 'ear yourself sayin':
 'Would you like, sir, to 'ave a shampoo?'
 'Stead of sheddin' yer blood
 In the rain and the mud,
 Which is some'ow the right thing to do.
 Which is some'ow your 'oary-eyed dooty,
 Which you're doin' the best wot you can,
 For 'Ampstead, which means 'ome and beauty;
 And you've been and you've slaughtered a man.
 A feller wot punctured your partner;
 Oh you 'ammered 'im 'ard on the 'ead,
 And you still see 'is eyes
 Starin' bang at the skies,
 And you ain't even sorry 'e's dead.
 But you wish you was back in your diggins,
 Asleep on your mouldy old strawr:
 Oh you're doin' your bit, 'Erbert 'Iggins,
 But you ain't just enjoyin' the War."

* * *

"'Ang on like a hooptopus, Eddy.
 It's us for old Plug Street again."
 Except for the shrap
 Which 'as 'it me a tap
 I'm feelin' as right as the rain.
 It's my silly old feet wot are slippin';
 It's dark as a 'ogs'-ead o' sin,
 But just keep yer 'air on, my pippin,
 I'm goin' to pilot you in.
 It's my silly old 'ead wot is reelin',
 The bullets are buzzin' like bees,
 My shoulder's red 'ot
 And I'm bleedin' a lot,
 And me legs is un'inged at the knees.
 But we're staggerin' nearer and nearer;
 Just stick it, old sport. Play the game.
 I can make 'em out clearer and clearer—
 Our trenches a-snappin' with flame.
 Oh we're stumblin' closer and closer.
 'Ang on there, lad. Just one more try.
 Did you say: "Put me down?" Damn it, no, sir!
 I'll carry you in if I die.
 By Heavens! Old feller, they've seen us;
 They're sendin' out stretchers for two;
 Let's give 'em a hoorah between us,
 (It's lucky we aren't booked through.)
 My flipper is mashed to a jelly,
 A bullet 'as tickled your spleen;
 We've lost lots of gore,
 And we're leekin' some more,
 But—wot a hoccasion it's been.
 Ho! 'Ere comes the rescuin' party;
 They're crawlin' out cautious and slow;
 Come! buck up and greet 'em, my hearty,
 Shoulder to shoulder—so . . .
 They mustn't think we was down'earted;
 Old pal, we was never down'earted;
 If they arsts us if we was down'earted
 We'll 'owl in their foices; NO-O-O!

The Convalescent

. . . So I walked among the willows very quietly all night;
 There was no moon at all, at all; no timid star alight;
 There was no light at all, at all; I wint from tree to tree,
 And I called him as his mother called, but he niver answered me.

Oh, I called him all the night-time as I walked the wood alone;
 And I listened and I listened, but I niver heard a moan;
 Then I found him at the dawmin', when the sorry sky was red:
 I was lookin' for the livin', but—I only found the dead.

Sure I know that it was Shamus by the silver cross he wore;
 But the bugles they were callin' and I heard the cannon roar.
 Oh, I had no time to tarry, so I said a little prayer,
 And I clasped his hands together, and I left him lyin' there.

Now the birds are singin', singin', and I'm home in Donegal,
 And it's Springtime, and I'm thinkin' that I only dreamed it all;
 I dreamed about that woeful wood, all glutted with its dead,
 Where I knelt beside me brother when the battle-dawn was red.

Where I prayed beside me brother ere I wint to fight anew;
 Such dreams as these are evil dreams—I can't believe they're true.
 Where all is love and laughter now, it's hard to think of loss!
 But mother's sayin' nothin', and she clasps—a silver cross.



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Berlin, at the End of the War

The Dawn of Peace, as Seen by Sir Thomas Barclay

OME months ago portions of a most remarkable playlet by Sir Thomas Barclay were reprinted in this department. It essayed to give the events in official German circles immediately preceding the decision to make war and presented the Kaiser in the light of a more or less unwilling tool in the hands of the war party, headed by the Crown Prince. The playlet gave such a suggestion of reality that considerable comment resulted from its publication in *The Nineteenth Century*. Sir Thomas has followed it up by a sequel, appearing in the same publication in which he gives the ending of the war as staged in Berlin.

The campaign on the western front is now being fought along the Rhine. Dusseldorf has fallen. The German people are becoming restive.

SCENE III.

The Kaiser's study.

v. Etting, the Professor.

Enter Ballin.

Professor. Well, what is the crowd like?

Ballin. Difficult to say. I am going back in a few minutes. What's the programme?

v. Etting. His Majesty has prepared a speech. The Professor knows more about it than I do. I'm maid-of-all-work, you know.

Ballin. Anyhow, the slaughter is going to stop.

Professor. Yes, but now the real war begins—the war of brains against brains. Hitherto we have had a mere war of the brute in man. The brute has failed, as the brute has always failed to do more than eat and drink and destroy. It is not the brute in man which has added aught to the progress and thought and beauty of the world. His work has been uniformly destruction. What has the war to show as its achievement—nothing but the charred remains of the achievements of artists and builders, the broken hearts of women, bereaved families of fatherless children. Glory! What glory is there in such an achievement as that? Compare with it the masterpieces of human genius destroyed. And now the brute in man is to subside for a time, and the war of wits is to begin. And whether the ignorant blindlings, ambitious politicians, and unscrupulous adventurers, who engineered the war, have obtained satisfaction or not, the real war, the war which is to emancipate Europe for a time from their

manoeuvres, now begins. It is round the green baize that the fate of nations and peoples will be decided, and all the war will have been in vain.

Ballin. Yes, yet the great shipping companies have to cut rates and do other acts of hostility before they settle down to a conference.

Professor. That's what France and the United States and Italy and Switzerland did with their Customs duties, till they came to terms. But even that was only because they were not wise enough to count the cost. But they did not sink each other's ships and destroy ten millions of the youth of the world.

Ballin. Oh, I am not defending war of any kind, even tariff war—so you needn't be so emphatic.

Professor. The war of wits may take as long as the brute war, and I believe will be nearly as futile, because there are too many conflicting interests for all of them to receive satisfaction.

Ballin. That's what Bülow has said all along.

Professor. His Majesty never appreciated Bülow till now, because they are the distance of the poles asunder. The one is as impatient and impetuous as the other is cautious and cold-blooded.

v. Etting. A wonderful change has come over His Majesty. If you want to go back into the crowd, Gentlemen, you had better go at once. As soon as it reaches certain dimensions, the gates will be closed.

[Exeunt Professor and Ballin, saluting. Noises in the streets, increasing shouts, shrill voices of women, and more shouting. v. Etting closes the shutters in haste.]

Enter Kaiser.

Kaiser. Why have you closed the shutters?

v. Etting. I thought Your Majesty would prefer not to hear.

[Opening the shutters and windows wide. Noise again becomes audible. Shouts and shrill voices.]

[v. Etting takes receiver.]

Enter Chancellor.

Kaiser. Bülow, read the speech to the Kaiserin.

Kaiserin. Don't you think Willie ought to hear it?

Kaiser. Yes, quite right. Where is he? Etting, telephone!

drew the sword, and if we are now sheathing it, we are doing so without any abatement of our glory. Germany has seen ranged against her, one after another, all the Powers of the earth, and without wavering she has fought against these ever-increasing odds.

'But she cannot go on.

'War is bankrupt. War can no longer adjust the differences of mankind. Science has placed in the hands of friends and foes alike the same means of destruction.

'Why, then, continue this bloodshed, which can lead to nothing but further bloodshed till all the youth of Germany is dead, wounded, or prisoner in the hands and lands of our enemies.

'Germany has gone through a terrible trial, but she has come out of it showing that the vast majority of the nation have the political wisdom in time of trial necessary for self-government. The nation needs that self-government to toughen still more the bonds of union this War has forged. I have granted it to my faithful subjects, and now it will be for the whole nation to advise me through its constitutional representatives whether this country shall have peace or continue the struggle. It is a stupendous responsibility. I dare not face it alone, and I am thankful to my Ministers and my Parliament that they are willing to share it with me.

'Germany will resume her civilian life a wiser nation, and therefore a better and a greater one. She has paid for her wisdom, and the stout hearts of her citizens will do the rest.

'At the outbreak of the War I sent you to your churches to pray for our gallant armies. I now ask you to pray for peace, a peace for centuries to come, a peace not only between nations, but a peace which will secure us against bitterness of political faction and strife within the boundaries of this fair land.

'May God's blessing attend you and me in this new endeavor to promote the cause of right and justice, and to secure the emancipation of humanity from the curses of international hatred, unscrupulous ambitions, and the ill-fated delusion that war can ever be but the sanction of crimes against God and God's creation.'

Kaiser. Well, is that all right?

Chancellor. I think, with Her Majesty, that His Imperial Highness should know to what he is pledged.

Kaiser. Listen! Do you hear? 'The Kaiser! The Kaiser!' They are clamoring for me. Bülow, those are not angry shouts. (Listening) No, they are calling for their leader. I must go.

[The Kaiserin tries to stop him.]

Kaiserin. William, I have a presentiment of danger.

Kaiser. Wife, danger is not a reason for disobeying the call of my people.

Kaiserin. But you are more necessary than ever, William.

Kaiser. You are mistaken.

[Kaiserin stands back aghast at the Kaiser's fierce pallor. Exit Kaiser with Kaiserin. Chancellor and Etting stand at doorway and listen. The Kaiser's voice is heard for a few seconds, then there are several shots and shrieks and loud voices. The Kaiser staggers in, supported by Kaiserin and Chancellor.]

Kaiser. Nothing at all—a mere bruise. I got dizzy. No, I am not hit; I tottered from dizziness.

Enter Geheimrath von Schultze.

Geheimrath. Your Majesty will be good enough to lie straight on the floor.



—Atlanta Journal.

What the nation wants.

Kaiser. Quite the contrary. Etting. Fetch Her Majesty.

[Exit v. Etting. The Kaiser walks up and down the room, and takes out a scroll and looks at it from time to time. It is visible he is memorizing a speech.]

Enter Kaiserin followed by v. Etting. Kaiser kisses her hand.

Kaiser. I sent for you to hear the speech I am going to deliver from the balcony.

Kaiserin. Oh, William, you can't go on to the balcony with that angry crowd below.

Kaiser. My mind's made up. Etting, is the Chancellor downstairs?

v. Etting. Yes, Sir.

Kaiser. Tell him I want to see him at once.

[Exit v. Etting.]

Kaiser. I want him to read my speech before I deliver it. I may tell you, dear, he and the Professor have advised me to make it. The Professor wrote it out—I can't write. My hand trembles as if it were the palsied fist of an old man. The responsibility has been too great for me. Besides, I can only exist in fresh air now.

v. Etting. Excellenz von Etting! His Imperial Highness gone out in plain clothes? Where? Don't know?

Kaiserin. Oh, William. I hope there's nothing wrong.

Kaiser. Probably on his way here. He couldn't have gone into the crowd in uniform. The police know him all right. Etting, go and inquire. (Exit v. Etting.) What sort of crowd is it, Bülow?

Chancellor. Threatening, but unarmed, and the guard and the police are all loyal. I have had all the other troops sent out of town. So there is no danger of bloodshed.

Enter v. Etting.

Kaiser. Well?

v. Etting. His Imperial Highness has not been seen at any of the entrances.

Kaiser. Well, read it, Bülow, and it can be read to the Crown Prince again when he does come.

Chancellor (reads). 'When I last addressed you from this balcony I said that if our enemies forced Germany to draw the sword it would not be returned to its scabbard without honor.'

'The hour of destiny struck. Germany

(Unbuttoning and feeling him.) It's all right—absolute rest! (Apart to the Chancellor) There may be one in the muscle of the arm. If so, it will be stiff in half an hour. (Apart to Kaiserin) Get His Majesty to bed as fast as possible.

Kaiser (meanwhile being helped to his feet by v. Etting and the Chancellor). Etting! See whom they have arrested. (Exit v. Etting.) I'm all right again—a little stiff in the arm. I fell against the wall. What the devil did the idiots want to fire at me for? Besides, Bülow, they had no firearms, you said.

Chancellor. They were pistol-shots. But it is not certain that any were fired at Your Majesty.

Enter v. Etting.

v. Etting. A few boys and Liebknecht, who was pointed out to the police by his friends (*sarcastically*).

Kaiser. I want to see him. By the by, where's the Professor?

Professor just entering.

Professor. Here, Sir.

[Exit v. Etting.

Kaiser. That's right. You did not hear the speech.

Professor. Yes, Sir, I did. I was in the crowd.

Kaiser. Well, was the crowd friendly?

Professor. Yes, Sir, to you personally.

Enter v. Etting.

v. Etting. The guard are bringing him up.

[Stamping of guard. Door thrown open, and Liebknecht in handcuffs enters.

Kaiser. Take off his handcuffs. (Of-

ficer does so.) You don't look like an assassin. You are Liebknecht?

Liebknecht. Yes, Sir.

Kaiser. What did you want to kill me for?

Liebknecht. I want to kill you! I want to kill nobody. If shots were fired, they were not fired by anybody known to me.

Kaiser. Then why have they arrested you?

Liebknecht. I don't know.

Kaiser. Have you heard my speech?

Liebknecht. Nobody could hear it.

Kaiser. Do you know its tenor? Do you know that I am your friend? I knew your father. (Silence.) He was an honorable combatant, and though I have fought him and you and all your gang of outlaws all my life, the son of old Liebknecht, who stands alone for what he holds to be right, and is denounced by his fellows, has my respect. Officer, Mr. Liebknecht is free.

[Exit Officer. Liebknecht salutes and exit. Exit Kaiser on arms of Kaiserin and v. Etting.

Professor. Thank God, that's the end of military dreams in Europe.

Chancellor. The Kaiser has always been a medley of contradictions. He has never really been a soldier. He merely loves the *panache* as a woman loves a fancy gown. Is this the twilight or the dawn?

Professor. Let us hope it may mean both, and that there will be no night between.

Chancellor. In any case it is the birth of Germany as a civilized State and the death of that *monstrum ingens* the Prussian oligarchy.

Professor. 'The Galilean has won.'

Is Democracy to Blame?

Has the British Form of Government Been Responsible for the Blunders?

IS democracy to blame for the unpreparedness of Great Britain for war? Would an autocratic form of government have saved us from the blunders which have been made since the war started? Answering in the negative in *The Edinburgh*, Arthur A. Baumann first reviews the military history of Britain and shows that democratic control can be credited with the brightest feats of arms while failure has almost invariably been associated with autocracy. He continues:

The South African War in 1899 was the first conducted under more or less democratic conditions. It certainly was not an aristocratic war, as it was made by Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain. It was not a glorious war, inasmuch as 40,000 Boer peasants, with literally not a shilling in the exchequer, kept the forces of Great Britain at bay for two years, and cost us over £200,000,000. But at least it was a war in which, for the first time, the Army, the largest ever sent abroad by Great Britain, was well fed, well clothed, and well paid. Why was it so? Because the Government knew very well that if the Army had not been properly clothed, fed, and paid they would have been turned out of their places in a week. About the strategy and tactics of that war it is difficult to write, as, with the exception of Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller, the generals who ran it are still with us. It may, however, be

said that the transport and commissariat were marvels of efficiency, and that our enemies, now our fellow-citizens, were treated, not with clemency, but with unprecedented generosity. These certainly are two great points in favor of a democratic war. Contrast the army of Lord Roberts in the Transvaal with the army of Lord Wellington in the Peninsula! Contrast the treatment of the conquered Boers by the British democracy with the treatment of the vanquished Belgians by the German aristocracy! And Great Britain had some cause, perhaps not so good a cause as her Government alleged, for going to war with the South African Republic; and at any rate the Boers had due notice of our intentions. Germany sprang upon Belgium like a tiger, without a pretext and without an hour's warning. That is one of the differences between aristocracy and democracy.

With regard to the present war, which is certainly a democratic war, Gallipoli has undoubtedly been a very bad blunder, more costly in lives than Walcheren, but not so foolish and mismanaged. Indeed, the only two successes of the British arms on land up to date seem to be the retreat from Mons and the evacuation of Gallipoli, surely a negative kind of success, however heroic. The responsibility for the Dardanelles failure cannot be apportioned until after the war; but to whomsoever it may fall, and grant it to be heavy as you like, I cannot trace any connection between it and our democratic institutions. If Cleon, in the modern

shape of Mr. Stanton or Mr. Jowett or Mr. Crooks, had called upon Lord Kitchener to undertake the conquest of Constantinople, and offered to go himself if nobody better could be found, then democracy might be called to the bar and accused of a criminal blunder. But as I understand that the Gallipoli expedition was undertaken in response to the urgent request of the Russian Government, which is autocratic, it seems to me that, in this respects at all events, the withers of democracy are unwrung. A glance round the Quadruple Entente will show how little political institutions have to do with military preparations or success. For within the four corners of the Entente there is every form of government known to mankind; there is the absolute despotism of Russia and the pure republic of France, flanked by the limited monarchies of Great Britain, Italy, and Belgium, based on popular representation. Has any of these three forms of government, autocracy, republic, or limited monarchy, proved to be more efficient than the other in the present war? Was not the Tsar Nicholas, with countless millions at his absolute disposal, just as unprepared as President Poincaré and his Cabinet who have to manage a Chamber of Deputies, and a Senate, and all the intrigues and sections of a republic? And were not the limited monarchies, England, Belgium, and Italy, fully as unready as Russia and France? And can it be said that any one of the three first-rate Powers, Russia, France, and England, had done better than the other in the war?

I think it has been fairly shown in the above retrospect of British Military history that the curse of amateurism was just as rampant under the aristocratic Governments of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as it is to-day. The cult of amateurism is, I fear, an ineradicable national trait, and is owing to our exaggerated devotion to field sports. The Duke of Wellington's saying that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton has produced more incompetent generals than the study of his campaigns has nursed competent ones. Nothing will ever cure the average Briton of the idea that because a man or a boy is a good cricketer, or shoots or rides straight, therefore he will be a good sailor, or soldier, or statesman. The fact, of course is not so; but the error has produced, on the whole, a better type than has been evolved by the German professor and the German drill-sergeant. Besides, the error, if it be one, is an aristocratic, not a democratic, foible. The three main defects, on which Dr. Dillon puts his finger, are lack of men of genius, lack of internal organization, and lack of international co-ordination. With regard to the first two, the want of leaders and organization, the record shows that these defects have always been with us, and have only at rare intervals been cured by the appearance once in a century of a genius. With regard to international co-ordination, was there ever a Continental alliance that held together so well as the Quadruple Entente? Remember the enormous difficulty which William and Marlborough had in keeping together the alliance against Louis XIV. for a single campaign. The second Pitt formed in ten years no fewer than three Coalitions against France, with Holland, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. They all failed, and it was only after his death that the fourth and successful Coalition was formed after Moscow.

Keeping Traffic on the Move

How the Big Cities Are Solving the Problem of Street Congestion

THE traffic problem is one of the most serious that large cities face and, with the increase in the number of motor vehicles and the tendency to concentrate business by the building of skyscrapers, it is getting more serious. An excellent article on what the large cities of the world are doing to keep traffic moving, is contributed to *World's Work* by Arthur Woods, police commissioner of New York city. He says in part:

A few years ago, a traffic policeman was a curiosity, even in New York. Today, scarcely a village of 5,000 inhabitants but has at least one; and in cities they are as familiar as they are indispensable. Where a few years ago pedestrians heard the warning clatter of slow-moving, horse-drawn vehicles, now a new type of wagon, shod in noiseless rubber, rushes down upon them with no warning save the honk of a horn, and this too often drowned in the roar and rattle of trucks, trolley cars, and delivery carts. Street accidents have jumped from a few score to hundreds and thousands per year, until at the middle of last summer it was estimated more persons were killed in one month trying to cross the streets in New York City than were lost in one year crossing the plains to the gold fields of California. In that city between January 1 and November 1, 1915, 567 persons were killed from street accidents, and 30,003 injured. About one-half, if not more, of these were children.

The traffic problem of New York—the control of the vehicles and the reduction of this roll of accidents—is the problem of all our cities. Los Angeles feels it; it is an acute issue in Chicago; both are simply representative of dozens of other cities in which congestion, narrow streets and automobiles have created a situation that requires a drastic remedy even beyond mere police regulation, efficient as that is, for example, in New York.

During ten hours each day, armies as big as the populations of the largest inland cities move up and down and across Manhattan and Brooklyn—horse-drawn vehicles, motor trucks, automobiles, motor-cycles, street cars, and pedestrians. The policemen keep the lines moving from sunrise to sunset and late into the night.

At Fulton Street and Broadway Manhattan in early November, the vehicular traffic was 10,300 for ten hours, and the pedestrians 223,000. Along Park Row, near the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, 296,500 pedestrians and 6,700 vehicles passed Frankfort Street during that time. Farther uptown on Fifth Avenue, 25,580 vehicles and 142,230 pedestrians crossed 34th Street, and 9,645 vehicles and 158,260 pedestrians crossed 23rd Street during the same time. To-day the figures will run even higher. In other words, the equivalent of the population of cities of the size of Rochester, St. Paul, Denver, Seattle and Louisville is daily passing many different street crossings in Manhattan.

These figures show that many corners in New York City see more vehicles pass daily than any other street corners in the world. According to the report of the

London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade the busiest corner in London is on Piccadilly, by the Ritz Hotel, where 28,735 vehicles pass by, yet a comparison of the two busiest corners in London with the two busiest corners in New York shows that more traffic passes the latter places in less time. The London totals are from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., whereas the New York totals are from 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. only, a day of twelve hours as contrasted with a day of ten:

LONDON

Piccadilly, Ritz Hotel	28,735
Gray's Inn, Holborn	18,858

NEW YORK

Columbus Circle	39,210
Broadway and 42nd Street	16,650

This immense number of moving vehicles is what constitutes a large part of the traffic problem. For it must be remembered that in many of our American cities, notably in New York, the growth has been more upward than spreading out: buildings have mounted twenty, thirty, forty stories into the air, and each of these floors is occupied by human beings. The streets, however, remain the same width. It is as if several cities were piled one on top of the other and yet were forced to depend for the movement of vehicular traffic upon the same size of street as twenty years ago.

Another new element that has projected itself into the question is the growth in speed and size of vehicles driven by motors. This has created a situation that resembles far more the grade crossings of railroads than the old quiet street crossings where pedestrians had nothing faster to look out for than a pair of high-stepping bays, and nothing larger, or moving with more momentum, than a big dray pulled by a couple of teams of Percherons.

Boiled down, the function of traffic control resolves itself into two objects: to keep things moving and to prevent accidents.

An efficient traffic control abhors a snarl. It must be untangled at once, and the smooth, easy, free movement of people, both afoot and in vehicles, must be resumed at the earliest possible moment. The business of a large city suffers perceptibly if traffic arrangements slow things up. I have often been struck in London with the way in which the first object of a traffic policeman seems to be to keep things moving. In other cities it sometimes seems as if the first object of the policeman were to hold things up. This difference in mental attitude of regulating officers means a difference of a good many minutes at a corner during the course of a day.

There are many different ways of regulating traffic, and it is a mistake to feel that any one of them is a solution for all conditions. Different cities and different corners in the same city offer different problems, each of which must be treated so as to bring the best solution to that particular place. At a place like Columbus Circle, in New York City, for instance, which is the intersection of several streets, and which is very wide and very spacious, we are getting excellent results

from a so-called rotary system. This does not necessitate the stopping of vehicles at all. They weave themselves in around a circle, always going. This can be done where the space is large enough and where the circle presents itself as a sufficient obstruction to force all vehicles coming in from the streets to slow up. On Fifth Avenue we have had no success in trying this same system, however. The crossings are so narrow that a circle cannot be placed at the intersection of the streets and leave sufficient room for vehicles to drive round it.

On Fifth Avenue we have been trying a system such as is being used in other cities, of using tall stanchions as signs to drivers when to proceed and when to stop. The object is to use this system in a new way so that several blocks shall be worked as units; when a vehicle starts north, say at 32nd Street, it keeps going on until it has gone at least five or six blocks. This system has worked in the main well, but nothing can work satisfactorily on a street like Fifth Avenue, for the trouble is not that a wrong system is used, but that there is too much traffic for that size of street.

In some places isles of safety are very helpful. But where traffic is congested enough to necessitate the stationing of policemen at corners, I believe that it is unwise and serves only to increase the danger of accidents if safety isles are used. The reason for this is that pedestrians are much more likely to wait for the policeman's signal if they have the whole street to cross than they are if an inviting safety isle tempts them half way across the street. And the chances they take to get to the safety isle have resulted, in our experience here in New York, in increasing the number of accidents at such corners.

Zones where people may stand safely while waiting for street cars, such as are used in Detroit, New York, and many other cities, have proved very useful in regulating traffic and in cutting down the number of accidents. And the strict enforcement of the regulation that no vehicle shall proceed within eight feet of a street car which is stopped to take on or let off passengers has been directly responsible for preventing a large number of accidents.

In different cities there are varying regulations as to speed. I do not know that this has been worked out satisfactorily anywhere. It is hard to say that one rate of miles per hour is dangerous whereas another is not. Much depends upon the driver, much depends upon the mechanical condition of the car, and more, perhaps than these, much depends upon the movement and carefulness of persons crossing the streets. I suppose the ideal law would be one that stated that reckless driving was illegal irrespective of speed, but such a regulation would be most difficult to enforce, for who is to define what constitutes reckless driving, and how is a magistrate to decide from statements of the facts by police officer and by defendant whether it was reckless or not? In New York a speed of twenty miles an hour in the congested parts of the city, and twenty-five miles in the less built up parts, is considered presumptive evidence of recklessness.

The New York law specifies also that on rounding corners vehicles shall not go more than four miles an hour. This is most important, because a great class of accidents would be wholly avoided if pedestrians would cross the streets at crossings and nowhere else. And if we are to

develop this habit of using crossings exclusively, we must make them safe.

Indignant citizens often object when served with summonses for violating traffic rules, not on the ground that they were not violating the rule, but because others were also violating it and did not get caught. In the eye of the law their point is not well taken. The point of view is, however, very human. We should aim at developing a system of vehicular control so that it shall be perfectly clear to every one who drives a vehicle just what he may and may not do. To further this, a special Traffic Court is being instituted in New York, to which all traffic cases shall be taken, and which will deal with no other cases. The same magistrate will sit in this court day after day, and his interpretation of the law will govern.

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, former Commissioner of Accounts of New York, who made a study of European police departments three years ago, has pointed out the large powers the London police head has compared to the powers of the police in American cities. Mr. Fosdick tells us that Scotland Yard requires the would-be driver of an automobile not only to pass a written examination but to demonstrate his ability on the street as well, under actual traffic conditions. Only if he passes this does he get a license, which is good until the police commissioner revokes it. The applicant, moreover, is fingerprinted so that if for any reason he happens to get to court the fact is at once reported to the Police Department. If he drives his motor while drunk his license is revoked; if he is up for intoxication three times, even though off his driver's seat at the time, he automatically loses his license. Any license in London is revocable by the commissioner when, in his opinion, the driver shows that he is unable to drive his car without danger to the public.

The vehicles themselves are subjected to close supervision by the police in London; brakes are constantly tested by a squad who jump aboard passing cabs, automobiles, and trucks without warning, and make a quick test of the mechanism, and a driver who permits his brakes to become ineffective may expect to hear from the commissioner.

In New York City the police commissioner has no such power. In New Jersey the law provides that no person under the age of sixteen shall be licensed to drive automobiles, and no person shall be licensed until he shall have passed a satisfactory examination as to his ability as an operator. It is lawful for a magistrate in New Jersey to revoke the license of any person who drives a motor vehicle when that person shall have been guilty of such wilful violation as shall, in the discretion of the magistrate, justify such revocation. The Court of Common Pleas on appeal has power to void such revocation.

In Connecticut, even wider power of suspension of licenses is vested in the Secretary of State, who may take the license away from "any improper or incompetent person."

In New York there is no such provision for safety as exists in New Jersey and Connecticut. For several years an effort has been made to have a law passed requiring all persons who operate motor vehicles to be licensed and to pass an examination as to their qualifications. This would include not only chauffeurs, but also owners who operate their cars. Such legislation has been strenuously and successfully fought.

What is the price the public pays for these inadequate laws? During the year

1915, in New York City, 283 people were killed in the streets by motor vehicles, and 6,380 injured. While it cannot be said that the drivers were solely responsible

for all these deaths and accidents, since it takes two to cause an accident, it is clear that reckless driving was solely responsible for many of them.

The World's Place in the Universe

Some Interesting Speculations as to the Movements of Stars

ASTRONOMICAL research has brought man to the point where he can speculate but where he cannot check up his speculations by observation, owing to the fact that the human life is too short. Some interesting speculations in the realm of the wider astronomy are given by A. P. Sinnett in the course of an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he endeavors to show that the scientist can pursue his investigations far afield and still remain a Christian. The following quotation from his article deals purely and simply with the scientific aspect:

But astronomical discovery does not come to a standstill, even after measuring the orbit of Neptune and accounting for the canals of Mars, nor after attempting, however unsuccessfully, to set time limits to the radiant energy of the Sun. We are all agreed—that astronomy affords scope for disagreement in some directions—that the whole Solar System—the Sun attended by his family of planets—is moving through space at about the rate of twelve to fourteen miles per second. Whither is it bound? Greenwich authorities would hardly yet venture on a definite reply, but we may if we like indulge, in connexion with that question, in the fascinating pursuit known to science as 'extrapolation'—the application to regions of thought outside the range of definite observation, of the assumption that laws operative within that range hold good to infinitudes beyond. Almost all the Heavenly bodies—quite all if we merely except meteorites and some comets—move in elliptical orbits more or less closely approximating to the circular form. Plainly, it is much more probable that the Sun's motion is in conformity with this general principle, than that it is a blind rush in a straight course, which would infallibly in the long run give rise to a cosmic catastrophe. If the uniformities of Nature are maintained, the Sun must be revolving in an orbit around some definite sidereal centre. Obviously such an orbit must be so vast that any measurable arc will appear to be a straight line.

The centre around which the Solar System is gravitating will be found to be the star Sirius. Common knowledge gives us an approximate measure of some stellar distances. The figure accepted by astronomers for the moment as the distance of Sirius, taking 'light-years' as the unit, is 8.8, or call it eight and three-quarters. A light-year is the distance light

crosses in a year, moving at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. So it would be inconvenient to give stellar distances in miles. Moreover, there is a wide margin for possible errors in calculations concerned with the parallax of stars. Perhaps it will be found that Sirius is a bit further off than the currently accepted calculation assumes, but anyhow the real distance is in the same order of magnitude. Estimates of the size and luminosity of Sirius vary very widely—from 300 to 1,000 times the size and brightness of our Sun, but either guess fits in with the main idea to be grasped. Obviously our Sun cannot be the only one that revolves around Sirius. Directly that idea is appreciated, we realize that Sirius must be the central sun of a vast system, in which such suns as ours must be, to Sirius, what the planets are to our Sun.

That this is so, can only be ascertained definitely by those in touch with sources of information not yet within general reach, but at all events, meanwhile, as a hypothesis, the statement is clearly in harmony with the uniformities of Nature. To regard our Solar System and all the others presumably represented by the millions of stars in the sky, as scattered at random about space would be insulting to Supreme Wisdom and Omnipotence. The conception could only be acceptable to thinkers at the kindergarten stage. Certainly up to the middle of the last century grown and grave men did discuss the question whether this was the only in-



—Nashville Tennessean.

"Step at a time, sonny!"

habited world in the Universe, but increasing intelligence has rendered us at once wiser and more modest than when a doubt on that subject was possible. I need not go over the evidence that makes an important group of astronomers certain that Mars (to confine our attention for a moment to our own Solar System) is the abode of life not entirely unlike our own. The other planets may not have climatic conditions like our own, but the resources of Nature may easily provide vehicles of life appropriate to any conditions of temperature; while those of us who know something more about life, consciousness and spiritual growth than mere surgery

would suggest, regard with disdain the idea that any worlds—whether around our sun or in the infinitudes of space—can be mere inanimate masses of matter destitute of the loftier purposes that life implies.

We can play in imagination still with astronomical figures. The bright star Arcturus is said to be 140 light-years distant from us, and yet it shines nearly as brilliantly as Sirius. What must be its actual magnitude and lustre? What must be its place in the universal scheme? And some other stars of almost equivalent brilliancy are beyond parallactic measurement altogether.

The Trials of the Neutral Kings

Troublous Times of the Seven Sovereigns on the Fringe of War

AN interesting article appears in *Munsey's Magazine* from the pen of J. W. McConaughy, on the trying situations in which the neutral kings of Europe find themselves placed. He says in part:

In practically all constitutional governments the monarch's activities in domestic affairs are rigidly restricted. That is to say, they were, until the present war broke out. Recently one or two of these sovereigns have stretched their powers, and the consequence is that their countries are in a turmoil.

The most conspicuous case is that of King Constantine of Greece. Up to this time he has unconstitutionally succeeded in achieving certain results which the late King Charles of Rumania desired, but failed to accomplish.

King Charles, it is credibly asserted, had long since promised his Hohenzollern cousins in Berlin that in event of a conflict with Russia they could count upon the active aid of Rumania, or at least upon a benevolent neutrality. So when the war broke out the old king called a meeting of the cabinet, and advocated instant mobilization. The ministers heartily agreed, suggesting that, of course, the movement of the army would be directed against Austria, Rumania's "natural enemy." King Charles indignantly declared that it would be against Russia.

"I am a Hohenzollern, and I have pledged my word!" he cried.

"Your majesty," returned one of the ministers gravely, "we know no Hohenzollerns. Your majesty is sovereign of the Rumanian people."

After the council had adjourned, the king, so the story goes, sent for General Averesco, commanding a division of the army stationed at Bucharest, and suggested a *coup d'état*, involving the arrest of the ministers and a subsequent declaration of war against Russia.

"Sire," the soldier replied, "you would be the first victim!"

Shortly thereafter King Charles died, probably of a broken heart.

Constantine of Greece is made of sterner stuff. The famous Greek statesman, Eleutherios Venizelos, is one of the truly great figures of European politics. Backed by the inclinations of the people, the obligations of treaty, and the manifest interests of his country, Venizelos insisted that Greece should strike in on the side of the Allies. Against him was one strong-willed woman—Queen Sophia, the sister of the Kaiser.

She was married to the then crown

prince in 1889. Naturally, she abandoned the Lutheran faith and became a member of the Greek Church, a step which infuriated her brother. The result was a bitter quarrel, for the young princess was as self-willed as her imperial and imperious relative. The Kaiser, it is declared, carried his resentment to the length of encouraging German officers to enlist in the Turkish war against Greece, and thus helped to crush the Greek armies at Domoko and Larissa in 1897.

The disastrous outcome of this war made King George so unpopular that but for Venizelos he would probably have had to abdicate. Venizelos smashed the military clique and brought about a true constitutional government; but Prince Constantine was forced to leave the country for a time. He also had a serious disagreement with his wife.

This gave the Kaiser an opportunity to play politics. He patched things up with his sister, and effected a reconciliation between her and her husband, of whom he made much. Venizelos arranged matters at home, and Constantine was finally able to return as nominal commander-in-chief of the army. The war of 1912 made him a military hero, and the assassination of his father brought him to the throne.

Supported by the queen and the German influences that she had introduced into Greece, and strong in the newly-won regard of his people, Constantine defied Venizelos when the great premier insisted on going to the aid of Serbia. He dissolved the Boule, the national legislature, which was his right, but the new elections returned Venizelos to power. Again he dissolved the Boule, which was a defiance of the popular will. The army had been mobilized, and the queen's faction now succeeded in holding an election which did not return Venizelos to power. The whole procedure was in line with the best traditions of Bismarck.

There are indications that this high-handed procedure may yet bear evil fruit. The traditional friends of Greece—England and France—have turned cold. They have seized Salonika and the hinterland; and in Greece, if current report speaks true, there are mutterings of a revolution and a republic, with Venizelos at the head.

King Ferdinand, the new ruler of Rumania, does not seem to possess the hardihood to get himself into this sort of a situation, and, as has been indicated, his shift would probably be exceedingly short if he attempted it. The conflict in his case is not so complicated. Nothing pulls him toward the central powers save his own

ties of blood and training. He is a Hohenzollern, a nephew of the late king; but his wife, Queen Mary, is English. She is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh—who was for a time a reigning German prince as Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha—and is a first cousin of England's present ruler. It is understood that her sympathies are with England, and she has managed to give an English flavor to court affairs.

The feelings and interests of the Rumanians are with the Allies. They are proud of their Latin blood, and claim relationship with the Italians and the French. But it must be admitted that Rumania has been cynically selfish in her foreign relations, and it is not likely that ties of kinship would grip her if her material interests did not point in the same direction. Transylvania and the Bukowina, both Austrian, are chiefly Rumanian in blood, and she wants them.

When the hour comes, there is little doubt that she will bid for these coveted provinces, regardless of her German king. Ferdinand is not expected to make much of a protest. He is not a militarist, for one thing. He is forty-nine years old, and had rather a gay youth. When he settled down, his habits took a scientific turn. He is fond of study and quiet, and is not personally inclined towards an ambitious foreign policy.

In this respect he is the direct antithesis of King Gustave of Sweden, who has about as parious a part to play as any monarch in Europe. King Gustave, while he is of the line of Bernadotte, and the blood of a French notary courses through his veins, does not like to be reminded of the wonderful soldier of fortune who hewed his way to a throne.

He should have been a Hohenzollern, and perhaps regrets that he is not one. He believes in the divine right of kings, and is a little impatient of constitutions. He is a bosom friend of the Kaiser, and his queen, Princess Victoria of Baden, has openly avowed her ardent sympathy with Germany.

Long before this war broke out, German propaganda found a rich field in Stockholm. The Czar's encroachments upon the autonomy of Finland—which was for centuries a Swedish province—sowed excellent seed, and fear and hatred of Russia were easily fanned into a fire. King Gustave came out for a large increase of the national armament, and came out right in the open, too. For this he was denounced in the Swedish parliament. A constitutional sovereign is not supposed to have such convictions in regard to domestic affairs.

Swedish politics were at high tension when the war flamed through Europe, adding greatly to the difficulties and perils of the northern country's position. She lies, as it were, between two lines of guns. Her ports have been used constantly as shipping-points for supplies and munitions imported into Sweden for export to Germany. This has resulted in much hampering of Swedish trade by the British navy. At the same time, Britain and her allies want materials of war to pass through Sweden into Russia, and the Swedish government has placed obstacles in the path of this traffic. Endless complications have arisen, and it was recently reported that King Gustave had appealed to the United States for united action against England.

So much for King Gustave. His brother monarch, King Haakon of Norway, also has troubles besides those brought on by the war. He was formerly Prince Charles

of Denmark, and was called to his present throne after the dissolution of Norway's union with Sweden. The Norwegians did not take him because they wanted him or any other king. They are sturdy republicans at heart; but they hesitated about launching a republic when their existence as an independent nation was none too secure. The man whom they chose as their titular ruler was a Scandinavian prince, and his wife was the Princess Maud, third daughter of Edward VII of England. It was felt that his presence on the throne of the new kingdom would help to secure powerful backing.

The strong republican element in Norway, however, have made it none too pleasant for the royal family. The personal and private life of Haakon and his wife is openly criticized, though it has been remarkably blameless and beautiful. According to quiet diplomatic report and open newspaper remarks, they are not even popular socially at Christiania.

King Christian of Denmark is in a position which approximates that of his royal neighbor of Sweden, excepting that the dread of his people is Germany and not Russia—the Germany of Bismarckian ideals, which in an unprovoked and cynical war tore from Denmark two of her fairest provinces. King Christian is married to a German princess, Alexandrine of Mecklenburg, and her sympathies are understood to be with her fatherland. Christian himself has kept quiet, but the war has greatly disturbed the political and commercial relations of his little country.

Queen Wilhelmina, the only feminine sovereign in Europe, has possibly the least enviable position of all. Her country, while at peace, is suffering all the troubles of war, excepting that of invasion. Her consort is a German prince—Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He has managed to give something of a German tone to the court and the official life of Holland, and is consequently about as popular with the Dutch people as the black death.

Dutch newspapers controlled by the German propaganda have insolently printed threats against the integrity of Holland, and gone unrebuked. Wilhelmina's overwhelming horror is of a German invasion. With this in mind, she has, from the beginning of the war, done everything possible to prevent the growth of ill-feeling. The government even went so far as to arrest an editor who had denounced the Kaiser. But the situation is tense, and many observers think that the breach between the throne and the people is growing wider and wider. If this is true, it is one of the tragedies of the war, for only a few years ago Wilhelmina was the best-loved sovereign in Europe.

King Alfonso of Spain, whose wife is an English princess, Victoria of Battenberg, first cousin to King George, is wholly English in his sympathies; and as there is no important influence in Spain in any other direction, Alfonso is a lucky monarch. With him, family ties, inclination and national policy all go hand in hand. It is true that by descent he is a Hapsburg, but it is a far cry to that relationship, and the perils of the house of Austria sit lightly with Alfonso.

The other heads that wear neutral diadems are lying so uneasily that some of them seem to be coming to the conclusion that the crown is hardly worth the cost.

The "Boss" of the Russian Court

A Priest of Mysterious Origin is Credited With Wide Powers

IN the course of an article on "Inside Russia" in *Collier's*, Richard Washburn Child—in which, by the way, he effectually dispels the idea that Russia is, in any sense, beaten—a new figure is presented. Who has heard of Razputin, the hermit priest, the Court "boss" of Russia? This is the way Child tells about this mystic figure:

So it is that the court of the Czar is pictured as an institution of the Middle Ages, a court in which intrigue and conspiracy always move. There is a definite court party which shows itself in politics and always upon the side of reaction. There is the Black Hundred. There is Princess Ignatiaovna, whose brilliant salons are

tions. No one of good sense finds much in these stories to believe, but there is one personality whose presence at court tends to give credence to almost any rumor. He has brought into the régime of the dynasty a flavor of centuries gone. It is difficult to believe that such a person could exist in such a place in the year 1916.

Have you ever heard of Razputin?

Razputin was a hermit priest in Siberia. No one can say exactly by what steps or plans or devices he came to Petrograd. First he was a hermit priest in Siberia, a person affecting mysticism, and then suddenly he became the most extraordinary figure in the empire. Conversation about him is conducted in hushed voices and he is credited with a vast and menacing power. From a little cottage he jumped into the midst of the Czar's family. He was like a giant appearing out of a bottle. Some one had rubbed a magic lamp.

Perhaps members of the Czar's household can explain the story of Razputin. No one else knows. Some say he is the creature of an intriguing circle of courtiers who have "planted" Razputin in the Winter Palace; others tell the questioner that Razputin is supposed to have magic powers by which the life or health of the young Czarevitch may be preserved.

His function is uncertain. He may act as spiritual adviser to the Czar or the Czarina; he may act as a doctor applying mystic boons; he may be the tool of intrigue, or he may be one of those rare, dark, rough individuals who in the history of monarchies have been able to worm themselves into the very household of the sovereign. In any case, his is the strangest figure in the world. He is almost illiterate, and yet he is a power in Russia.

Huge in stature and countenance, with massive features which are capable of expressing a kindness or a giant's passions, Razputin is a rather unclean and greasy person who dresses by preference in a slovenly hermit's robe, over the collar of which hangs the dark hair of his enormous leonine head and down the front of which falls his priest's beard. He is under forty.

"And yet he has an air of extraordinary magnetism," said one who comes into contact with him.

Not long ago a young peasant girl, claiming that Razputin had done her a great wrong, stuck a knife into him. No one who had heard of Razputin was surprised; whatever may be his holiness of spirit, far and wide and even among cultured Russians he is considered to be a dangerous profligate.

"But no one will come forward to present the evidence," I was told. "Razputin has great power—woe betide the person who calls down his hatred! Only one person has dared to tweak the nose of this man. That was the Grand Duke Nicholas. When Razputin insisted upon visiting the fighting front, the grand duke sent word that it would be easier for Razputin to go down than to go back. So the priest stayed away. That was characteristic of the Grand Duke. He was loved, but he was feared. Even Razputin feared him."

And so this medieval figure throws its shadow across the court of the Czar, inviting the currency of strange, wild tales, and giving to Russia another broad stripe of the color of mystery and menace.



—The Family Herald and Weekly Star.

THE BACKWARD PUPIL

Teacher: "No, Willie! No peace until you have learned your lesson."

said to originate many a delicate plan. A member of an imperial ballet, through her relationship with a noble of the inner circle, is said to determine contracts for munitions. There are stories that the Empress Dowager Marie, mother of the Czar, is not pleased that the Czarevitch, now in his twelfth year, has passed safely through a childhood of delicate health and is still in existence, and that the reason for this is that she would prefer a different line of succession. The story is circulated that this young Alexis is suffering from tuberculosis; that he is a hopeless weakling. This story and others like it are refuted by the appearance of the heir apparent himself, who, with his father, goes amongst the troops. He plays hard and is a great favorite among the big-hearted Russian soldiers around the so-called palace at Mogilev, the general staff headquarters of the Czar, and at places nearer the trenches.

"A fine boy!" said privates to me with enthusiasm.

But, none the less, the court of the Czar, whether or not the whispered stories are false or true, is a court painted by gossips as medieval, and around it are woven stories of strange and sinister machina-

A New View of the Mexican Situation

An American Writer Gives the Mexican Viewpoint

THE trouble between Mexico and the United States has reached so acute a stage that few can see any outcome but war to the finish. To the outside world Mexico appears to be a country of murderers, bent on slaughter and robbery, continually unsettled, constitutionally unfit to govern itself. Casually it would appear that Uncle Sam has spared the rod too long. But Lincoln Steffens gives another view of things in *Everybody's Magazine*. He gives us something of the Mexican viewpoint. This is the way he has sized up the situation:

All Americans resident in Mexico know the hate, the watchful, waiting hate of the Mexican for the American.

"Hate you?" said a wild young Mexican officer to me one day on a troop-train. "The Mexican hate for you Gringos would put joy into the supreme passion of rape, fire into the flames of arson, virtue into robbery, and a crown of glory on death and defeat at war with you."

When I laughed in the face of his hate and remarked that it was too well-expressed to be deeper than his mind, he choked: "Both, both with our heads and our hearts, we hate you."

"Yes," said a thoughtful member of Carranza's cabinet circle, "there is hatred among us for you, and it is dangerous; as a prejudice it is very dangerous. But also it has reasons for being, and the reasons can be reasoned with—and in time removed. If there be time."

True. The enmity in Mexico against "the Colossus of the North," as they call the United States, is all sorts of hate held by all sorts of people there. It is reasonable and unreasonable; it is thought and felt; it is open-eyed and it is blind; it is suspicious and experience. It is racial, religious, economic, and it is historical. We did take away from Mexico Texas, New Mexico, California—the whole of our great Southwest; and their school histories tell their story of it; and their story is one of good American excuses to cover a bad slaveholder's conspiracy with traitorous Spanish and Mexican aristocrats.

True or false, they believe their story. And they see that the Americans in Mexico, typically, and the Americans along the border, and some other Americans—practically all the Americans the Mexican people know or know about—belonged to, thrived with, and liked the old Diaz regime, and are openly or secretly against the Mexican revolutionary movement. They think that the American ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, was in the plot to overthrow and kill Madero, the prophet of their revolt. They know that leading Americans, with other foreigners, were with and for Huerta, the military autocrat, and, failing him, are now asking for Villa, or any other "strong man," like Diaz, like a czar, like an American boss—any tyrant that will put down the Mexican people, make them go back to work for American and other masters. They may need, but they don't want, the American boss system in politics and the rushing American industrial organization which turns out a few rich and many poor. That's what they are fighting

against. They have other ideals, and, better or worse, they prefer theirs. We, sure of the superior excellence of ours, we continue to thrust ours upon them—our ideals, our ideas, our virtues, and also (as they see) our vices, and our methods, and our corruption; and all for their good. This is the height of our offending: our philanthropy.

"If," said a Mexican statesman to me at Eagle Pass last fall, "if you Americans would look across the border there and say that Mexico is a rich country and beautiful, and that you covet it; that we Mexicans are a weak people and you are strong; and that, therefore, you are going to come over and take Mexico—we could understand that. We would fight, and we would probably die, but we wouldnt hate you so much."

The careless correspondents with Pershing's careless troops describe what they see on Villa's trail: the burning alkali desert and the blazing, bareboned mountains; the abandoned villages and the starving old men and women and little children along the vacant way. I've been in that country, and that isn't what I see there

I see the suspicious, hateful eyes of all the able-bodied Mexicans, men and women, watching from behind distant rocks and brush the passing of our soldiers, watching and waiting for the word to come from their chiefs to attack, and not as an army; not yet; but one by one, as snipers, till, having found out how well they can shoot and hide and run—both the men and the women—and having gathered from all the climates of all their great wild country, they can pour down upon our few thousands a deluge of people, mad to kill or die.

For the Mexicans are not afraid to die. During the last five months when I was in Mexico scores of them, of all classes and kinds, were stood up against a wall and shot. I never went to see "the sight," but I questioned acquaintances who did, and no witness said he ever saw a Mexican quail or even flinch before the rifles leveled at his breast; not one.

A war with Mexico is very likely to be a war of extermination. The people, the common people, all go to war there, the women and children along with the men. The women and children forage and do the camp work, but when the men drop, the women frequently pick up the rifles and continue the fire. So the Mexican people will be at our battles with them. We can get at them. And we'll defeat them. Every intelligent Mexican I ever spoke with about it, admitted that in the end we would be victorious.

But also they say, and the Americans who know this people say, that before the end we shall have to slaughter the Mexican race as we did the Indians. If that is so, I say that our victory would be a disgrace to us and a disaster to the world, and that the men and the interests, American, Spanish, Mexican, British, German, and Roman, that are risking such a monumental crime—they can not have thought out what they are praying and plotting and lying and paying out good money for.

And yet that's what some people are doing. That's what my friend was hoping for in Vera Cruz. That's what a lot of foreigners I know are hoping and praying

for in other parts of Mexico: intervention, and the wild hate and the mad war it will turn loose upon us. That was Huerta's idea when, in despair of our Government's recognition of his effort to set up another Diaz régime, he tempted President Wilson to land American troops in Vera Cruz. He thought the Mexican people would rise up as one man—no, as fifteen million men, women, and children—and kill, rape, or rob every American in Mexico, and then go on into a war upon the American people—for him.

And that's what Villa or—since Villa doesn't think much—that's what the men and the interests back of Villa thought when they planned that raid into New Mexico, and drew our watching, waiting army into old Mexico after—the bandit. They thought that that would be intervention, and that that would arouse and unite all classes, tribes, and parties of the Mexican people, from Carranza down, into one nation to fight with Villa against our people.

It's treason we are talking about: international treason; treason to Mexico in Mexico and treason to the United States in the United States. And it's war the traitors are plotting. With the picture of Europe before them, "bandits" in "barbarous" Mexico, "Citizens" of the "civilized" United States, and "subjects" of other "Christian" nations are for war in America!

President Wilson says so. We all know now that that raid from Mexico into New Mexico was expected on our side of the border. The ammunition for it was sent from here—to come back and be used to shoot our people. The border newspapers had it as front-page "spreads." American soldiers knew and spoke of it two days before it happened. And four days ahead of the event the State Department at Washington advised the War Department that it was planned to occur. Now President Wilson has the information of all the agents of the State Department; of the representatives in Mexico and along our border of all the departments, including the secret service, which is very strong and very active down there. He inquired into this matter, and he took time to get and to consider all the information available. And on March twenty-six, after two weeks of inquiry and thought, he said in a public statement that "there were persons along the border actively engaged in creating friction between the Government of the United States and the *de facto* Government of Mexico for the purpose of bringing about intervention in the interest of certain owners of Mexican properties."

The President of the United States would not make a charge of that nature without knowledge. He didn't give his evidence, but he must have it, with names and dates and, possibly, prices. I have it on good authority that he has, and that he is to be asked to give the names of "the sinister and unscrupulous influences afoot" to bring on a war by getting some careless soldier or mob to kick that dynamite of hate that lies all over Mexico where our soldiers are pursuing "a bandit." I hope President Wilson will not publish those names. If he did, the American people would demand that those men be shot or hanged, and when that was done, they'd be sated and satisfied. They might never care to know then what was the matter down there.

I lived three months in that ancient, modern old Tory capital—Mexico City—among my own countrymen and the other foreigners, but in touch also with the

Mexican critics of the Carranzista régime, both reactionary and radical. Then I dropped down to Queretaro, the revolutionary capital, rejoined the First Chief, and made with him and his government a long, slow journey through rich, fat western Mexico: from the temperate climate of the plateau, up into the mining regions and down through the hot tropics to the west coast: Irapuato, Guanajuato, Guadalajara, Colima to Manzanillo on the Pacific Ocean, and back.

It took a month, for again we stopped at every collection of people, municipal or rural. And here also life was resuming. The planting, the building—all the activities were farther advanced than in the north. Mexico is going back to work, leisurely work, but with that sun and that soil and those mines—productive. No government can stop it. Will the Carranzista government help it? What about that government?

The Carranzistas only tolerated me. There were individual exceptions; I made some friends, but in general I was merely suffered in those trains all those three months of travel. So were the two to five or six other Americans who from time to time were there. Not that we were not properly treated as guests; Mexican hospitality is most punctilious. No, we Gringos shared the good though very simple fare of the First Chief and his cabinet. Most of the time I was at his own table. We were sometimes forgotten, but we were always welcome at the fiestas, receptions, dances and other functions in the towns we visited. We were not told, but in the close confinement of the presidential train we couldn't help knowing a good deal of what was going on. We saw our hosts at close range; we heard the problems and the policies of the government discussed, sometimes with an intimate sense of the differences among them. But—and this is my point, which I want to make without the slightest implication of reproach—I was not treated in a way calculated to prejudice my judgment in favor of the Carranzistas. And this is my judgment:

Senor Carranza and his inner circle of advisers are as sincere, as honest, as determined, and—as perplexed a group of radical reformers as I ever saw (or heard of or read about) in power.

Which is one reason for the opposition to him.

One day in Mexico City a big American concessionaire was damning Carranza. I remarked, however, that he didn't put dishonesty into the catalogue of his faults.

"Oh, no," he answered, "he's honest. We know that." And, with a laugh, he added: "We know it, because we tried him."

Carranza and his party are on the job of reconstructing a state of society that has been all shot to pieces by a long and a pretty thorough revolution. Governments, roads, bridges, factories, whole towns, and many, many buildings have been destroyed. Only some old false ideas, beliefs, and hopes are left; and they hinder. But the revolution, the military, the destructive process seems to be over; it is over, if the First Chief succeeds in his policy of staving off all critical acts and issues till they can be fought out, without arms.

But the effects of the revolution and the forces set free by it are felt still. Men, primitive demons like Villa, who were turned loose in the war, are at large; many of them. Villa is but one of the type. Then, too, Indians, peons, servants, and slaves, the descendants of a high-

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spirited race, conquered and long repressed by generations of force and kindness, were freed, armed, and told to "go to it." And they went to it, and they liked it, and they are reluctant to give up vice and leisure, adventure and power, to go back to work. Europe will have to deal with this problem when the nations turn to reconstruction after their war. Mexico has it now. She has a people, a whole people, who have tasted liberty, and enjoyed and abused it. For practically everybody was or became a revolutionist. And all want land or "something for nothing," and only a few—comparatively very few—know or remember or care about the ideals of the revolution.

Making a Fortune Out of Comics

How "Bud" Fisher is Capitalizing "Mutt and Jeff."

EVERYONE knows of Mutt and Jeff. They are familiar figures even to those of the by no means small class who regard newspaper comics as a conclusive proof of the vulgarity and crudity of the public. The Mutt and Jeff series of comic cartoons, appearing daily in newspapers all over the United States and Canada, certainly are not high art, and they do not always, no, nor often, have the alleviating effect of being funny but. . . . They are interesting to all of us if only for the reason that they are netting "Bud" Fisher, the artist who conceived them and still turns them out daily, the magnificent sum of \$150,000 a year. He expects to become a millionaire. Consequently, the *American Magazine* saw the possibility of an interesting story in "Bud" Fisher and his work. Extracts from this article will perhaps be of interest to readers of MacLean's.

"Bud" Fisher, creator of "Mutt and Jeff," is the highest-paid cartoonist on earth. He gets \$150,000 a year for making the American people chuckle—which is twice what the President gets for shaping their national destiny. Furthermore, Fisher is troubled neither by international complications nor by office seekers. His office is in his hat.

For drawing six comic strips a week for forty-eight weeks a year this genial humorist receives \$78,000. The rest of his income is made up from vaudeville engagements, which bring him a thousand dollars a week; the proceeds from five "Mutt and Jeff" shows and animated cartoons; the sale of an annual "Mutt and Jeff" book, post cards, plaster figures, buttons and other novelties.

On the average it takes Fisher two hours to draw his daily comic strip, for which he is paid at the rate of \$270 an hour, or nearly five dollars a minute.

Fisher is the Midas of mirth. His marked success has done more than any other influence to lift the level of the American cartoonist's salary. These accomplishments, startling in themselves, become almost bewildering when you consider that he is only thirty years old and never took a drawing lesson in his life.

"Bud" was born in San Francisco in 1885. Later, his parents, who are now

sharing in their son's prosperity, moved to Portland, Oregon, to Milwaukee, and then to Chicago. As soon as the boy was big enough to hold a pencil, he began expressing his infant soul in scrawls. His father's linen collars, off or on, were his favorite drawing-boards—which perhaps accounted for the paternal reluctance to encourage his artistic ambitions.

"Bud," whose real name, by the way, is Harry Conway Fisher, went to the Hyde Park High School in Chicago, where he ran on a champion relay team with Walter Eckersall, the famous football quarterback. It was at Hyde Park that he was given the sobriquet which has stuck to him ever since. At the end of a brief collegiate course at the University of Chicago, he drifted out to the Pacific coast. There he earned his first money with his pencil by drawing cartoons for San Francisco tradesmen at fifty cents each. Under these pictures would appear snappy trade captions, designed to attract prospective customers.

But "Bud" was not satisfied long with such tame work. He tried for a job on the San Francisco *Examiner*, and was turned down. He smiled over this experience long afterward when the owner of the *Examiner* was commandeering the most expensive legal talent in an effort to hold the cartoonist's services for his New York newspaper.

After being turned down by the *Examiner*, Fisher went over to the *Chronicle* office, where he made so strong a bid for recognition that they apologized for offering him only fifteen dollars a week.

"I thought at that time ten dollars a week would make me independently wealthy," he said afterward, "but of course I never let on."

He stayed with the *Chronicle* from 1905 until near the end of 1907. The city was so mussed up by the big fire that he found himself without a job. So he went to Los Angeles. There he ran into a man named Steele, who was getting out an emergency Sunday section for the wrecked *Chronicle*, on the presses of the Los Angeles *Times*. Steele could not get any good artists to work for him, because all the local men were employed by the Los Angeles *Examiner*, and could not accept retainers from another paper. He offered Fisher fifteen dollars a page.

"I took him up," says "Bud," "and then I got a lot of the *Examiner* artists—who could not work for Steele, but could work for me—to make me these pages at seven dollars and a half apiece. I cleared the other seven-fifty. At that rate, I didn't really care how long the fire lasted."

Fisher went back to San Francisco with sixteen hundred dollars in his pocket and a lot of newly-acquired independence. He was ready to hold out for twenty-five dollars a week, "big money," he called it, but finally compromised at twenty-two-fifty.

On November 15th, 1907, there appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a cartoon comic strip portraying race track adventures of one "A. Mutt." Thus was born a million-dollar idea. Fisher had been going to the races regularly and had spent interested hours in watching men tear around to lay down bets. Racing was at its heyday in San Francisco just then, and Fisher figured that if he could pick out a composite type of man and run his racing experiences in a daily comic strip he would make a hit. He did. The idea caught on like wildfire, and on December 10th of the same year the *Examiner* people made a mightily attractive offer to the

A Head of Wheat

Its History



It grew on a western prairie. Nature stored its every layer with the elements we need. Each grain, at the harvest, had 125 million food cells. It was a fine example of a major food.

The farmer found the grains hard, extra large and plump. He said, "That wheat is too good to grind. It is a wheat to serve whole." So he sent it to our buyer, who shipped it to our mill.



Huge guns awaited it. The kernels were sealed up in one of them. Then the gun was revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in each food cell was converted into steam. Then the gun was shot; the cells exploded. And the whole grains came out, airy, crisp and porous, puffed to eight times normal size.

Then those grains came to a table. They came as thin, fragile bubbles, with a taste like toasted nuts. They were served with cream, or in bowls of milk. And someone tasted in them the most fascinating wheat food known.



Puffed Wheat	12c
Puffed Rice	15c

Except
in
Far
West

That is how Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are created, under Prof. Anderson's process. The finest whole grains are made wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted. There are, of course, other whole-grain foods. But not with each food cell exploded. Not with every atom fitted to digest.

In Puffed Wheat you are serving an unrobbed wheat. Puffed Rice is unrobbed rice. In both of them every element feeds. And both are food confections. Do you think you are serving such foods as these as often as you should?

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A gift that will be cherished as well as used. Besides possessing a daintiness that lends a grace to the wearer, it offers the accuracy that has made the "Waltham" the timepiece of the world.

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We can save you from \$10 to \$125 on the purchase price and beat any other sealer (electric power included) in a competitive test.

Thousands of Standards are in daily use giving the utmost satisfaction. The majority have replaced other makes costing from \$35 to \$150.

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The Standard Model F. Price \$25.00

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 44 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

kid whom they had turned away in 1905. Fisher accepted the offer.

Soon after he entered upon his new job, "A. Mutt" was joined by little "Jeff," who was destined to be his companion through countless comic adventures. "I always liked Mutt better, for he was my first friend," said Fisher when asked which of his two characters he preferred. "but as some of my readers have a weakness for little Jeff, I let him get the better of it sometimes."

"Mutt and Jeff" soon began to make a reputation which spread far beyond state bounds and into the East.

Fisher came to New York in May, 1909, and made just as big a hit in the East as he had in the West.

Australia's First Transcontinental

Connecting Links Are Now Being Built in Ocean-to-ocean Line

A USTRALIA has, for geographical reasons, lagged behind Canada in the matter of railroad building. Up to the present she has had no transcontinental but now the last links in a road that will stretch from ocean to ocean are being built. The story of the building of this first transcontinental is graphically told by H. J. Shepstone in the *Illustrated World*.

Australia may be likened to a great bowl. In the interior of the bowl is the wild country—the terrible Australian bush, parching desert, wilderness. The rim of the bowl consists of mountains—and from the rim a belt of civilized country runs down to the sea.

Cities have grown up on the eastern, southern, and western slopes. The gold strike of last century drew civilization over the mountains and part of the way into the southeast country; but elsewhere the interior is much as it was. Railroads conform to this development, climbing the mountains and driving into the interior as far as civilization extends, and there quitting.

The new link will tie together the eastern end of the longest road from the west and the western end of the longest road from the east. In terms of cities, it will connect Port Augusta, in South Australia, with Koolgardie, in Western Australia. When completed one can travel by rail from Perth, the capital of Western Australia, directly to Brisbane, Queensland's leading city, in the northeast, passing on the way through Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney; the route joins the capitals of the five States of the Commonwealth, and represents a total journey of nearly 4,000 miles—a distance greater than that from New York to San Francisco.

This line from east to west is to be followed by another, from north to south, when the first is done. From Oodnaburra, in South Australia, the track will run to Pine Creek, where the rails run to Port Darwin, on the north coast.

The story of the actual work involved in tying up Australia into a railroad unit reads like the stories of our pioneer railroading in the 70's. Along the route no elevation higher than an anthill meets the eye; above all, not a drop of water was to be obtained. This difficulty was more

serious than most people would think. The workers had to carry the water they needed, and to use camels—camels in railroad building—for pack and draft purposes, ninety-one animals being used.

The mere task of surveying the route was a formidable one. The surveying party was divided into two sections. One party worked eastward from Kalgoorlie to the South Australian frontier, and the other from Port Augusta westward. Their work was planned, on the basis of the rough preliminary survey, so that they would come together in the middle of the desert.

The plan adopted was as follows: The chief surveyor went on ahead of the main party. He ran the line by the aid of a compass, and checked his work by means of observations by the stars. The last camel in his train dragged a heavy bullock chain, the free extremity of which was knotted, and as this dragged over the yielding sand and broken ground, it left a trail which could be picked up and followed easily by the main party following. The latter measured the distance by chains, and took levels at frequent points, which were checked constantly.

The second party experienced greater difficulty in completing their work, for on their 645-mile section the scarcity of water was felt acutely. They were caught by the intensely hot summer, which speedily dried up all available founts of supply; consequently the men and camels could advance but slowly, their daily movements averaging about three miles. In due course, however, they gained the interstate boundary, and picked up the last stake indicating the route left by the party which had advanced from Kalgoorlie.

At two places on the route water has been found. At a point some 350 miles from Kalgoorlie a bore was sunk, and at a depth of 1,300 feet water was struck. A hundred miles further on another bore was sunk, and brackish water found at 900 feet. Probably other supplies will be tapped. Already this discovery of water has changed the whole aspect of the country. Experts declare that in course of time the once despised and barren land will be a great pastoral country. Incidentally the costly project of supplying the locomotives with water from tanks could be abandoned.

As to railroads in Australia generally, it may be mentioned that up to the present some 18,000 miles of track have been laid. The gauges of these lines vary from 2 feet 6 inches to 5 feet 3 inches. The new "desert" link of the transcontinental line is the standard gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches, and in due time the other main lines of the continent will no doubt be altered to conform to it.

In New South Wales particularly are striking examples of the daring and skill of the railroad engineer in the great "zigzag" there built, and in the magnificent bridge spanning the Hawkesbury River. It should be explained here, that the coast of New South Wales is hemmed in by a high mountain range, set from twenty to seventy miles back from the water's edge. The engineer brought the rails over the mountains by means of a "zigzag." The track, instead of climbing the bank continuously in terraces, with curves connecting the successive tiers, makes a diagonal cut up the cliff face to a dead-end. From this point another stretch of line cuts similarly up the flank, to terminate in another dead-end, and so on until the summit is reached. A year or two ago the dead-ends were cut out, and a continuous track made over and

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down the mountains. This was done by boring a number of tunnels and resorting to curves.

Another monumental feat of the railroad engineer in this great island continent is the massive bridge, three thousand feet in length, that carries the railroad across the Hawkesbury River, some thirty-six miles from Sydney. It is divided into seven spans, each of which measures 416 feet in length, and is supported on substantial masonry piers. The erection of these piers proved a ticklish job on account of the great depth to

which the engineer had to descend to secure the foundation. In mid-stream the forty feet of water here flows over a bed of mud 120 feet in thickness. Hence the Hawkesbury River Bridge can claim the distinction of possessing the deepest piers thus far built. They were obtained by building colossal caissons on the bank, towing these to the desired site, and there sinking them. From their interior the water and mud were then pumped out until the caissons reached firm foundation, and concrete was then poured into the cylinders.

The Service of the Big Store

What is Being Done to Improve Retail Connections With the Public

WHAT is service? The word has grown in significance of recent years as a result of the development of the service given by the large retail stores. An excellent exposition of what service is, from the retail angle is given by M. L. Wilkinson, the head of a very large departmental store, in the course of an article in *System*. He says, in part:

Service, in its broadest sense, should not be limited to supplying the needs of the customers who come into your store to buy. A store does not reach its level of efficiency and usefulness until it has adjusted its stocks to the wants of every self-respecting person in the community and has brought that person into touch with the merchandise which represents the best market value to him or her.

Service to the public begins with buying. That merchant builds most soundly who gives maximum values, expressed in terms of quantity, quality and service, according to the needs and standards of his customers. If he is fair and honest, his standing in the community probably means much to the majority of his customers. This confidence—perhaps you might call it good-will—has been earned by his advertising and the satisfaction of customers with his goods, just as a distant manufacturer's trade-mark has value because of his advertising and the consumer's satisfaction.

Values cannot be separated from service. For instance, a lady in whose judgment of values I have entire confidence told me not long ago that certain waists which we had priced at \$16.75 were selling in New York for \$30. Her thought in telling me was to correct what seemed to her an under-pricing. But I explained that these waists were carrying our regular mark-up and that we would stick to the price on the tickets. The advertising value of having influential people quoting your prices in this way can hardly be over-estimated. And, on the reverse side, the danger of over-pricing must be evident at a glance. Those waists, if we had tried to get all we could for them and marked them at \$30, might have been offered at another store for \$16.75—an embarrassing situation for us if any of our customers compared both offerings and drew the obvious conclusion that our prices had no real values.

Another illustration: A buyer sent from New York early in September thirty-nine dresses which he priced at \$39.75. They were brought to my attention when I entered the department. Knowing the cost, I cut the price to \$34.75, which gave

us our full regular profit. All were sold in one day. This happened to be a good "buy," but good buying is what buyers are for. I believe that the surest way to build up a loyal clientele is to pass along your bargains—to say nothing of the effect of such rapid-fire sales on the rate of your turnover and your net profits.

Service, however, should never go beyond the line of fairness. If we were to pay employees five dollars a week more than each actually earned, we would not only add materially to the selling cost of the store, thereby increasing the price to the customer or reducing our legitimate profits, but we would do a positive injury to each man or woman by giving them wrong standards and accustoming them to salaries which could not continue indefinitely. In the same way, if we gave a customer who returned a satisfactory article after using it, another of the same value in exchange, she would certainly question, and her friends would question, the justice of our policies and the soundness of our standards of value and price. Ultimately she would come to feel that the favor shown her was at the expense of other customers. Loss of confidence in the store would follow and the final reaction would be much more unfavorable than the result of a firm but equitable adjustment in the first place.

In a word, when the public goes beyond the line of fairness the store must call a halt. Custom makes laws and the laws of trade make privileges. When privileges begin to be abused, steps must be taken to restrict them.

When a customer tries to over-step the line of fairness, there is a tactful as well as a blunt way to convey that fact to her. The adjuster or department manager who is asked to take back a garment plainly soiled by wear might almost be excused for laying down the law on the spot. But he can arrive at the same result, yet spare the customer's feelings and probably hold her custom by appealing to her sense of fairness.

"Have you stopped to consider what the superintendent would say if I were to give you credit for this garment?" he can ask. "For that matter, what would you think of this store if I were to try to sell you a coat or gown bearing so many marks of wear as this one does. Yet the rules which protect you and insure you fresh, unsoiled garments when you are buying are the very rules which you are asking me to break in this case. I am not allowed to make any exceptions; I'm afraid you will have to take the matter up with the superintendent."

Usually the customer sees that our position is just and necessary. If she

persists in demanding what we cannot grant, we simply close the account.

You can imagine the effect on the woman who plays fair when she sees an acquaintance wearing a costly gown on some occasion, and learns afterwards that she sent it back to the store. Two ideas at once occur to her: "This is service which I do not get, but for which I must pay a proportion of the cost." And again: "The garments or articles I buy at that store may have been used by some one in just that way." Forthwith dissatisfaction enters and the store is in a fair way to lose her trade for good and all. Nevertheless, our store does not use seals or tags to protect merchandise liable to such use. This is a strict policy with us. We trust the men and women who buy goods from us; when we find one who can not be trusted, we prefer to end relations.

No shoppers are employed by our store—either to check up our prices by kindred offers of competitors, to discover special values or products they are offering or to investigate the treatment which our own customers receive. We do make a standing offer, however, that any salesperson who finds an article of the same quality and style we stock at a lower price in another store can buy the article on the spot and receive the price plus two dollars from our store for it. When a customer thinks she has seen our article elsewhere at a cheaper price, the salesperson is anxious to know about it and pins her down, as a rule, to a comparison which explains the difference in price, if there is a difference. The confidence of the salesperson in the values our buyers secure is an important factor in such an encounter. When she tells a customer of our premium offer it usually convinces the customer; except, of course, when the customer actually has seen a bargain price quoted on the article in another store.

In the testing of our service or education of our salesfolk I want no outside agency or influence to intervene. I believe that personal touch with salespeople is the only effective and trustworthy way of bringing them into harmony with the spirit of the organization.

A suggestion

for a

WEDDING PRESENT

Whynot give your newly married friends

A YEAR'S
SUBSCRIPTION TO
MacLean's

No new home would be complete without it.

The New Emperor of China

A Sketch of the Man and the Story of His Rise to Power

SINCE the sudden ending of the Chinese Republic and the accession to royal power of the president, Yuan-Shih-Kai, there has been much discussion as to the personality of the head of the new dynasty and the actual circumstances under which he rose to power. The clearest exposition, both of the character of Yuan and of the story itself, is given by Frederick Moore, the Associated Press Correspondent in Peking, in the course of an article in *World's Work*. He says in part:

The central figure around which events are stirring in the Far East—stirring heavily although obscured by the war in Europe—is that breaker of precedents, Yuan Shih-kai. Yuan is not a scholar though the Chinese revere learning; he is bold though his race is timid; he is loyal where the average man serves only for compensation; he is young for a land where old age is venerated; and though he has never been further abroad than Japan he thinks on lines even beyond the mental processes of the average foreign-educated student who now wishes to slay him with a dynamite bomb.

No man of Western traditions can approve of Yuan Shih-kai's methods, but none can fail to admire his common sense and his understanding that heads that wag in his way must be lopped off. Yuan has to his debit numerous heads.

It has been my lot in Peking to watch his minions lopping them off for the last five years, and the records have it that this method was his when other men of less than twenty-five were withering their bodies and crowding their minds with Chinese classics—a bottomless pit, the blight of China!

When but little more than twenty years of age, because he was a man of action, this founder of the newest Chinese dynasty had come to the notice of that veteran intriguer, Li Hung-chang, then the controlling member of the Manchu Government; nor had his present Majesty attained recognition either by political influence or by learning, the usual means. His father was only a provincial magistrate, and he, Yuan, had twice endeavored to cram his mind with the poetry of the sages and failed to pass the examinations which would have obtained for him recommendation for office. Being without a Hanlin degree, doors to the learned halls of Peking were closed to him, but the back-gate was open, an entrance that was relegated to that contemptible but sore-needed element, the soldier.

There are, or were at that time, five degrees in the social scale of China: the scholar, the farmer, the artisan, the tradesman, and the man who for money slew his fellow-man. Yuan has made the soldier honored; he wears a soldier's uniform. Having failed to be of the first class of man he became of the last. He joined the army as a clerk, not quite a soldier, but nevertheless of that looting rabble of cut-throats.

China's hopeless army, carrying spears, swords, bows and arrows, stink-pots, and terrible looking devices for scaring off the enemy, and putting more faith in any of these than in the muzzle-loading rifles

bought from Europe, was on its confident way toward Korea, where the Japanese were then intriguing for what they have now achieved. Korea at that time was nominally a dependency of arrogant, ignorant China, and Li Hung-chang was endeavoring to continue the Chinese domination. In his efforts he got little help from either the scholars or the soldiers, for the scholars could only quote from the sages, and the soldiers knew not how to kill effectively. Yuan seemed to be the most efficient man among them: instead of revering the past he looked to the future; he thought for himself and did not search his mind for phrases from Confucius that might fit the occasion. Besides (if early recorders are correct, and their accounts conform to Yuan's later character), he was relentless in hunting down and exterminating the enemies of his task, and he did not scruple at tricky devices. Was he a patriot or did he seek his own interests? Whichever was the case he obtained recognition, and at the age of twenty-six attained to an office which a front door aspirant would have been proud to reach at the period of his decrepitude. He became Chinese Resident at Seoul, the Korean capital, a position of importance only second, at that time, to that which Li Hung-chang occupied.

The Japanese beat Li Hung-chang and his right-hand man. Li is now dead and out of the way, and for political purposes forgotten, but Yuan is alive and has no intention of seeing China herself go the way of Korea. And disinterested foreigners agree with remarkable unanimity that Yuan is the one Chinaman who can save the country. Sun Yat-sen has proved himself an impracticable visionary, and no other man has come to the foreground. Believing in Yuan, the foreign bankers whose interests are heavy in China have supported him at times illegally, lent him money in the name of China and without what semblance of legal approval the nominal President of the so-styled Republic should have had.

But I am getting ahead of my story. The Chino-Japanese War, in which the armed rabble of the Manchus fled from Korea, caused Yuan to return to China, where he soon became viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chihli. The war had taught him the value of modern guns and Western proficiency, and, with the consent of the Throne, he began to organize a so-called model army. He, almost alone of his people, seemed to have learned a lesson from China's ignominious defeat. For, in a few years the masses were attempting to drive out all foreigners, Europeans and Americans as well as Japanese, with their feeble ineffectives who had so hopelessly gone to slaughter before their island neighbors; and government officials, like the people, believed themselves capable of recovering that measure of China's sovereignty and independence which the nations of the West were transgressing.

When the Boxers came, however, with tacit if not more tangible authority from the Empress Dowager, they found short shrift in Yuan's province. His model army, obedient to his orders, slew the Boxers and not the "foreign devils." Throughout the whole fanatical, though not unprovoked, rising not a foreigner



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A very small yield considering the size of the bush. It takes about 6½ bushes to yield a pound of ordinary tea—and about 10 bushes to yield a pound of Red Rose Tea, as only the tender shoots and buds are used to produce the distinctive flavor and richness which characterize this high-grade tea. In sealed packages only. Try it.



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Twice a Day For Half the Year

Someone has to attend to the furnace; most people look on it as an irritating, dusty job. It need not be. It is not, if you have a Sunshine Furnace.

Shaking down the Sunshine Furnace does not raise a dust. The fine ashes are drawn up the chimney; there is never that fine sprinkling of dust that lights on everything in the basement, and even floats up through the house. No. That is one thing the owner of a Sunshine Furnace never has to contend with. The Sunshine is as clean as a piece of furniture.

There are extra sturdy grates that turn with a long handle to crush with ease the hardest clinkers. A slight rocking that hardly requires stooping, cleans down the ashes. The ashes fall as the grates are shaken, for the sides of the fire-pot are straight. This saves bother—and heat; because if ashes bank up around the fire-pot they stop the radiation of heat. The ashes come out in a big ash-pan. There is no shovelling or spilling ashes about.

And the door is large, as it should be for convenience in firing up. Or if need be, a large chunk of wood will go through this door. The dampers can be operated from the rooms above. This saves you the nuisance of running up and down stairs to shut off the drafts and open up the check damper.

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Would you like to have definite information about the cost of installing a Sunshine Furnace in your home? Send the coupon for our booklet "Sunshine." At the same time, if you wish to know what it will cost to heat your own home, our Heating Engineer will tell you. He will show you how to plan the distribution of heat so as to get the utmost warmth from the coal you burn.

Kindly send me without expense on my part:—

1. Your booklet on the Sunshine Furnace.
2. Also forms for filling out, so that your heating engineers can tell me how to order and install a system that will properly heat my home.

Name
Address

No, there is no charge. Simply address him at

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McClary's

lost his life in the province which Yuan controlled.

What is known as Yuan's notorious treason is the tragic and conspicuous act of his career. He was in Peking and Jung Lu had become viceroy of Chihli and had control of the only force of any power in the country. The Emperor, Kwang Hsu, summoned Yuan, whom he trusted, and commanded him in secret to proceed to Tientsin, the seat of the viceroyalty, assassinate or cause Jung Lu to be slain, and return immediately to the capital with enough troops to capture or destroy those loyal to the Empress Dowager and to surround and make her a prisoner. Yuan proceeded to Tienstin, informed Jung Lu of the Emperor's instructions, and sent back Jung Lu to make a prisoner of the Emperor instead of his rival foster-mother.

In 1908, when the imperial prisoner, with significant coincidence, died within twenty-four hours after the Empress Dowager, Prince Chun, the Regent who came to power, dismissed Yuan Shih-kai. The Regent did not state openly, as was the case, that Yuan was dismissed because of his disloyalty to the preceding Emperor, but, with Oriental politeness, he gave the distinguished Mandarin of the Yellow Jacket leave of absence in order that he might recover good health.

Yuan remained in seclusion till the republican rebellion of October, 1911, compelled the Manchus to recall him—the one strong man of China. Despair had entered the soul of the timid Regent.

Not till Yuan had obtained his terms did he agree to return to power—and that was his price: power and authority. By telegraph he summoned his trusted followers. His strongest man, Chao Ping chun, went to Peking to take charge of the police there, while Yuan himself went south to take command of the army facing the rebels. He got into touch with the leader of the republican forces and seems to have come to terms in the usual Chinese way with General Li Yuan Hung, who subsequently became Vice-President.

When the Capital was safe for his return Yuan came to Peking in great state, and almost his first act was to dictate the abdication of the Prince Regent. Prince Chun retired from the Forbidden City, leaving his ten-year-old son, the Emperor, to the mercy of Yuan. Whether Yuan had intended from the beginning to sell out the Manchus is a disputed point; he is certainly equal to such duplicity. Gradually it became evident to the Empress Dowager, who was left in charge, that she must sign whatever document Yuan wished; and within a few months, after obtaining a pledge of liberal annual stipends and the continuance of the Emperor's title, that miserable lady subscribed the Emperor's seal to an edict declaring that his Majesty was incapable of government and that he surrendered the affairs of state to the people and delegated authority to Yuan Shih-kai. The document is famous for its peculiar wording purporting to come from the little Emperor himself.

Yuan held the military power and could always defeat the rebels, as he actually did with quick vigor a year later. That party, which set up Sun Yat-sen as President at Nanking, knew the comparative power of the North and came to terms with the man who commanded in Peking. Sun was made to retire in order to unite the country under Yuan, and the latter was elected President by the self-appointed body which styled itself a Parliament at Nanking.

Yuan was willing to give all the Southern leaders offices if they would refrain from interference in the Government, and he placed Sun Yat-sen at the head of a scheme for throwing a network of railroads over China and thereby to enlighten as well as to develop the country. The salary attached to the office was \$15,000 monthly. But Sun, distrusting Yuan before a year was out, began to spend the money in intrigue and soon brought about the so-called second revolution, the slogan of which was "Punish Yuan!"

In just three months the rebel forces were at the mercy of those which Yuan had withheld from attacking approximately the same enemies under the Manchus. Sun Yat-sen, from the dignified office of first President of the Republic, was now again a fugitive from his native land with all but a price upon his head. He took refuge in Japan and here, there seems to be no doubt, began to intrigue with certain Japanese, probably not government officials but men in close touch with the statesmen. He could still go back to China if he would consent to draw a good monthly allowance and spend his time only in amusing himself, as the Vice-President does; but Sun prefers to live without affluence according to his ideals.

Now General Li, the former Vice-President, is also a patriot. The rebels, knowing his power and wish for a liberal form of government, had sought his assistance in the revolution against Yuan. But Li looked upon the Japanese as China's greatest enemy, and argued that to divide the country with revolution would be dangerous. His life became unsafe, the rebels considering that those who were not with them were against them; and finally Li, in order to avoid probable assassination, took his departure from Wu-chang (where he had remained in command of troops for the first two years of the Republic), and went to Peking to enter the Forbidden City and occupy the palace in which Kuang Hsu had been imprisoned by the Empress Dowager. There Li was and probably still is doubly a prisoner. Yuan would not permit him to take free leave, nor would his life be safe from the rebels were he outside the palace walls.

Though Yuan succeeded in repressing the revolution against himself he did not sufficiently intimidate the Parliament which had come to Peking. A very independent body it was, designed by the anti-Yuan elements to curb and control that usurper, and even without the rebel forces behind it, after the latter had been dispersed and scattered, this Parliament which sought to give liberal government to a country that did not understand it endeavored to handicap Yuan with laws of its own devising. It was then that, despite parliamentary laws and protests from members of the Parliament delivered direct to the bankers, the Quintuple Group loaned the sum of about \$125,000,000 to Yuan Shih-kai.

Yuan endeavored to persuade the Constitution Drafting Committee of Parliament to pass laws giving him adequate powers for governing, but that body would brook no suggestion from him nor from the American legal adviser, Professor F. J. Goodnow, whom they regarded as a Yuan man. They went ahead with their own ideas and by their Draft Constitution sought to make the President a figure-head with a government that was responsible to Parliament alone.

With a Parliament largely composed of young inexperienced men, many with

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Western education, Yuan professes to believe—I think honestly—that such a government was not practicable. He, too, is a reformer but no believer that a democracy like America can be made of Old China by the drafting of an untried list of statutes hodgepodge from all the most liberal countries of the world. Indeed, China had no character in all her alphabet of 40,000 that would express such words as "republic" and "constitution," or such an expression as we understand by liberty, equality, and fraternity." She had no machinery for voting and, as a whole, no knowledge or respect for such new-fangled things. The Parliament itself had not been elected, but was chosen by little cliques of men.

It is curious that while Yuan breaks the laws he strives at all times to surround his actions with the semblance of legality. Having been elected "Provisional President" he required a more substantial mandate. This he obtained from the recalcitrant Parliament by surrounding that body with soldiers and police and permitting none to leave the building even for food until the election was accomplished. Then, within a few days, he chose to dissolve the Parliament, it being a hindrance to administration, and this he accomplished legally by dissolving the Kwo Ming Tong, the political and family philosophically.

party of the rebels, which was in the majority. After the dissolution of the rebellious organization the Parliament was without a quorum.

I do not think Yuan Shih-kai is personally ambitious. I have watched him closely since the day he arrived in Peking at the summons of the Prince Regent. He does not exact personal deference as certain European monarchs are wont to do. There is no "side" about Yuan—a statement which can be made of few of the Western-educated students who oppose him. It is my judgment that he is a patriot persuaded by the men about him that the welfare of the country requires a permanent executive and that there is no other man to take the throne.

The new Emperor is not as old a man as he looks; he is but fifty-seven. Asthma and a burden of flesh have physically degenerated him. He is a short, unusually broad, large headed man, with thin white hair and mustaches. He has a genial smile and manner and never looks disturbed. The attack of an assassin would not startle him. He has fatalism in his character. He will do the best he can according to his lights, take precautions and also chances; and if the regicide gets him, he will smile and take leave of his friends and family philosophically.

The Longest Speeches on Record

Some Remarkable Performances in the American Senate

THE regulations of the legislative bodies of the United States are very elastic on the score of the speaking rights of members; so elastic, in fact, that verbosity is a pretty general complaint. Long speeches are the rule rather than the exception and it is not uncommon to hear of Senators deliberately blocking the progress of legislation by holding the floor for long stretches of time. The *Strand Magazine* has collected some stories of the longest speeches ever delivered in the American Senate which make interesting reading:

"All I want is ten minutes to tell the Democrats what a lot of white-livered rabbits they are," Senator La Follette is reported to have remarked to a brother senator a few minutes before commencing his speech on the Vreeland-Aldrich Currency Bill. He then rose and addressed the Senate for eighteen and a half hours, thus breaking all records in long-winded oratory so far as Washington is concerned! This notable speech—if such utterances can be called "speeches"—was Robert La Follette's contribution to the filibuster to block Mr. Aldrich's famous Bill. It did not achieve its object, but the remarkable effort on the part of the Wisconsin senator is well worth recalling, together with half-a-dozen other lengthy orations which have brought their authors into the limelight of the United States Senate Chamber, and which we shall refer to in the course of this article.

Filibustering—which is, of course, the foundation of most lengthy Senatorial speeches—is peculiar to the United States Senate, for that august body knows no law with regard to the limitations of debate. A senator can talk just as many hours as he likes, and it really doesn't matter what he talks about so long as he

continues to "hold the floor." The object of a filibuster speech, as everyone knows, is to wear down the opposition and thus get a Bill passed or rejected, as the case may be. It is related that Senator Tillman in 1903 got a war claim of sixty thousand dollars paid to his native State of South Carolina by reading Byron's Poems to the Senate and threatening to continue to read them to the end of the session if the claim were not allowed. This is said to be the only case where a lone senator ever won sixty thousand dollars for his States by filibustering single-handed. To the uninitiated it might be mentioned that the word is derived from the Spanish *filibustero*, or French *filibustier*, in English freebooter, and was applied to the West Indian adventurers and pirates who flourished in 1600. Later the term was applied to illegal military and naval expeditions, about the last being William Walker's raid on Nicaragua in 1858.

Mr. La Follette commenced his great speech on the filibuster to block the Currency Bill at twelve-thirty on the afternoon of Friday, May 29th, 1908. He yielded the floor to Senator Stone at three minutes past seven the following morning, his address having lasted for exactly eighteen hours and thirty-three minutes. During that long and trying period Mr. La Follette had the relief of thirty "roll-calls," which he had demanded and which had been allowed him. When his voice became husky and his feet began to ache through long standing Mr. La Follette would pause, gaze about the Senate Chamber in a ruminating kind of way, and then, in his suavest tones, say: Mr. President, it is with the greatest reluctance that I am obliged to raise the question. I am forced, however, to the plea, much as I regret it, that quorum is not present." "The Clerk will call the roll," the President of the Senate would reply each time, and the roll was duly called. As it took

six minutes to perform this ceremony, Mr. La Follette was "relieved" during his long discourse to the extent of about three hours. Never once did the senator make a mistake in declaring that a quorum was not present, and this unerring knowledge surprised and puzzled the Clerk, who started an investigation on his own account. And the secret was revealed when he found that the Wisconsin's committee clerk was in the background "counting noses." When he found that there was one less than the regulation number of senators present—forty-seven—he would signal the speaker, who would then, in apparent innocence, look round and demand a roll-call. Mr. La Follette laughed very heartily when his ruse was discovered, and it was only the President's appreciation of a joke that prevented the committee clerk from being dismissed the Chamber.

At 4.30 a.m. Mr. La Follette had been speaking for sixteen hours, and had beaten the previous record for long-distance oratory made by Senator Allen in 1893 by about forty minutes. At that hour he seemed quite fresh, though his voice faltered a little, and it was arranged that Senator Stone should relieve him when required. But Mr. La Follette proved himself still good for another two and a half hours. Many amusing incidents occurred during the long speech. Two senators, weary of listening to the reading of long extracts from statistical works, were conversing quietly together when the speaker paused, glared at the delinquents, and then insisted that only one senator could hold the floor. Mr. Hale, one of those rebuked, replied that in all his experience he had never known a senator to make such an objection when other senators were discussing Government business, to which Mr. La Follette replied: "I insist upon being heard. If the senators have Government business to talk about let them withdraw from the Chamber." Another senator, rising, said that he could not hear the speaker, to which the peppy Wisconsin answered: "Probably not. Well, the reason you couldn't hear is that I was looking over this chamber, and I find there is no quorum. I raise the point of no quorum. The senator from New Jersey will hear me distinctly enough when a quorum is present." Of course, the roll was called and Mr. La Follette got his six minutes' relief, after which he went ahead with increased vigor. Shortly before dawn the speaker announced his intention of reading "Poor's Manual of Railroads" from cover to cover, and as the book is a bulky one, it was estimated that he had at least three days' ammunition on which to prolong his talk.

About six o'clock Mr. La Follette received a telegram from Senator "Jeff" Davis, of Arkansas, reading: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." The message pleased the speaker, for Mr. Davis is credited with a strong constitution, and could have been reckoned on for as lengthy an address as La Follette himself. However, he did not appear and it was Senator Stone who finally relieved the heroic Wisconsin at three minutes past seven, after delivering the longest address ever listened to in the United States Senate.

During his eighteen-and-a-half hour speech Mr. La Follette had had no opportunity to get anything to eat except a couple of sandwiches which were brought to him from the Senate restaurant, and which he consumed during roll-calls. He drank numerous glasses of milk with beaten-up eggs, and these served to keep up his strength. At the close his voice

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was extraordinarily clear and distinct—all things considered—and when an admirer asked him how he felt, he replied: “Never better, though my feet trouble me a little.” And when he got home his feet were so swollen and blistered that it was with difficulty that his shoes could be removed without being cut.

Senator Stone contributed a six-hour address to the filibuster, and was in turn succeeded by Senator Gore, of Oklahoma. Curiously enough, it was due to the latter that the filibuster failed. Senator Gore is blind, and after speaking for two hours he again yielded the floor to Senator Stone. But Senator Stone had left the Chamber for a few minutes. A vote was immediately demanded, the roll called, and the filibuster ended. Had Senator Gore not been blind he would, of course, have noticed that Senator Stone was not present, and continued until he had been summoned. And so the greatest filibuster on record may be said to have failed through one man lacking the gift of sight.

Down to the year 1908 the record for continuous speaking was held by Senator William V. Allen, who, in 1893, delivered a memorable address on the Repeal of the Silver Purchase Law. According to a letter recently received from Mr. Allen, the ex-senator (he retired in 1901) began his speech at 5 p.m., October 11th, 1893, and yielded the floor the next day to Senator Martin, of Kansas, at 8.20 a.m., having spoken for fifteen hours and twenty minutes. The address was continuous and unbroken. The only rest the speaker had was when the Clerk read some paper which was handed to him by the orator. These occasions were few and far between.

“No particular fatigue either of voice or frame,” says one who was present throughout the speech, “was noticeable as a result of this elocutionary effort, and so far as we could see Mr. Allen was as fresh as when he first rose to address the Chair. It was an argument, and those who were willing to forego dinner and bed to listen to it can vouch that there were no sensible breaks in the entire discourse. Mr. Allen never once lost the thread of his speech from the beginning to the end, and considering that it lasted over fifteen hours this alone stamps it as a very remarkable achievement.”

Mr. Allen made no effort to secure any “intervening business” in order that he might snatch a few minutes’ rest, and neither did he, as other speakers have done, demand the roll-call two or three dozen times for a like purpose. Indeed, it is highly probable that if all the other long-distance speeches were carefully examined in respect to the amount of “intervening business” claimed and allowed it would be found that Mr. Allen still holds the record for continuous and unbroken oratory. The only refreshment of which the speaker partook during the entire fifteen hours was tea and toast, which was served to him at short intervals.

That Senator Allen felt no particular fatigue after delivering his address is explained by the fact that he was probably the strongest and tallest senator of his day, being six feet three in height and weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The most remarkable speech of 1915 was Mr. Reed Smoot’s address on the Ship Purchase Bill. Mr. Smoot’s speech may be considered, perhaps, the most wonderful achievement of all, for it was delivered in an ever-modulated voice that never fal-

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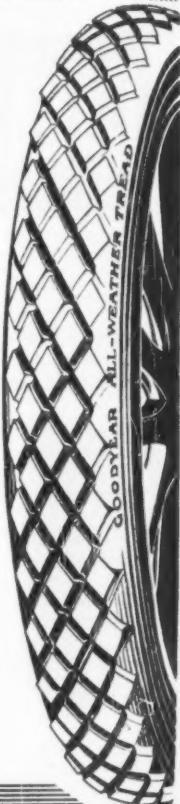
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tered or "broke" for eleven hours and thirty-five minutes, without even the interruption of a roll-call. In a letter received from the Utah senator recently Mr. Smoot says: "On the evening of January 29th the Ship Purchase Bill was in its most critical stage. A number of Democratic senators stated to me that they were going to pass the Bill that night, rules or no rules. It was to be rough-housed through the Senate. I did not expect to speak, but knowing the situation I decide that the only way to prevent its passage was to take the floor and talk the remainder of the night. Senator Swanson was put in the chair, the yeas and nays had been ordered, and it was understood that at the first opportunity he would request the Clerk to call the roll. Senator Ashurst, the first man on the list, was in his seat all night ready to respond quickly as soon as the presiding officer requested the roll to be called. In those circumstances I took the floor."

During Senator Smoot's address the lounges in the cloakrooms and even those in the rear of the Senate Chamber held sleeping senators. Mr. Lippett, of Rhode Island, found himself in a dinner-jacket when he rose to greet the sun, while Mr. Sterling, of North Dakota, who had attended a banquet, was still in evening clothes. Both retired about nine o'clock and returned later in business suits.

Senator Smoot held the floor from five minutes to ten in the evening until half-past nine the following morning. It is declared to have been the greatest exhibition of endurance ever seen in the Senate Chamber. Senator Smoot stood for those eleven hours in the middle of the aisle without support of any kind—not even a desk—and without the aid of a single roll-call or call for a quorum. His voice never faltered or broke, and not for an instant did he speak about anything but the Bill which was before the Senate. The only refreshment Senator Smoot had during those eleven hours was two glasses of milk.

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What Did Shakespeare Look Like?

An Interesting Discussion on the Many Alleged Likenesses of the Bard

IS there a true likeness of Shakespeare in existence? The Tercentenary of the Bard of Avon has aroused many discussions and none more interesting, with the exception of the Bacon controversy, than this question as to what the Immortal Bard really looked like. An interesting contribution appears in *The Theatre*, from the pen of Montrose J. Moses. He writes:

All the portraits of Shakespeare bear a certain uniformity of outline, although they depart surprisingly from the only sources which scholars have now determined to be authentic.

In Stratford Church there is a bust of a fat-looking, dapper little Mynheer, which has had more literature written about it, and more measurements taken of it, from the tips of its spruce little moustache to the sharp drip of its pointed beard, than its bald pate and side tufts of hair warrant. This bust was carved before the Folio edition of the plays was issued. It is supposed that after Shakespeare retired from active life, he put on flesh, almost like his Falstaff, so fond did he become of his pot of ale, and that in this condition, some ill-inspired tombmakers in after years—Shakespeare dying in 1616—perpetuated his smug condition in stone. It suggests beer and skittles much more than the fancy of poetry. Certainly, when Sir William Dugdale visited Stratford, and executed a sketch of it, he reduced the weight somewhat, hollowed the cheeks, and drooped the moustache, making Shakespeare hug a pillow that looks more like a sack of meal. Evidently, the bust was then colored to accord with the complexion of the bard, whose eyes, declares Boaden, were light hazel, and whose hair and beard were auburn. The fat burgomaster, that this bust represented him to be, was clad in scarlet, over which was thrown a black gown. In 1793, the bust was thoroughly whitewashed, through the efforts of Malone, the scholar.

This, then, is exhibit No. 1, a piece of work for which Shakespeare did not actually sit, but which was based, so they say, on first-hand description of neighbors and acquaintances. The next effigy is known as the Droeshout portrait, appearing on the title page of the 1623 Folio. It is really an engraving, done by one Martin Droeshout, of Flemish descent. It has been copied so often, and touches of so numerous a character have been added, that it is difficult sometimes to recognize it. But no changes whatever can take away from the almost simple, and certainly untidy appearance of the country lout, with his bristly, fly-away moustache, with the sprout under his lower lip, and his unshaven checks. His hair lies upon his thinning pate like flax upon a distaff, and the only thing courtly about him is the bestarched ruff he wears. The eyes are slanting and sleepy, the head is gourd-like and lacking in character.

From what impossible original was this engraving made? The Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford owns a picture, which is known as the Flower Portrait, and about which all sorts of arguments have been lodged by connoisseurs. The fact is that it is not a canvas, but a panel, and it had served its purpose previously for

the portrait of a lady, whose colors glow beneath the Shakespeare face like a promise of sunset.

The Birthplace Trustees of Stratford have in their possession what is known as the Ely House Portrait about which Mr. John Corbin has written a full brochure, piling evidence upon evidence in his belief that this is the famed "Droeshout original." It was found in the shop of a poor broker, and after it was cleaned up, the date, 1603, was detected upon it. Though there is much more intelligence about it, though it is better painted than the Memorial panel, many authorities do not believe that it has sufficient pedigree to warrant its claims.

The Chandos picture, in the National Portrait Gallery, is justly the most interesting likeness of Shakespeare. Not only is the general tone of the picture Italian, but the fact that the bard is made to wear ear-rings heightens the impression. It is supposed to have been painted for one Taylor, a professional actor, and some go so far as to add that Burbage is the artist, he who was the first to play "Hamlet" and "Lear." Sir William D'Avenant, called by many the godson of Shakespeare, once owned this portrait. It then became the property of Betterton, and after his death was sold by Mrs. Barry, the actress, for some forty guineas. There were many passings through hands before it reached the Earl of Chandos, and thereafter until it became the property of the nation.

After these, which are the basis for our authentic likeness of Shakespeare, the evidence ceases, even though we have to consider the possibilities of a death mask, such as the one unearthed in 1849. Here again the case is only suppositious, and if it were the original, why did not the poor tombstone cutters, who are responsible for the pudgy bust, turn to it for suggestion? According to Sir Sydney Lee, this "discovery" still remains in Darmstadt, where it was taken after its unearthing in a Mainz rag-shop.

The other portraits extant are all fancy's children. I know of no more agreeable task, were I an artist, than, with the slim sources here outlined, to go on, to conceive the ideal Shakespeare. I wouldn't put a Van Dyke collar on him; I wouldn't make him fat in the cheeks, with a quizzical smile; I wouldn't give him a pinched nose and a mangy beard. There are some of the features in the list of portraits recorded by zealous Shakespearean hunters, that reveal Shakespeare as born of any clime but that of England. They remind me of the Japanese portrait of Washington, which shows the Father of Our Country as most assuredly born under the star of Tokyo. Range the Clarendon, the Janssen, the Felton, the Zouast, the Lumley, the Ashborne portraits, and the Hilliard miniature, side by side. Could Shakespeare have been like them all? These artists were sufficiently equipped with a sense of the science of phrenology to fathom that no flat, short brow could have stood sponsor for such plays as Shakespeare left us, and they have given him a lofty brow, so lofty sometimes that the features look as though they had slid out of place. It was the eighteenth century enthusiasm that created the forger, Ireland, and that made it easy for any "discoverer" to come forward with a possible original for the



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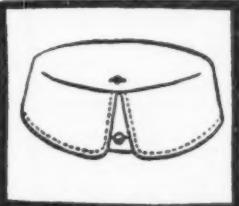
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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't 'right'."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay it off out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50¢ a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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Stratford bust or for the Droeshout engraving.

The sculptors have, of course, been ideal in their arrangement of the Shakespeare pose, and in the agreeable expression of his countenance. There is sentimentality in the Westminster Abbey Memorial Statue for the Poet's Corner; there is spirit in the Roubiliac figure, done for Garrick. Ward sculptured a Shakespeare for Central Park, New York (1882), Fournier for Paris (1888), and Gower (1888) for Stratford.

There is a queer brochure published, coming from Mr. W. S. Booth, and consisting mostly of reproductions of the Droeshout portrait, over which is superimposed, in many experimental "composites," the authentic lineaments of Sir Francis Bacon. I wonder how many will agree with him that the true original of the engraving on the title page of the Folio is none other than he?

Certainly, there is not one among the few "authentic" sources as to the likeness of Shakespeare, to agree in the nobility of countenance, with the pen portrait left us by Ben Jonson in those lines of his, supposed to describe what Droeshout in vain tried to portray.

As Mr. John Masefield writes, in his concise little volume on the life of the bard:

"There are, unfortunately, many graven images of Shakespeare. They are perhaps passable portraits of the languid, half-witted, hydrocephalic creatures who made them. As representations of a bustling, brilliant, profound, vivacious being, alive to the finger tips and quick with an energy never since granted to man, they are as false as water."

JULY MACLEAN'S

It was announced that an article on Immigration After the War would appear in this issue but, owing to stress of matter, it has been found necessary to hold this over for the July number.

"Canada's Greatest Service to the Empire," by Agnes C. Laut, will be an outstanding feature of the July issue. It is a clarion call for a broader viewpoint on the economic phases of the war—the strongest article that Miss Laut has written for MacLean's.

Other features will be the two new serials; an article by Stephen Leacock; a number of bright, short stories; more war verses by Robert W. Service; and strong articles on Canadian national topics by the best known Canadian writers.

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"Behind the Bolted Door?"

ARTUR E. MCFARLANE now takes rank among the greatest writers that Canada has produced. He is comparatively a young man, but his career has been a varied one with many adventurous phases and some ups and downs. He has always had the one goal, literary success, and the many expeditions that he has made out of the humdrum have been with the one object—the broadening of his experience of life so that he could interpret it the better. For instance, he has sailed on tramp steamers to get the atmosphere for sea stories and for marine articles; he went out with Barnum and Bailey's circus to get "color" and material; he lived for a time with Southern moonshiners.

Quite early in his career he migrated to New York, the Mecca of the literary folk, and began a connection which has extended to all the American magazines and has made him one of the very best known of magazine writers. In addition to his stories, he specialized on the preparation of articles on broad questions. He came particularly into prominence for a two-years' study that he made for Collier's Weekly on "Arson in America—Our National Crime." In the course of these articles he traced the prevalence of the crime to certain phases of carrying on the fire insurance business. He also did a series of articles on fire prevention for McClure's Magazine.

At present Mr. McFarlane is doing chiefly adventure and mystery stories and is also engaged in social service work among New York's longshoremen and office cleaners.

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Recently, however, it was realized that, in order to make MACLEAN'S as popularly known as its strength entitled it to be, it was necessary to have a larger sale on the news stands throughout the country. As the standard price of the monthly magazine on the news stand is 15 cents, it was seen that it would be necessary to offer MACLEAN'S at that figure. This necessitated a readjustment of the yearly rate, which, accordingly, has been fixed at \$1.50. The new rates are now in effect and all renewals will in future be on that basis.

The change in price comes in the middle of a determined campaign of improvement. The publishers feel justified in making the claim that MACLEAN'S has been getting stronger, more readable, more vital, more Canadian with each issue. They promise that this remarkable gait shall be maintained. Each issue is going to show progress. New writers, new features, new ideas are being constantly acquired. In brief, you, Mr. Reader, are being given a vastly superior article at a lower price.

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Canadian Enterprise in the Tropics

Continued from page 15

sirable. By degrees the directors of the Tramways Co. began to buy up Light & Power stock and early in 1909 at the annual meeting of the latter company, the Tramways directors showed their hand and elected a new board, which was to all intents and purposes the Tramways board. The administration offices were removed to Toronto and joined to those of the Tramways Co.

THE restless energy of Dr. Pearson now led him into the field of steam railways, and the same year that witnessed the union of the Mexico Tramways Co. and the Mexican Light & Power Co., saw him busy at work forming the Mexico North Western Railway Co. In this project he was again supported by Canadians. Such men as Sir William Van Horne, E. R. Wood, R. C. Brown, Miller Lash and Walter Gow became directors of the company, which, with an issued capital of \$25,000,000 and a bond issue of like amount, was formed to acquire 210 miles of existing railway in Northern Mexico; to build further roads, and to establish sawmills, etc. It was evidently a first step in the transcontinental scheme which Dr. Pearson was even then nursing.

But the move of greater interest to Canadians, which followed soon after, was the merger of the three Brazilian companies—Sao Paulo Tramway, Sao Paulo Electric and Rio de Janeiro Tramway. It is not likely that Dr. Pearson was responsible for this step. He was at heart an engineer. Financing was not so much in his thoughts as projecting and building, and after all, the formation of the Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Co. was brought about for financial reasons. The deal was consummated in the summer of 1912 and involved the sum of over one hundred million dollars. The constituent companies became divisions of the new company, and the names Rio and Sao Paulo passed from the exchanges.

Dr. Pearson, who thus pioneered the way for Canadian enterprise in the south, came to an untimely end in the tragedy of the Lusitania. He has left behind him at least three great engineering works. Those in Brazil have proved continuously successful. That in Mexico, owing to causes which he never foresaw, viz., the revolutionary uprisings in the republic, has been temporarily a failure. It is safe to say, however, that in time all three will be highly profitable and that those Canadians who had the faith and courage to back him up, will be abundantly repaid.

THE Mexican disturbances have had a detrimental influence on yet another Canadian enterprise, which was launched a few years ago under other auspices. While Dr. Pearson was performing his spectacular development work in Sao Paulo, Rio and Mexico City, G. F. Greenwood, C.E., who had been managing director of the Havana Electric Co., a semi-

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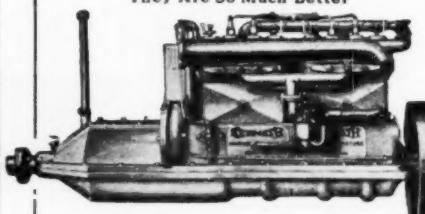
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Canadian company, got wind of a power concession in Northern Mexico, and in the latter part of 1908 succeeded in interesting several Canadian financiers, including E. B. Greenshields and Edwin Hanson of Montreal, B. F. Pearson and S. M. Brookfield of Halifax, and S. J. Moore of Toronto, in a proposal to form a company for its acquisition. The concession, which had been granted by the Government of the Republic to one Paul Ginther of Santa Rosalia, empowered its holder to develop power on the Conchos River in the State of Chihuahua and to supply electric energy to the cities, towns and mining camps of that state.

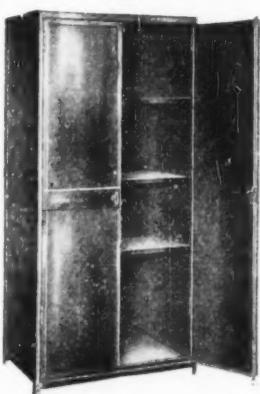
As a result of Mr. Greenwood's efforts, a Canadian charter was issued to the Mexican Northern Power Company. A bond issue of \$5,000,000 was made through the Canada Electric Syndicate formed for the purpose by B. F. Pearson of Halifax and so infatuated had the investing public become with the possibilities of these southern power ventures, that the issue was rapidly oversubscribed. The work of development was begun immediately, the plan being to build a plant capable of ultimately supplying 25,000 horse-power. (This plan, it might be added, was subsequently enlarged and the contract was let in November, 1909, for a 45,000 horse-power installation.)

Then there was repeated in the valley of the Conchos River, among the rugged hills of Chihuahua, the same drama that was enacted at Necaxa, Rio das Lages and Parnahyba. A steam railway was run a distance of 20 miles from Santa Rosalia to La Boquilla, the site of the big dam. A temporary steam power plant for operating the necessary machinery and hoists, capable of developing 1,500 horse-power, was installed. Electric locomotives, steam derricks, crushers, pumps and mixers were assembled on the ground and near by there sprung into existence a small settlement, where engineers and navvies took up their residence, and where artisans worked out, in machine shop and forge, the details of the great scheme.

At first the work of construction proceeded expeditiously. Supplies came in without delay, and by degrees the great dam, destined to be one of the largest in the world, began to rise from the bed of the river. Then the political disturbances, which have been the curse of all Mexican enterprises during the past few years, began to have their effect. Construction slowed down, owing to the difficulty of importing the requisite materials, and in 1913 practically came to a standstill. A little work was done in 1914. By means of an issue of prior lien bonds made last year, sufficient funds were obtained to resume and practically complete the plant. It now stands ready for operation, as soon as the political unrest shall have come to an end.

During the period of stringency a change in the control of the company was brought about. It was primarily a Montreal-Halifax company. It is to-day very largely a Toronto company, with what is known as the old Metropolitan Bank crowd—D. E. Thomson, K.C., W. D. Ross, S. J. Moore and their friends—in the majority of the board.

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If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
If rain will make muddy roads;

Why then—the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of

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There is yet another Mexican project in which Canadians have been largely interested and that is the providing of public utilities in the city of Monterey, the capital of the state of Nuevo Leon. Monterey is an important railway centre and the largest manufacturing city in Mexico. Prior to the incorporation by Canadians, ten years ago, of the Monterey Light & Power Co., the Monterey Railway Co. and the Monterey Waterworks & Sewer Co., this city of 100,000 inhabitants had no water or drainage system, and only one mule tram line. The Light & Power Co. gave it efficient light and power services. The Railway Co. electrified and extended the tram line and the Waterworks Co. provided a fine gravity system of waterworks, bringing water by aqueduct a distance of twelve miles. Eventually all three companies were joined in the Monterey Railway, Light & Power Co., of which Sir William Mackenzie is president.

CANADIAN enterprise in the south has taken other forms than the provision of public utility services. For example, a good deal of attention was directed a few years ago to the plans of a Canadian company, which proposed to mine iron ore near the mouth of the Orinoco River in Venezuela and ship it to the steel plants in the Eastern States. In 1911 the Canadian Venezuelan Ore Co. was incorporated with a six million dollar capital to carry out the project. F. P. Jones, general manager of the Canada Cement Co., took the presidency. Sir William Van Horne became vice-president. Sir Max Aitken, Sir Herbert Holt, G. M. Bosworth, W. D. Ross, G. F. Pearson and A. K. McLean formed the directorate. An agreement was entered into with the government of Venezuela by which the company was allowed a royalty and exempted from taxation. The first shipments were made in 1912 and presently seven steamers were busy carrying ore to Philadelphia. Unfortunately, the quality of the ore deteriorated, there was a drop in the market price and the company went bankrupt. It is now in the hands of a receiver.

A discouraging outcome awaited the efforts of the Mexican Mahogany & Rubber Corporation, which was formed in 1910, with the object of cutting and shipping Mahogany to Liverpool. Those back of the scheme were James Playfair, who acted as president; the Hon. C. J. Doherty, Sir R. Forget, Edmund Bristol, C. J. Booth and others. The enterprise would likely have been entirely successful had it not been for the revolution in Mexico, which interfered to such an extent with shipping, that operations had to be discontinued.

There have been other evidences of Canadian enterprise in the tropics. Nothing has been said of Sir William Van Horne's Cuban railway and the various schemes which emanated from it. The story is tolerably familiar and scarcely needs repetition. However, enough has been written to show that, in their bulk, the Canadian projects in the West Indies, Mexico and South America make up a most impressive total. It is a chapter in national history, of which no one concerned need be ashamed.

Eavesdropping on War

Continued from page 36

the War Office official who was to have been the artist's guide, and they wandered over to the hotel Metropole. For a week the Scotland Yard people hovered about that festive party, fearful lest either one of the men should escape from surveillance. Finally, when the artist's *laissez de sojourn* had expired and the correspondent's London leave also was up, they were parted by the hands of the law: the artist went back to London and the journalist to the never-ending bridge game near British headquarters.

"I thought," said the latter whom I met last fall in the Savage Club, on his way to Petrograd, having got leave to quit France for some months, "I thought I'd never be able to look that artist friend of mine in the eye again. I'd wasted his whole week for him. And yet what happens when I get up to London? There's an announcement of an exhibition of 'War Paintings' by the famous R. C. A.,"

"And they were his?"

"His own. And good ones at that. Bully good ones. I think they were better than if he had seen the Front."

The artist had remembered certain fragments of stories the journalist had told him while they rolicked through Boulogne. He studied uniforms and gun carriages at Aldershot and gleaned the necessary facts about topography from Baedeker and a *Daily Mail* map. His exhibition was a great success and his paper won fresh distinction.

I SAID that faking was easy. As a matter of fact, for the good correspondent—whatever may be true of illustrators—faking is not necessary. The basis of all good newspaper work is knowledge of the thing you want. A good correspondent in London does not say to an officer just back from the Front, "What's new?" He probably lets as much time as possible elapse before he asks even about the weather in France. That detail he can often read from the boots of the officer, or the uniform he is wearing—if the officer has not been in town too long. When a proper interval has elapsed for the exchange of the latest funny yarn out of the trenches or out of Leicester Square, the newspaperman says something like this:

"How do you like your new ground?"

"Fine," says the officer—if he is a Canadian, or if he be Imperial, "Oh, it's pretty jolly rotten."

"Understand that's hillier country than —, where you were in March. A friend of mine was saying —."

Probably the friend said nothing of importance, but at least the manner of seeming to have a friend who knows all about the country one has just moved into, has its effect on the average officer. He retorts:

"Hilly? Gee —" That is Canadian. "My word!" if Imperial, "it's so rotten bad that we pretty nearly had a battery



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slide away from us the other day—after that rain."

"That so?" says the journalist, trying to look bored, "Slide far?"

"Slid so far and so fast we had to drop logs in front of 'em."

"Hurt anybody?"

"Pinched the Old Man's left foot. Only the boot cut through."

"D'e swear?"

"Did he? Say—etc."

Now in that is the making of a story. Bad weather in Flanders!

Guns slide down a Hill!

It is not a big story, but it makes people feel, when they read it, that they have caught another glimpse of the Front.

If a newspaperman knows what he wants to know and is patient, he can make news. For instance, there was a time when all the correspondents were fluttering about in an effort to get any sort of news whatever about recent activities at the Front. It was in the days before things had settled down as they have now. One newspaper writer, knowing that there was not much to be had from the jumble of stories pouring from the lips of wounded men and officers on leave, sat down and reasoned out a line of investigation for himself. He decided that it was less important to learn more about what had happened than to learn what was likely to happen, and the great factor in that case was, "Where is the —th Division?" With that question on his lips he went over to Boulogne and fired it at every English-speaking person he saw except Scotland Yard men and Intelligence Department people. By the time the next boat sailed for England he had gathered information about that famous division which led him to believe that an offensive was to be pulled off within a few hours. Piecing together his conversations with men on the channel steamer he made a reasonable story, wrote it on the steamer train going up to London, and filed it with the Western Union. The censor held the story up until he was apparently advised from G. H. Q. in France that the offensive had begun. Then the story was let loose, and its writer scored a beat; for the official statement of the offensive did not get through for some hours later. That was luck, but it was also good newspaper work.

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There have lately been placed in service by several United States firms with unusually heavy mailing a postage meter which, instead of affixing the usual postage stamp on small matter, makes an impression in the upper right hand corner. This new postal meter performs several tasks, such as sealing, stamping, and counting approximately 250 pieces of mail matter a minute. The meter is so made that its mechanism can be adjusted by the post office authorities who set it for the number of impressions the user has paid for. When that number of impressions is exhausted the meter automatically locks and no longer stamps mail matter, necessitating its return to the post office for readjustment.

Under the Blue Ensign

Continued from page 38

going under . . . They may miss us in the dark. How many boats, Orton?"

"Only the one. A little to port."

Newbolt held the *Lily Hall* upon her course.

A white wake foamed into being twenty feet away, progressing with the speed of an express train. Brownsword shouted incoherently as the torpedo broke the vessel's bow-wave; and silence fell while they listened to the chatter of its wash against the side.

"Starboard a little now!" said Newbolt calmly. "Man the lifeboats, Mr. Brownsword!"

Two dozen of the barque's crew were picked up, including some who clung to her still floating hull. Her boat was set adrift; and the *Lily Hall* turned north with twice her complement of men.

Dawn broke.

DEAVILLE, on watch, scanned the dark line of the Irish coast to get bearings. An alarm rang out from the look-out aft. The submarine was following. Again the officers of the *Lily Hall* assembled on her bridge, and with them the skipper of the barque.

Down in the stoke-hole white men labored side by side with yellow, two of the engineers among them.

In the engine-room McCullaugh nodded his second to the speaking-tube and sat down to carve himself a pipeful of tobacco. The second spat meditatively.

"Old man says another ten revolutions might do it. They are gaining slowly and we are but ten miles off shore."

"Tell him to make up his mind that it will not be done," McCullaugh replied. Yet, when the had filled and lit his pipe, he took up an oilcan to try if he might make magic where other men had failed.

"We can do nothing," said Newbolt sadly. "They know what we are now and they are getting out their gun. I wonder they do not try another torpedo."

"They haven't told us to stop yet," said Brownsword, who had quite recovered his cheerfulness. "And maybe they haven't got one."

"The last is most likely," said the skipper of the barque with gloom. "They'll only give us five minutes to clear out, curse them, and let off their damned bombs with our boats still on the davits."

"Five minutes will launch our boats," Brownsword meditated. "But there'll be a long swim for the unlucky ones."

The enemy's small gun barked. The *Lily Hall*'s port lifeboat flew about in splinters.

"More competition," said Brownsword, "in the back-to-the-land movement."

NEWBOLT stopped the ship and, in obedience to a hail from the submarine, ordered out the dinghy. Silently he beckoned Brownsword to follow him to his cabin.

"I'll go in the dinghy. They'll keep me

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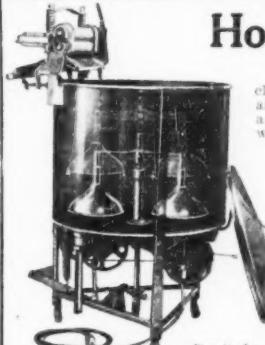
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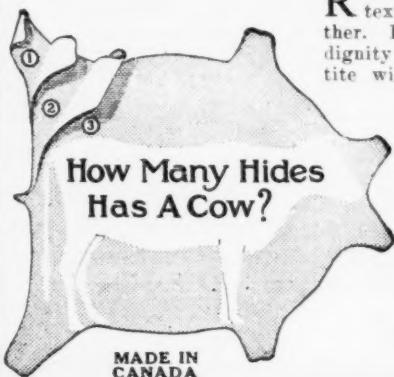


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as a hostage," he said, groping hurriedly in his sea-chest, "while they send men back with their boat to scuttle the ship. I am not minded to have the ship scuttled. You will take her into Cardiff if possible, leaving me. I hope it will not be necessary to leave the men in the dinghy."

"What's the hurry?" Brownsword demanded uneasily. "If they see that feather of smoke in the north-east that I've just made out they'll be scared out before they have time to sink us."

"I have thought it out. I expect my orders to be obeyed. Good-bye."

Again Brownsword found himself in torment. From the bridge he watched his skipper talking quietly to the two men at the dinghy's oars. His thoughts dwelt chiefly on the skipper and on what he had taken from the chest.

The feather of smoke on the starboard bow was no longer a feather. Whatever came that way came very quickly. The U boat could not see it for the bulk of the *Lily Hall*; but they must see it soon.

THE sun rose, a little north of east. It shone brightly on the wet plates of the enemy. It shone in the eyes of her gunners and of those who watched the dinghy returning from the submarine with three Germans aboard. And on Thomas Baffin Newbolt, hostage, standing upright on an alien deck.

The submarine moved forward, seeking a better point of view. Brownsword knew that they would see the feather of smoke soon. He signalled the engine-room. Instantly the screw of the collier felt delicately for a grip upon the water. The dinghy fell a yard or so astern. Brownsword muttered something in Deaville's ear and left the bridge. He paused beside the wreckage of the shattered lifeboat and drew a long-barrelled revolver from his breast pocket. The bow of the dinghy crept into his view again.

They were still so close to the U boat that Brownsword could see what transpired on its slippery deck. He saw Skipper Newbolt raise a stealthy hand to his lips; and he fell on the U boat's deck.

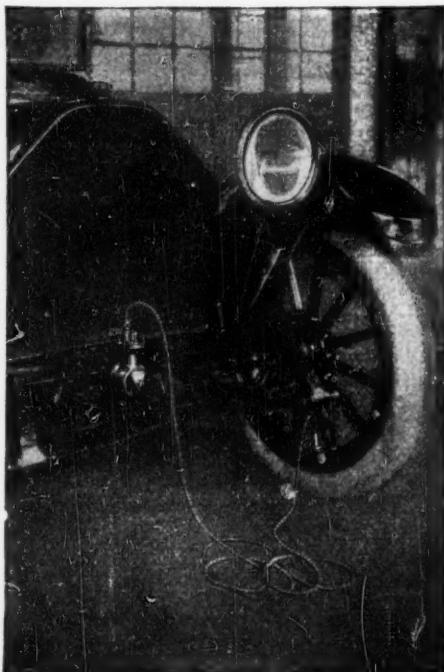
Brownsword bit his white lip savagely. Feeling a momentary tremor in his hands, he rested the long blue barrel of the revolver on the bulwarks. A German seaman in the dinghy leapt to his feet with a cry—and toppled over the gunwale with a bullet through his brain. The revolver was emptied when the second fell. The third was stunned by one of the *Lily Hall* men who rowed. Brownsword called to a deck-hand to throw the boat a line; and ran to the bridge.

The wind of a shell from the submarine carried off his cap while he climbed the ladder. The telegraph stood at full speed. Brownsword's eyes glittered.

"Hard a-port, quartermaster!" he called.

The feather of smoke had become a cloud. Little was visible below it but a commotion of water and a squat funnel. It was a torpedo boat on patrol.

When the *Lily Hall* answered her helm, the submarine, then firing its third shell, saw the menace in the distance, and fired no more. It was likely that the menace also saw or suspected the submarine; but



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Brownsword ran a string of bunting to the mainmast-head to make quite sure.

THE *Lily Hall* passed Lundy Island that same evening. She would carry coal for the British Navy after all, though the notched blue ensign of the commodore of the Ortwright fleet was hers by right no longer. Brownsword flew it, nevertheless, half way up the tall stern flagstaff.

"This is the old skip's triumph," he said, "not ours."

"I can't bear to think that he poisoned himself," said Orton. "He looked on suicide as such an awful crime. I'll bet he just pretended to do it, and the Germans killed him when they saw the torpedo-boat coming."

Brownsword said drily: "I doubt if any crime looked worse to him than an ordinary lie."

It were idle to follow their conversation further, for the best of it would not show how tenderly they held—and they no more than twenty others of that crew, including some Chinese—the memory of Thomas Baffin Newbolt, in whom Brownsword's wife had put confidence, and who had done violence to his own faith rather than to hers.

Constantinople, an Allied Goal

Continued from page 40

them until they are spread out on your floors at home.

Nearby are the bazaars. Here you can spend a most profitable time, and learn how the Orientals have been conducting business before and since the beginning of the Christian era. They have not changed their methods as the centuries have rolled by.

Orientals are slow also in changing their ways of living. High fire towers overlooking the city are guarded at all hours of the day and night by look-outs. As soon as an alarm of fire is sounded, they signal the location to other towers, and the firemen are quite prompt in getting to the scene of the trouble. This custom is one that has prevailed for almost countless years.

ONE of the distinct features of Constantinople is the pariah dogs. You naturally wonder why so many curs are tolerated, and how they get their living. But your guide will tell you, and history will confirm his story, that the beginning of the freedom of dogs all over the city dates back to the year 340 B.C., when Philip of Macedon lay siege to the city. His army had been before the gates of the city for months, and all this time his engineers had been busy digging tunnels and subways under the walls. Finally one night his soldiers began breaking into the city through the excavations, when the crescent moon began to rise. The light of the moon started the dogs barking, and the noise aroused the guards, who alarmed the sleeping garrison in time to repulse Philip's army; and so the

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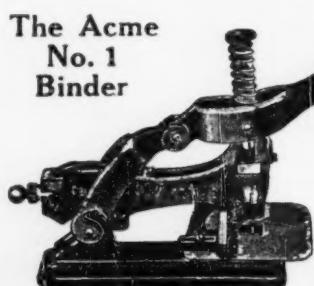
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London, England

city was saved. In gratitude to the crescent moon, they adopted it as their flag emblem. They also adopted a star; but unprejudiced outsiders think a dog, not a star—unless it be a dog-star—should be on the flag with the crescent.

No one has been known to keep a pet dog in Constantinople; but every kind of dog imaginable, except a good dog, can be seen in the streets. The canine instinct keeps them in their precincts, and it is surprising how strict they are not to roam beyond their own lines. They say if a blind dog strays into the district of other dogs, they will, one on each side, guide him home. The districts for the dogs are not large. As near as I could see, from 25 to 100 inhabited each district. No one owns or feeds them. For food they depend on garbage thrown into the streets. Their homes are in the streets and alleys, or any hole or out-of-the-way place they can crawl into. They even litter on the sidewalks and roads; and no one ever disturbs them. As they lay basking in the roadways, drivers turn out for them; pedestrians walk round or step over them. In a lane back of the Pera Palace Hotel, I often counted from 35 to 40 roaming about; and one day, when the garbage waggons were making their semi-weekly clean-ups, 46 of the curs appeared; and it is not much of a district for dogs either. I never saw one of the brutes in a hurry or excited, except once, and that was when one cur sneaked across the road to another dog district. He had no sooner crossed the border lines than the whole colony set up the loudest and craziest yells I ever heard. The poacher lost no time in getting back. This mischievous canine seemed delighted at the row he had kicked up. He faced the enemy, wagged his tail, ran out his tongue and gave them the dog laugh.

No official count of the dogs has ever been made, but one can fairly gauge the number, when it is learned that, about fifty years ago, there arose such a hue and cry among the citizens against the dogs, that they loaded two ships with them, and started to deliver them on the Islands of Marmora. But none arrived, for, when out at sea, the sailors became careless, and allowed the dogs to fall overboard. When the fate of the dogs became known in the city, the sailors, on their return, were nearly mobbed. Since then no effort has been made to raise the plague of dogs and the brutes have been allowed to roam and breed and do the work of scavengers without further disturbance, as they have been doing for more than two thousand years.

ORIENTALS are superstitious. The story goes that many centuries ago a crow flew down and snatched a piece of ox they were sacrificing, and dropped it on a hill. Taking this act of the bird as a good omen, they immediately removed to the promontory, where they built a town called Byzantium, after their leader Byzas. Such is the legend of the founding of Constantinople. They believe as shown before, that Allah caused the dogs to bark which saved their City. They believe if women cover their faces they will be unable to flirt, and therefore, make



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better mothers. They believe they are entitled to at least four wives and as many more as they can support, and they quote the Bible—if pushed for reasons—for their authority.

The Golden Horn, or Bay of Constantinople, separates Pera and Galata from Stambul. It is crossed to Skutari by a rickety pontoon bridge, supported by iron boats; no two boats being of the same height. Carriages travel up and down like a boat in rough water. Riding over plowed ground is comfort compared to it. At this bridge is the station for the local steamers that make the trip on the Bosphorus and Black Sea. The distance is 19 miles, and the trip can be made, without landing, in about 4 hours. There are 28 stations on the Bosphorus; 15 on the European and 13 on the Asiatic side.

The Bosphorus is one of the most picturesque places in Europe, and is a succession of woodland, hill and dale, covered with villages reaching down to the water's edge, and dotted with white marble palaces and pretty summer residences, nestling amongst trees or surrounded by gardens. On the trip along the European side are many unoccupied buildings that in their day must have been grand and beautiful homes. You will learn that no Sultan, or those high in power in Turkey, ever occupy a palace that has been occupied by others. They build new palaces for themselves, and the others stand neglected. Some of the old palaces are propped by timbers, and will so remain until they crumble into dust.

It is interesting to watch from the boat the villagers and fishermen, and note their ways of living. A great deal of poverty is in this land, but the people seem as happy and contented as are their more prosperous countrymen who have ventured to our own country.

At the end of the Bosphorus your steamer crosses the Straits and runs out to the Black Sea, and returns by the Asiatic shore. You will observe quite a difference in the villages and the inhabitants from those on the European shore.

Along the beautiful valley, on the south side of Rumeli Hissard, flows the river called "The Sweet Waters of Europe." It is a favorite resort for sketchers and picnickers through summer and autumn.

Constantinople is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque of the great and historic cities of the world. After the great war is over it will be freer of access.

To Fly Atlantic

It is reported that Rodman Wanamaker is preparing again for a flight across the Atlantic Ocean in an aeroplane. A machine for the purpose is now building; it is said to be a giant triplane of larger proportions than anything hitherto attempted, mounting motors capable of developing 1,800 horse-power. The present understanding is that the flight is contemplated for the early part of the coming summer, and that the pilot for the trip has not yet been decided upon. The course, too, is still undecided, although it will probably be laid from St. John's, Nfld.

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THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS ARE BASED ON REPORTS CONTAINED IN
"THE AGRICULTURAL WAR BOOK, 1916," PUBLISHED BY THE
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA, ONT.

LIVE STOCK—The herds and flocks of Europe have been greatly reduced. When the war is over there will be a great demand for breeding stock. Canadian farmers should keep this in mind.

MEATS—In 1915 Great Britain imported 664,508 tons of beef, mutton and lamb, of which 364,245 tons came from **without** the Empire. Out of 430,420 tons of beef only 104,967 tons came from **within** the Empire.

The demands of the Allies for frozen beef, canned beef, bacon and hams will increase rather than diminish. Orders are coming to Canada. The decreasing tonnage space available will give Canada an advantage if we have the supplies.

DAIRYING—Home consumption of milk, butter and cheese has increased of late years. The war demands for cheese have been unlimited. The Canadian cheese exports from Montreal in 1915 were nearly \$6,500,000 over 1914. Prices at Montreal—Cheese: January 1915, 15½ to 17 cents; January 1916, 18½ to 18¾ cents. Butter: January 1915, 24 to 28½ cents; January 1916, 32 to 33 cents.

EGGS—Canada produced \$30,000,000 worth of eggs in 1915 and helped out Great Britain in the shortage. Shippers as well as producers have a duty and an opportunity in holding a place in that market.

WRITE TO THE DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND TO YOUR PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENT FOR BULLETINS ON THESE SUBJECTS

Tens of thousands of Canada's food producers have enlisted and gone to the front. It is only fair to them that their home work shall be kept up as far as possible. The Empire needs all the food that we can produce in 1916.

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4

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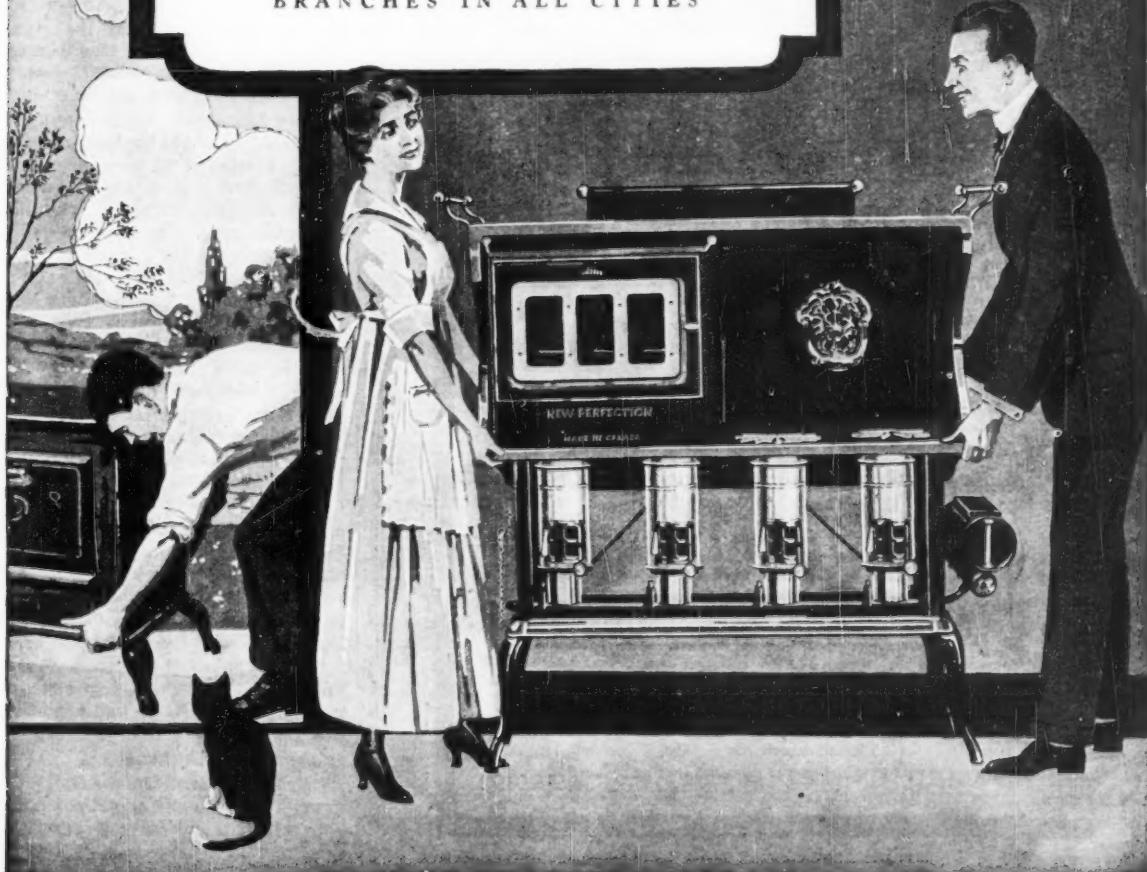
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Behind the Bolted Door?

Continued from page 20

able with an almost easy mind to turn things over to McMaster, of his Wardsdale sanatorium. And now he was soon welcoming his special deputies in the breakfast room.

"Well. We're here. And how did your Settlement people take it?"

They told him.

"And your pater?" he asked D. Hope. "What of him?"

"He's in Japan somewhere. All my people are. And they won't hear of it for another month."

"So much the better. And now to business at once. Willings, I want your story first of all. I can understand that nonsense at Fourteenth street. You needn't go back over that. But tell me everything that occurred after you reached the Casa Grande."

And Willings told him.

IT must have been about four, he said, when he reached the Fisher apartment. He had waited, expecting every moment that Mrs. Fisher would come down, for almost an hour. But in the end he had given up and left again. Why had no one seen him leaving? Because he had walked down the stairs. There was some tie-up in the elevators, and he had waited another five minutes at them. And if no one had seen him, as he remembered it now, he hadn't seen any Casa Grande people, even in the lower hall.

The knocking? He had heard it just as he was leaving; but at that time there was no voice. Had he seen Jimmy—Mrs. Fisher's Cockney servant? Yes, and the little chap had been acting queerly then.

More than that, it was Jimmy who had brought him out the big bank envelope. He hadn't opened it at once, because he had taken it for granted that he knew what it contained—Mrs. Fisher's regular quarterly subscription to the Settlement. Yes, five hundred. She'd paid it before like that, and in actual cash. He hadn't opened the envelope till half an hour later, and then he had discovered that instead of bank-notes there was blank paper. It was in part that discovery that had brought him back again.

So much in explanation of lesser things. And then he and D. Hope together told again of what, that day, he had really gone to Mrs. Fisher's for.

"And—no doubt it's against all reason and logic," the girl broke in again, "but from the first I've had the feeling that it's as if some hateful, evil demon had simply resolved to prevent her doing all that good—and if once we could discover everything that's behind her death—"

"It may be so, it may be so," said Laneham, solemnly. "At any rate we're at work now. And I've had something over the 'phone myself this morning."

"And what is that?"

"I've just heard from Miss McCollum—in my Thirty-fourth street office, you know—to which that Fisher hurry call for me

was sent. And it's practically certain that the voice that cried out so terribly in those rooms after the murder was the same that sent my call."

"Doctor!"

"Little question. The words used were simple enough: I was merely to come at once. But Miss McCollum remembered the voice the moment I asked her about it. She said she'd know it again if she heard it anywhere. And she imitated it for me."

HE turned away to his desk, and added a few lines to a page of notes he had already scribbled on his office pad. Then he brought those notes back to his special deputies.

It was much as if he had been classifying the ghastly data of the morning and the night before for some sort of hospital record.

"I'll read it to you as I have it," he said, "and if either of you can add to it, or suggest any changes, speak up now."

What he read was this:

(A) *Facts apparently explicable, and criminal in the ordinary sense.*

1. Body found by Judge Bishop, self, and others at about 5:15, in Mrs. Fisher's private suite, near swimming-pool. Death had taken place between one and two hours previously.

2. Italian maid, Maddalina—prison record—had already fled.

3. English butler, Jimmy—also prison record—showed great nervousness, and fled after admitting myself and Bishop to reception-room.

4. Blank paper had been substituted for genuine notes in bank envelope left by Mrs. Fisher for Willings.

5. Even after Bishop and myself had begun our attempt to gain an entrance, some one was still trying to break into the small wall safe in Mrs. Fisher's rooms, containing her famous pearls. This is proven by the time record of the Electric Protection Company.

(B) *Facts apparently inexplicable, and on the surface, more than natural.*

1. All doors of Mrs. Fisher's private suite were locked on inside—no access by windows—and last doors were locked from inside even as Judge touched their handles to open them.

2. Following this a thrice-repeated sound of rapping or knocking was heard from within, and a voice crying in great spiritual agony: "Oh, my God, my God!" Voice extremely deep and broken. It was this voice, it is almost certain, that sent my hurry call. (The rapping or knocking was also heard an hour earlier by Willings.)

3. Causes of death not apparent—bruises and markings on arms and throat, and temple crushed in—weapon, if any, gone.

4. Though murderer (?) was still plainly in rooms on arrival of Judge and myself, and all doors and windows were locked, upon our entrance he had gone; and his method of escape was wholly inexplicable.

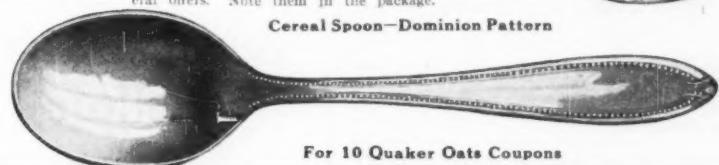
And then, as a final note, the Doctor read:

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For the present, absolutely disregard all the seemingly supernatural. And begin by making every effort to find Jimmy the butler, and another copy of the burned magazine.

"The burned magazine?" asked Willings.

HE told them about it, but he offered no explanation of the importance he attached to it. And while he spoke he seemed to narrow his eyes half professionally, half friendly wise, and scrutinize them both anew.

Both looked very quiet and pale and businesslike. The girl, deep-chested, supple, free of limb, was almost the larger. But in Willings' face there was all the pluck and spirit needed. And with them there was all he needed of cleansed muscle and sinew.

"We'll leave Jimmy for the present," the Doctor ended, "and I'll ask you two to go after the burned magazine. If I could tell you more I would. But the word in the upper right-hand corner—in good big advertising type, at that,—and the only word not ashes—was 'mund'—'m-u-n-d, mund.' It was probably the back of the magazine. And because 'mund' is a German word—the word for 'world' of course—you'd better try the German book-stores first."

He was just finishing when Bishop was shown in.

The Judge waited till the young people were gone. Then: "Well!" he said, "well! At any rate you *sound* like the real thing. And what's the answer?"

"Bishy," the Doctor put him off, "as I answered you last night. I don't believe I'll tell you. Because quite probably I'm wrong. At the start at least I'll probably be wrong four times out of five. And since, from this morning, you're District Attorney, it won't help a lot to gum you up along with me."

"All right. Whatever you think." And they went up to the Casa Grande together.

CHAPTER VI

A HOUSEHOLD FILE, AND A PURSUIT AT MIDNIGHT

THEY went, first, because it was the hour set for the coroner's inquest.

It was the customary inquest, too. It called attention to the obvious and shut its eyes to all that was not. But it at least made it possible for the poor body to be removed. The funeral was to be on the morrow, from the Fisher country place. And after the inquest Laneham and the Judge again moved out in silence to the corridor.

"Well, Laney, what now?" "I must try now to put myself right with McGloyne."

"McGloyne! The saints help you! Now that he knows you have official credentials, he'll eat, sleep, and live to keep you from getting anything."

"Maybe so; but I must play the game."

"You mean, for example, you're going to show him that murder note?"

"If he shows even the first signs of reciprocity."

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"All right. As for me, I must get back to my office. I'll see you again to-night."

And seeking out the big Chief of Detectives, with all the tact that was in him, the Doctor began to explain himself.

He told McGloyne that he had been asked to help in the case simply because of special medical and psychopathic knowledge. His only desire was to be useful; perhaps they might be able to help each other. And, for his part, he wanted to ask first if the Identification Bureau records had as yet yielded anything—on either the Fisher butler or Maddalina, the maid?

It was rather a long speech. And McGloyne waited, half staring at him, till he had finished. Then, without answering, he laughed sourly, turned away, and began to talk to one of his lieutenants.

The insult was gross enough, but only as a last resort did Laneham intend to go over his head to Bishop or the Commissioner. It still remained for him to learn just how far the big Inspector's powers extended.

BEFORE an hour was over he might well have decided that for him they amounted to something very like complete blockade.

He wanted a set of floor-plans, both for the Casa Grande and the Casa Reale, its annex. Though without either door or elevator connections, both were simply halves of the same building. And he made his request at the renting office.

He was refused, absolutely—"under orders just issued by the Detective Bureau."

He tried to talk to one of the housemen. Did he know, the Doctor asked him, whether Jimmy, the butler, had any friends? Would he recognize them if he saw them?

The man would not answer. He, too, had had his orders. And they were orders that had mentioned him, Laneham, in particular.

He went to the woman across the court, a Mrs. Deremeaux. It was she who had heard the voice crying "See! See!" and "No, no, no!" Would she know, he asked her, the voices of the Fisher servants?

But Mrs. Deremeaux also had been warned against him.

There was still the matter of tracing his hurry call. And, visiting the local telephone exchange, he showed his credentials and asked to see the record. They had it, of course?

"Oh, certainly. But they were very sorry, there was an order against it."

"An order?"

"Yes, and it had just been repeated. But no doubt he could get the information he wanted by going where the order had come from."

"Which was—?"

"Why, of course, the Detective Department."

"All right," he told himself. "It's about time, in any case, that I was trying something else from what Bishop calls my own bag of tricks."

And, once back in the Casa Grande, he went first to those private rooms of Professor Fisher's. Apparently he wished only to look again at the fireplace where he had found the paper ashes. But the

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ashes were gone now; and all had been swept clean.

He turned; and, following the corridor, went on to Mrs. Fisher's rooms. Whatever his object there, it took him through the library where, the night before, the two Central Office men had begun turning out the drawers of Mrs. Fisher's old Washington desk.

They were now working at it again. They were opening bundle after bundle of her correspondence. And at one side they had piled the yellow indexed boxes of what was evidently a sort of little household-accounts filing cabinet.

It was that, indeed, which brought the Doctor to a halt.

"If you're after stuff on the high cost of livin'," said one of these "C. O.'s"—and there was a jeer in his voice which said that here, too, Laneham had been expected—"there's a bunch o' evidence there."

"Thanks." And picking one of the yellow files from the heap, he began to leaf it over.

It contained what any one would have looked for in it—the receipted bills of butcher and baker, of florist and decorator.

Yet, when he put it down, he took up another. Then, on a sudden, his face seemed to change and fill. He looked at those Central Office men. They were no longer observing him. And he began to go swiftly back over those files.

FIVE minutes later he was at an outside telephone.

He got Jacobs, at "390." He gave him orders that when next either Miss Hope or Mr. Willings called up—as per instructions—he himself should be put in touch. And he had not long to wait. Before another half hour had passed, he was speaking again to Willings.

"Our butler, Jimmy," he said, "was employed last by a Mrs. Morson Dillingham, now living at the Sorrento. He was everything from chauffeur to houseman. She was very fond of him, and he is almost certain to go back to her. In fact, he may have gone already, but I think not. And if not, he will probably call to-night or tomorrow night. In any case, I want you and D. Hope to leave your burned magazine for the present, and from now on to cover the Sorrento every minute. I'll be up there myself, as soon as possible, to see how best I can place you. And I'll see that you have the runabout, in case it should come in handy."

ABOUT eleven that night, too, he was repeating the above in substance, to Judge Bishop. The Judge pushed back from the library fire, and swung his chair around with a sort of fixed bewilderment.

"And how, Laney, how? If you'll just begin with the explanation—"

But at that moment the telephone broke in on them, and Laneham turned and answered it.

D. Hope was speaking; and "Doctor, Doctor!" she was crying, "he's here! He's here! And Mr. Willings is up at the garage with the car. But I've called him, and he's coming now."



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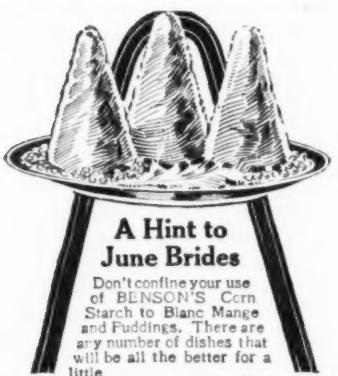
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MONTREAL, BRANTFORD, 219 FORT WILLIAM.

EVER since afternoon, the day had been clouding up for more snow. And by evening the snow had begun to come. But the Doctor had arranged cover for his watchers. Directly opposite the Sorrento is a little French millinery, "La Belle Bergère." Though apparently it was closed and deserted for the night, actually it was not. The street is not a very wide one. On both sides of the Sorrento entrance are big pillar lights. And from the curtained window of "La Belle Bergère" one could watch that entrance almost as well as from the street itself.

For the last fifteen minutes, too, D. Hope had been maintaining the watch alone. This was because Willings, who had a mechanic's instinct for motors, had got the idea that the Doctor's runabout was not responding as it should; and to get it a professional look-over, he had just taken it three blocks north to the Lexington Garage. And, not two minutes after he had gone, D. Hope, at that window of "La Belle Bergère," gave a great start, and caught her breath, and rushed to the Belle Bergère telephone.

It was Jimmy! He had shaved off his moustaches, but that had changed him little. And he was approaching the Sorrento from D. Hope's side of the street. Had that window been open, indeed, she could have touched him.

"He didn't do it! I know he didn't!" she kept telling herself vehemently. "But if he can help us learn who did—!"

And, at the 'phone now, she got Willings first. Next, she sent her message to the Doctor. And then, as if determined, if need be, to make the capture alone, she hurried to the street.

HE kept her own side of the street, because she knew she must not attract attention. She forced herself to walk first to the Avenue corner; then, against the drive of snow and wind, back toward the elevated, and then—but never really losing sight of that Sorrento entrance—once more toward the Avenue. And, just as again she came opposite, Mr. Owly Willings and the runabout arrived.

She had only to nod. "He's in there now." The car turned sharply. In the snow-cleared space at the curb, another car, a big limousine, was waiting. But there was room for the runabout behind it.

"Better get inside and cover up," said Willings, "and let me talk to him alone."

They waited—two minutes—three—four—ten. And then, suddenly, Jimmy came out.

Now, though Willings' heart was beating fast, at no time was he the sort of young man who acts without a plan. From the Doctor, moreover, he had received advice as to certain things he hadn't thought of himself. And as the little butler started to pass him, "Jimmy!" he whispered. "Jimmy!"

But there was one thing that neither the Doctor nor Willings had thought of; and that was the one thing Jimmy did.

At the first sound of his name he had jumped back, his eyes staring. Then, as he recognized Willings, "H'all right!" he cried—"h'all right! But I'll never be took alive!" And he threw himself upon him. From the mere impact, Willings was over-

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balanced; and the little Cockney, getting his foot behind him, was able to tumble headlong into the snow-piled gutter.

From the big limousine ahead there leaped a big chauffeur, in bearskins.

"Hi, what's the excitement?"

"An' you too, by Gord, if you come in, you too!"

And on the word Jimmy flung himself at him.

"Cripes, what you at?" The man fell hastily back into the Sorrento doorway. Seeing him do it,—even as if he had planned it so,—the little butler jumped to the empty driving-seat of that big limousine, threw the power on, and was away. No time to call for help. Willings, once more on his feet, could only pitch himself to the wheel of the runabout, and launch it in the big car's wake.

BEHIND him there dwindled the shouts of the bear-skinned chauffeur. In Willings' face was a whirl of snow that was fast becoming a blizzard. But, ahead, the big car had now whipped south into the avenue. How to stop it? That was the only question. He knew already he was gaining. The runabout had the speed. But would mere speed be enough? The big limousine turned and again shot eastward into the dark and tunnel-like narrowness of a side street. Then Willings, suddenly remembering, dropped his hand into his side pocket, into which the Doctor had slipped a little blue-steel automatic. At the same moment he felt a soft weight press his shoulder. It was D. Hope drawing herself perilously over, and letting herself down into the seat beside him! And, as if her mind had been a part of his, "Shoot at his rear tires," she said—"as soon as you're near enough again. And let me drive!"

The limousine passed under the elevated, skidded from a glacier of ice and snow, shot south for a block, and turned riverward again in another empty, storm-swept side street. But that side street was at least lighter. The little car closed up through the flying spindrift. D. Hope's hands came down upon the wheel, and unyieldingly took charge of it. And, with a queer feeling of being in the movies, Willings brought his gun into play and began to shoot.

From a group seen blurrily in a doorway as they flicked by, there came a yell.

But he shot again.

This time, too, the driver of the big limousine heard him. And under the next electric he turned back a face of sick-white desperation. Moreover, it was evident he was in a part of the town he didn't know. For, following the present course, he must soon run into a cul-de-sac and trap himself between the river and the new market.

A GAIN Willings fired. Another yell from a lone pedestrian, head down against the gale. But they were a block nearer the dock-front. If, now, their man did not turn south again—

He did not. Even after he had seen the trap before him, he still kept crazily on. Along the whole water-side no soul seemed to be moving save themselves. The runabout closed up once more. D. Hope held

them steady by the wheel, and again Wilings fired.

It was as if the explosion of the bursting tire had drowned the report of the gun itself. The big car dropped, slewed to the right, and finished, snow-stalled against a lamp-post. But, as the little butler threw himself out on the other side, the light from that lamp again let them see his face. And they knew then why he had taken them almost straight for the river.

"You'll never!" he cried wildly as he ran, lurching and swaying, and no longer did he seem to know them. "Gord, 'e knows I'm h'innocent. But I done my seven years 'ard for being h'innocent once before. An' never—I'll never be took to be sent back to *that!* Not till you can stop me drown!"

He had reached the string-piece of the nearest pier. And there he turned again. "Keep h'off, now, keep h'off!"

But, when Wilings still came on—"H'all right!" Jimmy cried—like some wretched animal to its torturers. "I'm done!" And he plunged over.

It was not till afterward that Miss D. Hope knew why Mr. Owly Willings halted for the bare two seconds that he did. But it was only to get his glasses off. Then, poising, he dived clear. The girl herself was ready to follow. But she still kept a feminine clear-headedness which made her first pause at least one second to use her eyes. And then she saw that almost directly beneath them was a dock ladder. As if there had been no such thing as skirts, she dropped down it. Hand over hand she went, till she was waist-deep. Between two big pieces of slush ice, but within seizing distance, Willings had come up again. And she caught him by the shoulder ever as he had just managed to catch Jimmy.

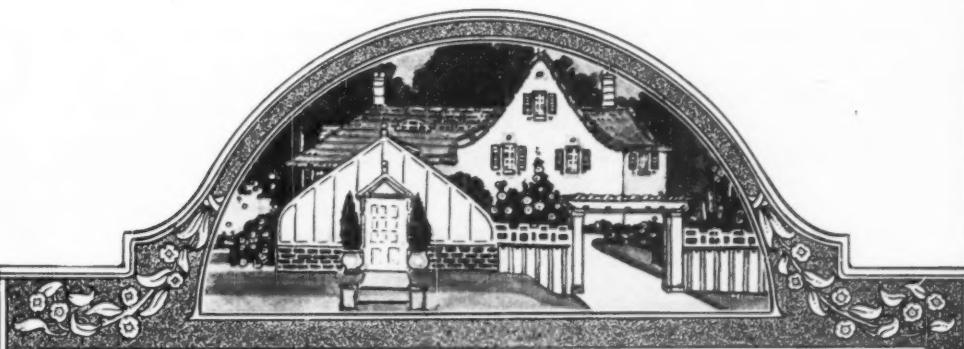
Yet the little butler was still trying to fight them off.

To be continued.

He May Be Leader Some Day

Continued from page 22

A story I heard in No. 18 from a New Brunswick member bears on this point. Several years ago when Dr. Pugsley was Premier of New Brunswick and the present Prime Minister, Mr. Flemming, leader of the opposition, there was in the New Brunswick Legislature an old gentleman named Hill who said he was independent but always voted with the Liberals. The topic under discussion was a railway to which the New Brunswick Government purposed to give subsidies or guarantees, or something like that. Dr. Pugsley spoke and so did Leader Flemming. Both men agreed on a railway, but the leader of the Opposition had an alternative route, as Opposition leaders usually have. Hill moved the adjournment of the debate, so as to sleep on the matter. Next day he rose to his place and said: "Last night I had a vision. I dreamt that the leader of



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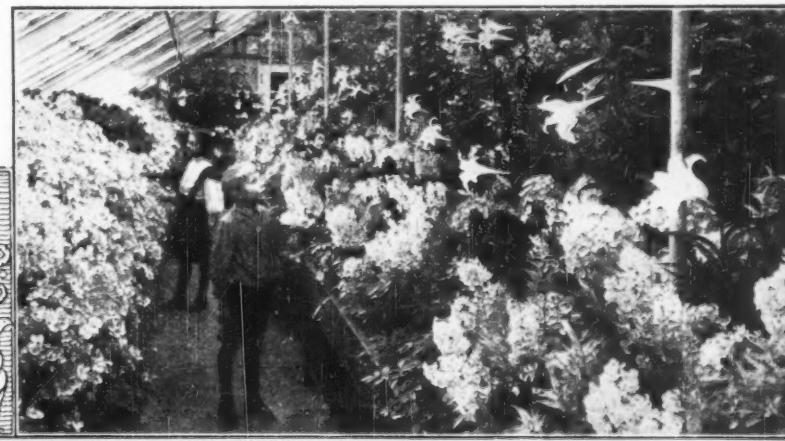
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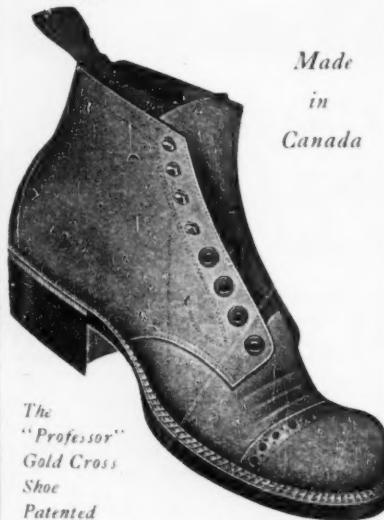
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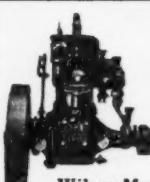
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the Opposition stood beside my bed and explained his scheme of a railway to Heaven. I listened to him but said nothing. Then the Prime Minister stood beside my bed and explained his scheme. I gathered that his railway was to Hades. I looked them both over and I came to a decision. It was this: Flemming's scheme may be all right, but I'd go to hell with Pugsley."

Give America The Whole Truth

Continued from page 24

fool; but I wanted to. What I said was this:

"You acknowledge that if Great Britain and the United States were united in international foreign policy, no foreign power could stand against them? Such a war as this would be forever impossible. The cause of human freedom would be in safe hands?"

"I do!" he answered. "Therefore the United States should hide its head in the family of nations—"

"Stop," I said. "Just answer me one more question! What has Great Britain been doing to woo the friendship of the United States?"

He began caressing his wax-wire moustache.

"American school books lie about England. The press has been doped, gagged, poisoned in this present contest. Which paper has told the truth about the sinking of the *Lusitania*? About the murder of Holt? About the financing of the Mexican revolutions? The American public can only judge by what it knows. They are kind and square and the most sentimental emotional people in the world. What facts have they been given to chew on? Your block-head censor has not only mutilated facts. He has suppressed them and antagonized every American correspondent in England. How do you expect the American public to know the truth if you don't give it the truth? Germany has had agencies working on the American mind for forty years. What have you done? Nothing! If it were not for the British Ambassador and Captain Guy Gaunt, the naval attaché, personally, and such men as Morgan and Shaughnessy, Great Britain would find it hard to keep friends in the United States to-day. If the enemy lies to the American voter and you let the case go by default—whose fault is it if there is no friendship?"

"Do you advocate, then, a propaganda similar to the German?"

"No, of course not! That would only defeat its own object; but what I would advocate, from the Prime Minister to the boot-black, is that the British should extend a warm grasp of friendship across the sea. Give the facts to the public! The American voter will do all the rest."



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The Frost Girl

Continued from page 27

there was grub in camp, they were perfectly willing to return. If they were ashamed of themselves they did not show it. If they felt any guilt because of their desertion they hid it successfully beneath their jesting conduct. While Allan and Jacobs slept they sat about the fire and, with the humor which only the woodsman has, discussed their future actions had they been in reality the Twenty Chosen. In fact, to the men the episode had been nothing but a pleasant break in a monotonous winter, a spree which was over. They were ready to go back to work.

At dark Denny Slavin burst into camp.

"We were just in time, chief," he exclaimed, as he wakened Allan. "If he'd got the men that far we'd never have found them. He had dog teams to take them on, and a lot of grub, and a lot more booze."

"Who was there?"

"Those four breeds who robbed the cache, and a half dozen squaws."

"No half-way business about that fellow," continued Jacobs.

"Can Hughey handle them?" asked Allan, anxiously.

"He's got them scared stiff. They were on their knees before him when I left."

AND so the mutiny ended. The crew did not object when Allan, elated by the turn events had taken, walked them all night and all the next day in the journey back to camp. Slavin returned to Hughey with several of the men, and the stolen supplies were moved back to the line and a cache built.

If Allan had been the cheering leader before, he now resorted to the whip. He rarely smiled. Days were always too short. He drove, drove, drove ceaselessly, remorselessly, and the crew, the memory of their desertion still fresh, did not complain.

The teams came through from Sabawe several days late, but with word for Allan that arrangements had been made for him to get supplies from the big Hudson's Bay Company post on the bay toward which the line was progressing.

"That's less than a hundred miles, Hughey," cried Allan when he read the news. "No more hauling from Sabawe."

Hardisty was not heard from again. The survey camp was now far from the MacLure Post, and there was no evidence that he had any influence with the Indians in this new district. Evidently he had expected to win farther south, and had not planned a campaign in the new territory. Allan believed the National agent had been beaten off, but he recognized the man's cleverness and did not relax. Strong guards were still placed at caches, dog drivers maintained constant watch at their night camps; and nothing happened.

And then, in the fast lengthening days, with the weekly total increasing steadily, the end came. Allan, out ahead of the line, climbed a low ridge to see the broad, white

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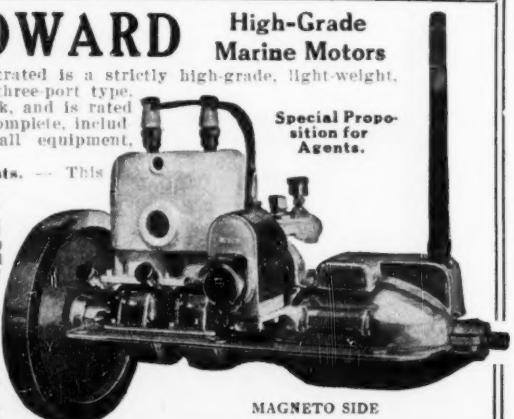
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expanses of the bay beyond. For a moment, though his heart thumped loudly, though a swelling in his throat retarded his breathing, he looked at the great inland sea in silence. Then, with a whoop that echoed back down the line to the camp, he shouted the glad news.

To be continued.

The Romance of Cobalt

Continued from page 30

BY the time Cobalt had shipped a million ounces, it was quite evident that nature had submerged much of her treasure beneath the lakes that lie scattered in this opulent district. Not many years later a syndicate paid a million for Cobalt Lake. The Kerr Lake Company started to pump out its own particular miniature ocean, because into it ran, among others, the Lawson vein with its glistening sidewalk of solid silver. The process goes on to-day and success goes with it.

In the period between 1904 and 1915, Cobalt has been converted from a jewelry shop into what might be called a low-grade camp. It is true that there are still occasional shipments of high-grade ore worth from one to three dollars a pound. Now and again, deep in the gutted bowels of Mother Earth, men open up those breathless streaks that first amazed the world and confounded the geologist. But, by and large, Cobalt lives on ore that is worth ten or fifteen dollars a ton. Mills have enlarged, stamps have multiplied, chemicals are at work to treat the resultant sands and extract the last possible cent. Underground, the stope are fifty and sixty feet wide instead of four. Mining ceases only when a point has been reached at which values do not pay. And all this is because nature not only deposited a jewelry shop, but also sent her solutions out into the rocky walls that surrounded her most brilliant treasure.

Take a book. Pin together the centre twenty pages and you have the high-grade streak. Radiating from the centre outwards, imagine values decreasing till you reach the first page and the last, at which they become unprofitable under present methods. That is the Cobalt field of to-day. Most of the centre section is gone. Men prosper on its boundaries.

WHAT of the future? In 1916 the camp somewhat resembles a suddenly-made millionaire, who, flushed with riches, began by squandering his capital, but has now settled down to live comfortably on the interest of the invested remainder.

A new day of common sense has dawned. Old dumps discarded in the early days are yielding excellent profits. Practically all the established mines have sinking funds which bear a reasonable proportion to the share value and plant. Surpluses are being reinvested in new ground and this is being scientifically ex-

plored. The depth of the conglomerate is such that there are still vast reserves of ore which elsewhere would not be called low grade. Hundred per cent. dividends have dropped to ten per cent.; but the latter are more secure. Geology and the art of mining and milling have adapted themselves to conditions which were at first considered grotesque and almost undecipherable. For every ton hoisted, wise men are developing another for future use.

To the tireless and taciturn prospector all these are things apart. The game is what he loves. The grunt of the crusher, the cough of the air compressor and the rumble of the stamp-mill are but signals to move on. The lode is found and sold and he has done with it. But far away the wilderness calls. He smells the smoke of unbuilt campfires and pitches his lean-to on the bank of phantom streams. So, after a little he slides his canoe into the water and slips away into the unknown.

Thus it comes that Cobalt is but a stepping-stone. There is gold in porcupine and telluride in Kirkland Lake. And beyond this, who knows what there is not? Word has just come that 800 pounds of gold ore from a prospect north of Cobalt yielded \$80,000.

THE Cobalt field has brought gain to many, loss to more and honor to some. Of the latter is Miller, W. G., Provincial Geologist. Miller is a big man, black bearded, with a quiet eye, a deep voice and a high regard for things that are not seldom overlooked in a mining camp. He came on the ground early, soon after the hammer of Joe La Rose had described its notable curve. Gradually to Miller the geological puzzle unfolded itself. He acquired an uncanny nose for silver, where it was likely to be and where not. The camp grew and Miller's reputation grew with it. A wink, a nod from him, a shake of the head, or a scribbled diagram might mean much. But he played the game. In his brain was that on which futures would have been staked without hesitation, futures in which he would have shared. Miller kept silent and stuck to his job of unravelling the rocky enigma. When the first tumult ceased and the camp settled down to steady production, all this was recognized by the mining men. What they said, Miller would object to have here repeated. But to those who know, there is indissolubly linked to Cobalt camp the figure of Miller—large, quiet, infinitely dependable and infinitely patient.

And when all is written, Cobalt camp may be taken as an object lesson of a very ancient game. In the days of Solomon the market was probably rigged for the sale of mining stock just as it is to-day. But for sound practice the same principles held good. It is well to remember that for every ton of ore extracted, every mine is worth just so much less. Consequently—unless this condition is recognized and provided for—the holdings of the investor likewise depreciate. A mine is not necessarily a hole in the ground with a liar on top. There is, given responsible management, no more attractive form of investment. But one must either know the game or find others who

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do and are, moreover, worthy of trust. Cheap mining stock is the most expensive, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the public is the only lode that is being worked. We have seen properties from which gold protruded in threads that were nevertheless valueless, and others in which no gold was visible that were worth fortunes. Mining is only a form of metallurgical manufacturing. The supply of raw material, the cost of production, the capital invested, the market for the product and notably the matter of management—all these points demand attention. But the deluded soul who mortgages his house to take up ten thousand shares of the *Pride of the Mountain* at ten cents a share, will never give them a thought.

Number Thirty-Six and J. Wilson

Continued from page 33

too, was larger than a beautiful mouth should be, but she had the bluest eyes that Jimmie had ever seen, and she was so small and white and appealing that all his reproach melted into sudden tenderness.

"Why did you run away, Thirty-Six?" he asked.

"How—how did you find me?" asked Thirty-Six.

"Hospital register," explained Jimmie briefly. "I came as soon as I could walk. Why did you run away?"

The blue eyes of Number Thirty-Six filled with sudden tears.

"Because I'm not beautiful," she said.

J. Wilson went across to her and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"You are unbelievable," he said gently. "And I love you."

Number Thirty-Six gasped.

"Oh—you can't!" she cried.

"I do," said Jimmie, firmly. "and I'm going to marry you as soon as possible."

"I am going to marry you as soon as possible," repeated Number Thirty-Six obediently. "Please, J. Wilson, what is your first name?"

New Aids to Housework

Science is devoting more time than ever to the pressing problems of efficiency in housework. New devices are gradually being brought out which reduce or eliminate the difficulties and labor housekeeping. Some of the latest devices include a china tea cabinet which makes possible the serving of a hot substantial meal in the twinkling of an eye. Several meals can be cooked in advance and placed in this cabinet where the heat will be maintained for an indefinite time. A new device has also been found for washing dishes consisting very simply of a pan to hold the water, wire baskets to contain the dishes, a cover for the pan and a device to drive the water between the dishes. Electric heaters of all sizes are now being introduced in practical form. It is not over optimistic to assume that the near future will see most of the tiresome problems of housekeeping effectively solved.

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The Canadians in Hospital

By GEORGE EUSTACE PEARSON

Continued from last issue.

NETLEY Hospital had been practically re-staffed since the outbreak of the war by Territorial medical officers, and so had largely lost the Prussian characteristics peculiar to any adjunct of the old army. It had attained an air of humanity. The extreme kindness to and solicitude for their patients on the part of those medical officers was the outstanding feature of the personnel. Harassed by an infinite quantity of suffering, they yet found time to devote to the individual patients all that was needful of attention and advice. Back of it all lay their often-expressed feeling of very personal gratitude to their patients as individuals who had suffered for them and theirs.

ACH day saw its influx of new and departure of old friends. They came from the far-flung Franco-Flemish front, Alexandria, Cairo, and Gallipoli. One detachment from the latter place had participated in the combined Japanese-British campaign in China. Of the departing ones, some went at once on their seven-day leave, at the expiration of which they would report at their regimental depot ready for active service again. Others, less fit, went to convalescent homes for a period that must not exceed six weeks, after which they too received leave and then reported for duty. Others led nomadic lives that included frequent changes of hospitals for reasons they despairingly called on the powers above to elucidate. No one ever knew, but the thing must be done because it was an order. In this way some unfortunates became authorities on hospitals after having been in as many as twelve or eighteen different institutions. At some they only stop a day or two, at some a week, and always there is that momentous question: "What church do you belong to?"

THERE were Indian soldiers here also. They had their own mess, and all the many perquisites of their various castes. There was a man of one caste to cook their food, one of another to shave their bodies, and so on *ad infinitum*. It was noticeable that the more objectionable tasks were disclaimed as forbidden, and likely to cause a loss of caste. It was so artfully done that these things fell to the lot of the British orderlies. Their mental attitude towards their British officers was quite different to that commonly reported. Instead of adoring him as their father and their mother, they sometimes spat at the mention of his name, and turned loose a flood of picturesque invective. For their own high-caste Indian officers they professed the greatest love. "As for caste," they said, "you mock at us. You are worse." They pointed at the cemetery. "Here are your officers, your high caste. There are your common soldiers, your low caste. Even we do not do this thing."

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One big Kitchener's-Army man, who had tramped the Indian coasts in cargo boats with Lascar crews, and who had bargained in the bazaars, held musical converse with them in their own tongue. Him they took to their hearts and warmed with strange phrases and gesticulation that was both artistic and expressive, called softly on Allah and sadly beat their breasts.

WE were most comfortably placed at Netley. A noble strip of undulating lawn extended from the buildings down to the beach, heavily studded with trees between which one caught sunlit flashes of the silver Solent. It harbored quiet corners for lovers and for the meetings of those whom the back-tides of war had spewed up here. On the promenade might be seen lovers in hundreds, looking as lovers always do. Or some proudful matron, her soul in her eyes and her boy on her arm, hanging tenderly on his words. Here a band of round-eyed children swarming over their shattered sire. There, Japanese nurses in couples, twittering, sparrow-like, mincing in their little steps. Or a medical officer of that race, punctiliously polite, a pattern to the run of young British subalterns, who are prone to return a salute as though pin-pricked in a rear and vital part. And always that stream of sightless, maimed, and limbless men, and those wonderful meetings between men who had seen or thought they had seen, the other die; that fine glow of thankfulness that pervaded each of them. Here they revelled in the restful peace, the song of birds, the smile of friends.

From the balconies overhead the wounded Germans overlooked it all, presumably enviously. On one occasion a party of Gallipoli wounded, but newly arrived from the hospital at Alexandria, appeared in the red fez of that institution. In a moment all was excitement amongst the Germans. Those at the parapet shouted to their comrades in the rear. They all swarmed up in eager haste, only to turn back in evident disappointment as the ruddy faces of British Tommies grinned cheerily up at them from under the incongruous headgear.

They appeared as contented as prisoners might be expected to be. They had the run of the grounds under boy guards, whom they openly jeered at. Even the British wounded resented that guard on the Germans and sympathized with the latter. The German food was the same as that of the British wounded except in the case of those who were convalescent. These did not receive the daily eggs, as they were not a Government ration, but were collected by popular subscriptions, largely by little children, who turned them over to the hospitals for the use of the wounded and sick. These eggs usually bore the stencilled address of the owner, with the superscription, "For a wounded soldier." We supposed the original owners of these eggs to have been females of the frivolous age. So we ignored them. But one day the New Zealander wrote to one such address, and was answered by a

child, who complained that, although she had sent many addressed eggs, this was the first acknowledgement. She had begun to doubt as to whether the wounded soldiers were really receiving them. Thereafter we religiously wrote to all egg addresses. Later the eggs almost entirely disappeared from the diet of those who were convalescent and good food became scarce at Netley. But that is an exception to the general rule.

The Germans used regularly to receive large boxes of gifts from Germany. These were opened and inspected before distribution. Sometimes an orderly would filch a pipe or sweetmeat. They were very impartial, the orderlies, whether it was an enemy pipe or a friendly egg. The result of Army training.

THE concerts held for us were many and varied; the performers, in spite of smoke, foul air and constant encores, generous to a fault in their unselfish efforts to dissipate the sombre hospital gloom. But Tommy, however good a fighting man, is a poor stick socially, with the faculty of destructive criticism well developed. Heaven help the artist who did not approach his rigid standard of good work. A neat figure and a saucy face might save the day. Nothing else. And he always likes a noise of shouting, of stamping and of whistling.

The regular Sunday night choir, however, used to shake even Swan's cynical indifference to things of soft sentiment. After evensong, down the length of each vast corridor in turn there strolled the white-robed choir, their voices now approaching in full-throated magnificence, now receding in those glorious softer tones, a distance-mellowed sobbing that lulled its hearers into kind forgetfulness of what had been, and into vain hope of those things that could never be.

IT is to the Canadian Convalescent Camp at Lord Rosebery's estate near the famous course at Epsom Downs that all Canadian soldiers must go before scattering on leave and later settling down to soldiering again at Shorncliffe. By a combination of easier discipline and the display of individual initiative they usually manage to stretch their single seven-day leave into several of them, by wiring for extensions, and in general insure themselves an adequate holiday.

Trust Tommy Canuck for that.

At the large convalescent camp at Epsom Downs even the British nurses forsook all attempt at decorum and openly romped with their charges. A nurse holds commissioned rank in the army. But at Epsom, as the night grew on, it was no unusual sight to see a skirted officer hugging the shadows of the wall as she gave a leg up to each individual of a long queue of convalescent Canadians returning from an evening's deviltry in the town. And these officers usually giggled in a very unsoldier-like manner.

Sometimes the Canadian convalescents went further afield, even to London itself. For such infractions of the rules the ac-

cepted method was to retain one's uniform and so avoid unfriendly eyes. But that required finesse. It was easier to slip a khaki overcoat on over the hospital grey, wind puttees over the exposed legs, do a quick vault over the glass-topped wall, and away to liberty.

AT Shorncliffe the final sorting is done. Those fit for the front are placed in the company of newly arrived recruits and with them usually go through an extended course of training before going to France again. Cases have been known, though, of men leaving hospital one week and finding themselves in the trenches in the course of the following week. The remainder are placed in the Casualty Company which is composed of the vets, the lame and the halt, and there by a lengthy process of elimination and repetition are sub-divided into those fit for light staff work in England or Canada, and those disabled and ready for discharge. The medical boards become the wounded soldier's bug-bear. His medical history papers are invariably lost and at each place and for each fresh decision or reconsideration, all the facts of his case must be compiled again. Apparently no Napoleonic mind has conceived of the possibility of making out the data in duplicate so that the individual's original history may accompany him in his aimless Governmental wanderings up and down the length of Britain.

And if he is "for Canada," he knows no sweeter joy and his comrade no greater envy than this. Of course, the future of the bloody memories and the mangled body must be faced. But at least in time, after the Canadian authorities at Quebec, Toronto or what not have had their fling, he may look forward to a future serene and happy in the dear knowledge that at last his duty to his country has been done, and that dull official curiosity has been satisfied. They now know to which church he belongs.

Is Radium Dropping in Price?

It is claimed that, by means of a new process of ore extraction, the market price of radium has been shattered. The price for the past two or three years has ranged from \$120,000 to \$160,000 per gram and it is now claimed that radium can be produced for \$37,000 per gram. The United States Bureau of Mines has issued a report dealing with the discovery which is highly technical and difficult to understand, but it is made clear that the methods devised are entirely new and differ from former methods not only in detail but in the apparatus used. The result of the reduction in cost will be that it will be possible to obtain a larger supply of radium for use in the treatment of cancer. It is even possible that in time it may be possible to find an absolute cure for the dread disease.



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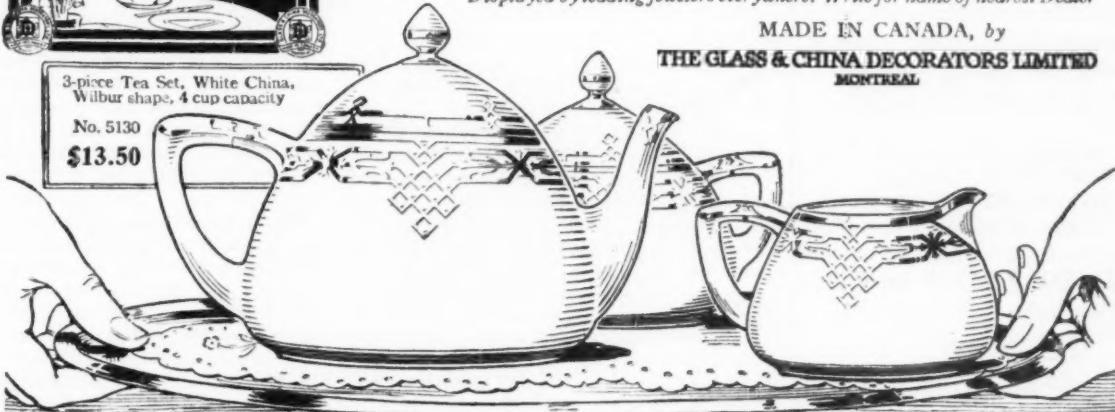
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THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

Canada's Resources Are Telling in Business

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Canada will be able to sell abroad, says Mr. Appleton, enough of her wealth of cereals, paper and minerals to maintain a huge balance in her favor. For the twelve months ending February, that balance was \$300,000,000, and in the face of this the value of her paper and minerals, especially, are moving up rapidly. In exports of silver the increased value in a year will, Mr. Appleton says, be at least \$10,000,000.

Someone who read this column last month asked me a few days ago if I still considered conditions were as sound as at the time the article referred to was written. Certainly. If anything, the position of Canada, although her expenditures on war account are increasing, is stronger. Given a normal crop this year and a continuation of immunity from physical damage at the hands of the enemy, conditions in Canada will be quite prosperous for the remaining portion of the year. Fortunately all the chief raw materials necessary to prosecute the war are to be found within our own territory. Canada, for instance, has abundance of ore, abundance of food supplies and abundance of paper, a surplus of which is available for President Wilson to indite thereon his lengthy notes to the Kaiser. All paper mills are extremely busy. If transportation facilities across the Atlantic were available our export of paper would show still greater increases. Of this manufactured article Canada for the twelve months ending February, 1916, exported \$19,502,728 as compared with \$15,365,636 in the previous period of 1915. But the increase in paper was not proportionately as great as that with regard to metals, minerals, etc. In official returns they are grouped under that head. At the end of February, for a twelve-month period, the value of the exports stood at \$118,506,000 as compared with \$60,928,000 for the previous twelve months. Practically, therefore, in this particular line the exports doubled. Equally as startling are the increases in shipments of provisions. That term does not include cereals, that is, wheat, barley or oats, but only butter, cheese and meats, principally bacon and ham. The total of these exported for the twelve months ending February amounted to \$65,405,731 as compared with \$40,947,195 in the previous twelve months, showing an increase of about 50 per cent. Another article of food Canada exports largely is fish. For the 1916 period the total value exported was \$22,000,000 as compared with \$18,500,000 in the 1915 period. Of course Canada stands out in the mind of the world most distinctly as an exporter of bread stuffs. For the twelve months ending February, 1915, the value of our exports amounted to \$110,345,000, but at the end of February last they stood at \$229,034,028 or practically

an increase of more than 100 per cent. By a comparison of our total exports of domestic produce, that is, what the country itself produces, the increase was \$300,000,000, or from \$391,000,000 in 1915 to \$698,000,000 at the end of February last.

Our prosperity at the present time and our hopes for prosperity for the rest of the year depend upon our ability to export

in the way we have done. *Why Canada's Exports Will Increase in Value* during the last twelve months. The prospect is that in the next twelve months our exports will be equally as great. Of course, as we stated a month ago, so large a crop as last year cannot be expected. But there has to be exported during the current twelve months as large a quantity of bread stuff which, in terms of bushels of wheat, is quite as great at the present time, that is, May, 1915, as the entire crop of 1914. So that Canada has at the commencement of her great producing season as much cereal produce on hand as can be expected from a normal year's crop.

We start the producing season with a big crop ready to ship, and which we have had in store during the winter. If we add to this the next crop, be it small or great, the gross result is likely to be above the average. If it falls below the average it will be due to very exceptional or quite unprecedented weather conditions. So far the spring has been normal and not later than it has been many times in the past. But in addition to our great cereal output the exports of Canada will be very materially added to in the future, so long as the war continues, by the output of mines, which is but one source of our natural wealth which is so potent in times of stress such as at present exist. Let us devote a little time to the matter of that one metal, the price of which has set the dealers in silver shares all agog with excitement. Toronto brokers have been waiting for such a time as this. Shares are being turned over by the hundreds of thousands and already one merger has been announced. Whenever a boom begins to get on its feet the merger and the promoter heave into sight and through their agency some fortunes will be made. But aside from the incidence of the manipulator, the silver mines are coming into their own. Dozens of mines which were worth

nothing at all when silver was selling around 50 cents an ounce will become rich mines when the price of that metal is 75 cents. But just at the time the price has gone up chemists have about perfected a method of utilizing low-grade ore profitably. This will mean that as the price of the white metal goes up the cost of extracting it from the ore will be going down. This will add very substantially to the wealth of Canada.

A year ago silver sold at 50 cents an ounce and at the present time it is approximately 75 cents. The value of our exports run to about \$14,-

Why the Price of Silver Has Advanced 000,000 a year on the 50-cent basis. On value alone the increase during the next twelve months will be about \$7,000,000, but high

figures will very greatly stimulate production. The increased yearly value will at least be \$10,000,000. It is quite probable that prices of silver will remain high for many years. This opinion is general amongst metal men. The war's effects are very far reaching and do not omit from their scope such a metal as silver. War caused gold to be practically withdrawn from circulation in European countries, and in consequence silver has been minted into shillings, francs and roubles, for the purpose of paying the armed forces of the Allies, as the paper money of their home country was not always acceptable where the troops are engaged in conflict. India and China also have bought silver in very large quantities and are likely to continue to be more extensive purchasers. The Sultan of Egypt has decreed that the Indian silver rupee be legal tender in his domain at a fixed rate of sixty-five millièmes (1s 4d) a rupee as consequence of the presence of Indian troops in that territory. This is interesting as a step forward in co-ordinating the local currency of the British Empire, and also an indication of another drain upon the stock of silver rupees in addition to that arising for the upkeep of the Mesopotamian expedition. Not being able to get gold, silver, of course, comes into demand. Canada is the third largest producer of silver, the annual output being 30,000,000 ounces as compared with 67,000,000 produced by the United States and 55,000,000 by Mexico. Given higher prices it is quite likely that the Canadian exports will not only be larger in bulk but also in values than they have hitherto been. As with silver so with other metals such as lead and zinc; the price is not only very much higher, but the quantity being produced is greater than hitherto. World production declining at the same time as the demand is increasing cannot but give to Canada's output a much greater value, but will also vastly stimulate the industry.

Quite recently in British Columbia a zinc smelter has been established and is now in operation. It is true that this industry will be aided at the outset slightly by a Dominion Government subsidy. However, the fact remains the business is established. Another development also under the auspices of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company is the installation of

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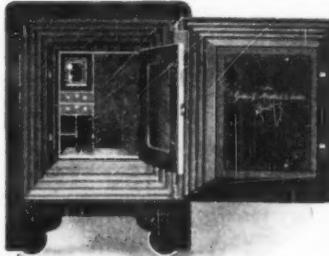
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an electrolytic copper refinery at Trail. This means that copper will be refined in British Columbia, and by this means at least \$2,000,000 will be paid in transportation. Hitherto the blister copper has been sent to eastern refineries, not in Canada, but in the United States. The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company through the influence of the war has added equipment that enables new lines not hitherto produced in Canada to be made. But it is not the only industry to do that. The Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Sydney has established chemical plants the profits from which are said to be now practically at the rate of \$1,000,000 a year. At Sault Ste. Marie, at Hamilton and other points the producing resources are being vastly strengthened. Under normal conditions to do the same thing, capital would have to be raised at a very high cost. At present, however, the necessities of the nation require that these additions of so important a character must be made and are being made at the public expense. True it is that they are to serve war exigencies, but when their usefulness in this respect is over they will be very great factors in extending Canadian trade in times of peace. In manufacturing centres it is recognized how very important it is that copper and spelter should be refined and made available for so many different classes of manufactures in Canada. When the war is over the basis will have been perfected for a multitude of small industries. All this means greater readiness on the part of Canada to turn to account, in the days of peace, the great natural wealth it is her good luck to possess.

Since the outbreak of the war there has been steady accumulation of savings by the Canadian people. To go back no further than January, 1915, we find that the chartered banks carried as Canadian savings deposits \$667,000,000. From that time until the end of December of that year there was a steady increase, the total then being \$721,000,000. There was a slight recession in June of that year but that was the only month when a decline was shown. In January 1916 savings fell off about \$6,000,000, which no doubt was due to the subscriptions to the war loan at that time. It will be remembered that the Government asked for \$50,000,000 and got \$100,000,000. February of this year witnessed an increase of \$14,000,000, and at the end of March another \$10,000,000, or in two months \$24,000,000. At the end of April when the Government statement is issued, it will not be at all surprising if savings deposits alone do not reach the figure of \$750,000,000. Within the year the increase in this class of deposits alone in the chartered banks reached \$62,000,000. There has been, however, an increase in deposits in other institutions as well. From the returns of about twenty-seven savings companies doing business in Canada the writer has compared the savings at the end of December, 1915, with those of December last, and the increase is approximately 12 per cent., or from \$20,000,000 to \$24,000,000. The Canada

permanent at the end of the year had on deposit \$6,013,897 as compared with \$5,250,765 at the end of 1914. The Huron & Erie Loan Company had on deposit at the close of last year \$2,394,623 as compared with \$2,012,155 at the end of the previous year. If we turn, however, to the actual cash on hand which the said twenty-seven companies had, we find that they had in their tills at the end of the year \$8,500,000 as compared with \$6,250,000 at the close of the previous year. Not only are the banks well stocked with cash but our other financial institutions are also. It is quite evident, therefore, that if the Government comes to the country for another domestic loan that it will be readily taken up.

But to turn to another class of company to which we have become accustomed to regard as always being in debt to the bank. And so they were. At the end of last year, however, they had, instead, of a debit, a credit balance of very considerable proportions. Some one has gone to the trouble to compile the cash assets of a number of industrial companies as at the end of the years 1914 and 1915, as here-with:

Company	1915.	1914.
National Steel Car	\$ 12,230	\$ 6,513
A. Macdonald Co.	62,722	38,886
Steel Co. of Canada	182,091	99,407
Can. Fairbanks-Morse	308,083	120,436
Standard Chem. & Iron	14,614
Can. Con. Rubber	71,180	57,363
Illinois Traction	162,451	148,092
Can. Westinghouse	1,078,253	\$12,779
Can. General Electric	477,631	82,884
Riordon Pulp & Paper	138,701	40,906
Winnipeg Elec. Ry.	182,448	13,922
Canada S.S. Lines	138,064	131,566
Penmans Limited	166,378	21,621
Dom. Power & Trans.	33,680	7,593
Canadian Cotton	1,811	406
Dominion Linens	12,560	529
Bell Telephone	2,160,732	1,512,534
Shawinigan W. & P.	435,573	107,350
Smart-Woods Co.	6,530	2,524
Inter. Nickel Co.	4,457,398	1,007,888
Canada Cement	610,459	7,648
St. Law. & Chi. Nav.	386,714	8,220
Ford Co. of Canada	2,609,998	1,957,032
N.S. Steel & Coal	566,189	13,186
Standard Reliance M.	138,403	114,170
Can. Foun. & Forgings	257,832
Toronto Railways	572,134	\$10,347
	\$15,245,458	\$7,027,824

We have not checked all the foregoing figures, but as several examined were found to be correct, the balance was accepted as being so. They indicate the very great change that has been effected in the position of many of the leading industries of the Dominion and it is because they have been able to turn to good account so much of the natural wealth the country possesses. We are not unmindful of the fact that in some classes of industries, notably the textiles, there is a great dearth of certain classes of raw material, dyes, etc. But while these are hard to get the big essentials are available. Our paper may lose much of its whiteness which in times of smiling peace is so much in request but in times of stress the clayey appearance is tolerated and becomes acceptable with usage.

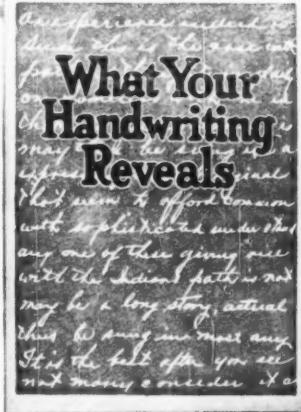
Canada it is admitted, depends very much on the farmer. It is true that the city man and the city woman regard him as impossible. The former says that he is never satisfied, and the other says that he always wants too much for the eggs and other produce that he brings to the city home. In their hearts, either of the home or the economists, the farmer is the man on whom the present and future of the country is based. To-day he gets for his hogs about \$11 per cwt., as compared with \$8.50 a year ago. Whether hay or cattle the prices are higher. Cereals are somewhat lower than a year ago, but they are still above the average. From month to month the exports of the country, originating with the farm home, will be very much greater than they are usually, and this means money for the homemakers of every country side. It may be said that the farmers will have to pay high prices for the things he needs. All round, prices are very much higher. Theoretically that may be true. But the shrewdness of the farmer in trade, whether the selling of a cow or cabbage, is of the same kin that makes him avoid purchases when prices are high. What is there, when it comes to a show down, that the farmer has to buy? He is more in the habit of "making things do," and "getting things done" without outlay than city people and this accounts for his being able to save more in times of high prices and times of stress. It is the rural frugality that is the backbone of the country's financial soundness.

There is one great danger ahead of Canada and it is that the earners of the high wages will not economize but waste away their earnings in pastimes and frivolities that keep other people from doing useful work. If, for instance, all the cinemas were closed what a number of men and women would be released for more useful work at this time, and what would be lost? Nothing of value. What educative work is being done by the picture show is more than offset by the foolishness that is cinemaed into the heads already too prone to frivolity. But there are luxuries which eat up national wealth and vitality to a more alarming extent than the picture show, and it is against them the country will have to be on its guard if the present prosperity is going to add to commercial stability.

If the people can be induced to hang on to their savings, and live as economically as possible there will be no reason to be anxious with regard to what will happen at the close of the war. There will be no reason to be anxious, economically speaking, during the war. But if we allow our public debts to pile up as we waste our substance in unnecessary extravagance the end of prosperity will be brought very much nearer. Sound business is better than "roaring" business. When people waste their earnings and make business "roar" for a time a quick reaction brings remorse. The war is making business "roar" for the time being, and if while doing our best under the circumstances profit is made, that profit should be saved as a reserve against the next great change, the character of which the wisest do not pretend to foresee.

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The Anatomy of Love

Continued from page 10

so much more influence with her than the rest of us have."

The Professor of Anthropology wheeled about suddenly.

"I have no influence with Miss Appleby—*I don't think anyone on this wide green earth has any influence with Anne Appleby.*"

HIS nerves might be bad, but there were reasons for it. He had his own ideas about the sophomoric habit of all such circuitous molestation—it was a relic of the Stone Age. He hated to be ridiculed. For one morning, during Macraven's absence, it seems, the Fellow in Mathematics, in passing, had distinctly beheld Miss Appleby stoop and press her lips to an open book on the Professor of Anthropology's study table. It was an action so unlooked for, so unaccountably mysterious, from the psychological standpoint, that the indiscreet Fellow in Mathematics had talked it over with the Associate Professor in Philosophy.

"Why, I thought," said Taussig, innocently, "that it was you who stopped her subscribing that five thousand dollars to the Chaeronean Restoration Fund?"

"I did—she might just as well have thrown her money into the river!"

"That's where Ramsell said he'd like to throw young Sewell! But I'm sure Miss Appleby would listen to a word from you."

The ridiculousness of the picture of such an appeal was too much for Macraven's over-taxed nerves.

"I've told Dodson, my man, to admit Miss Anne Appleby to these rooms *on no consideration!*" he cried.

"But she goes everywhere in Amboro! You can't quarrel with a woman who claims no less than thirteen blood and marriage relationships on the teaching-staff alone. And besides all that, she's your own cousin!"

"Pardon me—my step-sister's husband's second cousin!"

"But surely, when she looked after you—I mean brought you that black currant jam last winter, when you had influenza—"

"She brings black currant jam to every member of the staff, when he has influenza!"

"Well, when you were having her—"

"Again pardon me—Miss Appleby brought that jam against my obvious and expressed desires. Not only that, but when I was quite weak—not altogether myself, I mean—she dictatorily insisted that I should eat it."

"It was remarkably good jam!" said Taussig, reminiscently.

The Professor of Anthropology closed his open ink-well with a tart suddenness that seemed to imply that life could know no greater joy and relief than imprisoning within that same ink-well both Anne Appleby and her jam, for all time.

"Well," said Taussig, rising, "I merely wanted to mention the fact that Miss

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Appleby would call herself, to-morrow, to talk it over with you."

"Then I shan't see her!" cried Macraven.

"She will argue you out of *that*," said Taussig, from the doorway, with a wag of the head, "the same as she did about the vivisecting! She always does!"

CHAPTER II

ODIOUS ANNE

WHEN the Professor of Anthropology returned to his rooms from the President's office, early the next day, he found Anne Appleby awaiting him. She was in his big brown-leather reading chair, idly twirling her long gloves. Her half-closed eyes were fixed on his ceiling, where a spider-web showed above the electrolier, and on her black waist, just under her little pear-like chin, reposed a vivid cluster of Roman jonquils.

"Good morning, O King of Knowledge!" said Anne, with her meekest bow, folding her hands.

That was a mocking way of Anne's which had always left Macraven more or less afraid of her. He wondered, in a sudden little panic, just what Dodson could have been saying to her. For Anne, with all her funereal blacks, with all her piety, he tenaciously held, was still unsubjugated and frivolous. She had never sobered down. It had pleased him mightily, once, to think that Anne had adopted so many of his ideas as to the weaker sex, that at his instigation she had eschewed barbaric jewelry, and forsaken plumage in her headgear, and expressed a horror of adorning herself in the primitive colors. That was in the early and unsophisticated days of "Woman Retrogressive," when his knowledge of the sex was merely an empiric and abstract one. In fact, he had been so carried away by that discipleship that he had rashly proposed marriage to the quite startled Anne, who promptly refused him, on the ground, she said, that he was an agnostic, and that she herself was too young to marry. That had been seven long years earlier in his career, and Anne had seemingly accepted single life with a strange and gentle placidity. Yet during all that time he had felt mysteriously apprehensive of this calm-eyed young lady who vacillated, in her relation to him, between that of a brusquely solicitous older sister to that of a mildly chastening young mother. He remembered only too well that it was a law of Nature to chloroform her victims, as it were, before accomplishing the great cosmic processes, and he had always, since adopting the firm-fixed resolution that the celibate life was the only path through which he might reach his scholastic ends, fought fiercely and stubbornly against that subtly, anaesthetizing influence which Anne seemed to shed around her. Not that, even in his most self-candid moments, he had ever flattered his vanity with the thought that Anne was slinging herself at his head. And today, of all days, his sense of release from long-existing obligations was so emboldening that as she sat there idly twirling her gloves in her hand, he turned to her

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and ventured the remark that she was looking uncommonly well.

"Thanks," said Anne, diffidently, with her eyes still on the cobweb.

MACRAVEN noticed, too, as he stepped to his study table, that one of his empty and neglected vases—they were of Etruscan bronze—was filled with a heavy cluster of the same wonderful yellow flower that Anne herself was wearing. For some unfathomable reason a brick-red color slowly crept up to the young Professor's high white temples, as he sat looking at them.

"They were simply going to waste in my hot-house," explained Anne, with a shrug. "And this room of yours is always so dowdy, you know!"

Macraven remembered, pensively, two or more occasions on which the scrupulous-minded Anne had essayed to put his desk to rights. Her intentions, of course, had been of the best. But a student's work-table, he felt, was scarcely to be treated the same as a sewing-room floor. He looked at the flowers; then he looked at Anne; then he looked back at the flowers again.

"It's very good of you," he said reluctantly.

"It's rather good of you to take them," answered Anne, with her preoccupied smile, looking about the walls to see if there were dust on his picture frames.

"Why didn't you have that second window cut in your sleeping-room?" she suddenly demanded.

"The building is not mine," parried Macraven, almost irritably.

"But your lungs are your own," said Anne, mildly. Then she sighed. "There's one thing nice about a woman-hater. He always tells you the truth, whether he means to or not."

The Professor of Anthropology looked at Anne, apprehensively. He sometimes found it hard to understand that enigmatic young lady, for all her appearance of brusque straightforwardness. He was about to speak; then he decided that silence was golden.

"You're going away," said Anne, with conviction.

Anne's intuitions, at times, were startling.

"Yes, I want a rest," said Macraven.

"I know it," said Anne, simply. She seemed to be struggling with a momentary temptation towards candor.

"Couldn't I pack for you?" she demanded. Anne, strange to say, was the type of woman that takes an unreasonable and implacable delight in the exercise of the domestic attributes. She had even once insisted on sewing buttons on for the Fellow in Mathematics. "Why couldn't I pack for you?" she implored.

"You could do it only over Dodson's dead body, I'm afraid," explained Macraven, uneasily. He always felt afraid of Anne in that imploring mood. "Dodson is leaving me to-morrow."

"Well, there's one thing I want you to do for me," said Anne, suddenly sitting up straight and turning on him the soft artillery of her solemn smile.

"And that is?"

"I want you to be easy on Dickie Sewell."

"And who is Dickie Sewell?"

"Merely the young man on whose prostrate body you wish to erect your reputation for *terr-r-ible* sternness."

"If young Sewell has broken the rules of this college, he must suffer accordingly."

"Yes, but supposing it's going to hurt somebody who is very near and dear to you?" persisted Anne.

"Good heavens, are you in love with young Sewell too?" demanded Macraven.

"Thanks awfully," said Anne, purring a little mockingly, "I never really knew you felt that way about me."

She grew suddenly sober, with an eloquent little outburst of her upturned hands. "Instead of being merely just, be generous, this one time."

Macraven tried to explain to her the meaning and purport of impersonal Duty.

"But I know he would be grateful," said Anne, inconsequently, "it would mean so much to him." Almost as much as it meant to poor Waggles!

THE Dean of Amboro smiled a little wearily. It was an old cry, that; it always did mean so much to them, and they were all so ready to be grateful! So many times, now, year after year, they had come to him for help, and had pleaded their cause, and passed out into the world, without so much as an open word of gratitude. He did not resent it—he resented only the disillusionment it brought to his own breast.

"There is nothing I can do," he said, a little wearily.

A fleeting look of pity crept into Anne's eyes, at the lines of fatigue on his face. That look in her eyes made him very guarded and watchful.

"That is all I ask, you see," she cried, with another of her sudden changes of tone. "That is all that will be necessary—just to *do nothing*." Then she added, softly, "I've attended to all the rest of the faculty!"

He would have laughed, had he been more at his ease. When he looked up again she had risen and was standing above him, with her hand outstretched.

"Good-bye," she said. "Have a good rest, and a jolly time!"

And before he realized it she had fluttered out, and the room was empty. As he sat there, deep in thought, with the tips of his long fingers held lightly together, he first tried to recall their talk, and then tried to reframe in his mind her face as she had looked down at him.

IT was not an easy face to visualize. His wandering eye, chancing to fall on the last page of his manuscript, brought him back to the world of actualities. And once more beholding that world from the serene and tranquil heights of the scientific mind, he was, as of old, possessed of some vague impression that he was a party to some dim and mysterious duel, that there was some vast yet silent conspiracy of forces designing to frustrate and overthrow his natural man's passion for absolute and unqualified liberty. In

other words, he felt mortally and foolishly afraid of this young lady who had just so calmly and so sedately said goodbye to him. He was even glad of his impending migration, for with it came a vague sense of escape, an impression of evading some final issue as yet undefined.

For Anne Appleby was a woman of twenty-seven, unmarried, and of independent means. An open brow, not altogether untouched with its mysterious serenities, bore testimony to the full intellectual control of that bodily warmth which the rich yet softly turned lips only too eloquently confessed. Yet this mouth was both tender and humorous. Her eyes were grey, large and intelligent. Unscrupulous in her efforts towards the engagement of affection, since with that invincible ally she had long since learned she could best control people, she was still courageous enough to make enemies for the sake of a friend, or to shock friends for the sake of an enemy. There was a tradition in Amboro that either the Field Captain or the Class President of each term for eleven years back had duly but hopelessly proposed to her, and had, of course, been promptly yet tenderly rejected.

Not that Anne was a coquette in the ordinary sense of that odious word. It had always seemed to be her sportsman-like principle to kill only what was needed for camp—she could surrender to no impulse for slaughter for the mere sake of the killing. She was still young enough to talk with her contented victims as a sister might, and yet quite oldish enough to act towards them as a mother should—an elusive and unstable association which seldom tended toward peace of mind in the objects of her keenly impersonal solicitude. Yet Anne, at times, could be the soul of sobriety; she was reserved even to a primness; her indiscretions were open ones, and usually due to a mingling of carelessly defiant impulse and a warm-hearted and ever-active domesticity. In fact, so wide were her relationships by blood and marriage, so ready were her sympathies, and so numerous even the army of infants named after her—so went the Amboro tradition—that for seven years and more the passing away of some namesake or kindred had kept Anne Appleby in a state of continuous mourning. There were those who held that it was all because she thought she looked best in black—for Anne's funereal gowns could not be called that mourning of concession which goes in delicate purples shading off to soft French greys. They were always of a stern and uncompromising black. Macraven had often wondered if it was not this sombreness of costume which accentuated Anne's frivolity of mind. For Anne in black had always seemed as incongruous to him as a Watteau Shepherdess in a gloomy Rembrandt frame.

CHAPTER III

THE CROSSING INTO ARCADIA

MACRAVEN, with his butterfly nets and his microscopes beside him, peered uneasily up and down the lonely little station platform. The way train had



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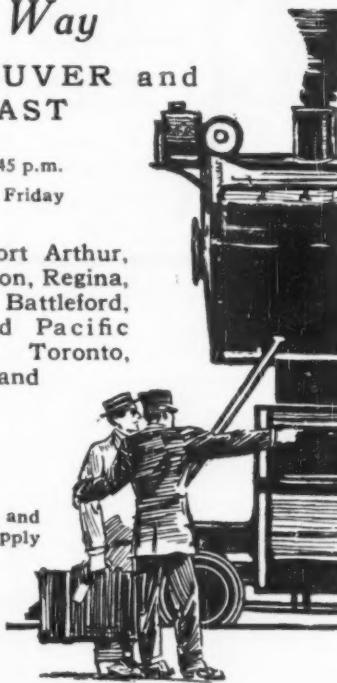
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already crept and rumbled off on its languid course, and was now nothing more than a plume of smoke above the pulsating, sun-steeped track. From a nearby clover-field, in full bloom, echoed the call of bob-o-links. From somewhere in the remoter distance came the sound of pounding; then a dog barked, and the morning grew silent again.

A sense of the unreality of things crept over Macraven. He felt not so much that he had just emerged from a provincial day-coach, but that he had passed over that Nonacrian stream which once separated the world of the living from the world of sleep.

The only figure in sight, he finally determined, was that of a much bewhiskered and ferret-eyed workman, placidly squatting beside a can of kerosene and a row of track-lamps, at the far end of the bald little platform. Macraven's succeeding discovery was that this workman was smoking a corn-cob pipe, without the slightest signs of anxiety, within two feet of the huge can labelled "Kerosene." The traveller's final realization was that this workman, as he smoked away and wiped at his lamps with a handful of cotton-waste, was eyeing him both covertly and quizzically.

"Can you tell me if I am right in assuming that this is Cedar Hills?" asked Macraven, weighed down by the loneliness of the place, and some wordless sense of impending calamity.

"It be!" responded the lamp-cleaner, with a gently forgiving nod towards the station sign, where the name stood in letters a foot high.

"Are you aware that that is coal-oil you're smoking over?" demanded the man of science.

"I be!" And he indulged in an equally forgiving nod towards the sign that decorated the side of the can. Macraven shut his teeth.

"If I am not mistaken, the fruit-farm of Doctor Ezra Shotwell lies somewhere about this neighborhood?"

"It do!"

"Then would you please tell me about how far away?"

The lamp-cleaner sat and studied for a moment or two.

"'Bout four mile!"

THE distant sound of hammering broke forth again, and a dog barked dismally once more through the morning quietness. All the world, it seemed to the Dean of Amboro, had fallen asleep. He thought of the tourists and summer visitors who would soon be crowding across the campus at Amboro, climbing the tower, companionably about the old sundial in the little Deanery garden. Then he turned back to his uncommunicative companion.

"Could you tell me the best way of getting there?"

The young Professor of Anthropology was beginning to resent the look of gentle yet pitying curiosity dominating the other's gaze.

"Be yuh goin' there?"

"I be!" retorted the Professor, exasperated.

The old lamp-cleaner slowly wheeled about, and pointed to a clump of willows beyond the clover-field.

"The Harkins boy is waitin' for yuh there with the Shotwell team, I guess. Scart to death o' the train, he says. Ain't takin' no chances on another runaway!"

Even as he spoke a prancing bay team, with heads high and ears forward, emerged from the shadow of the willows. Macraven looked at them with gathering distrust. The youth who was holding the reins could have been little more than twelve or thirteen years of age. The Professor promptly decided that if only four miles separated him from the Shotwell farm, across the open country, he preferred to walk.

"Air yuh the man from Amboro they was lookin' for yesterday?" languidly inquired the lamp-cleaner.

"Yesterday?" echoed Macraven, in alarm. "Surely I wired the right date!" He peered through his pocket note-book with a sigh of distress. His friend viewed him with forbearance modified by compassion, slowly wagging his head up and down.

"She said as yuh might be a little queer-like."

"Who said I'd be 'queer-like'?" demanded the other.

"That gurl o' Shotwell's. She druv through with that team o' bays o' theirs yesterday. Waited a hull hour and a half for the up train. When the train did pull in, that team o' hers run away, lickety-split. Smashed a hind spring afore the gurl could git 'em sawed off'n the wind!"

"But was she hurt?"

"No, but she was mad!" He wagged his head again, in silent memory of the scene. "She's a high-stepper, that gurl! Then she cooled down, and said I was to hev yuh sent over to the farm if yuh got in when nobody was 'round—said I was to try and git some little wits in my head—he-he—and look out for a middle-aged gen'lemen with long legs!"

An inconsequential feeling of irritability crept over the young Professor of Anthropology. He was, obviously, in the land of the Barbaroi, where worth went unrecognized. It further annoyed him to think that he could surrender to such a mood. But even the scientific mind, he finally sighed, as he left instructions for the Harkins boy to carry his traps on to the farm, while he followed on foot, even the scientific mind was not yet absolutely detached from those transliminal ebullitions, those atavistic emotions so persistent and racial in man. A walk of four miles through the fresh country air would brush the cob-webs from his brain, and give him a chance to think things out, and perhaps swing back to a more cheerful point of view.

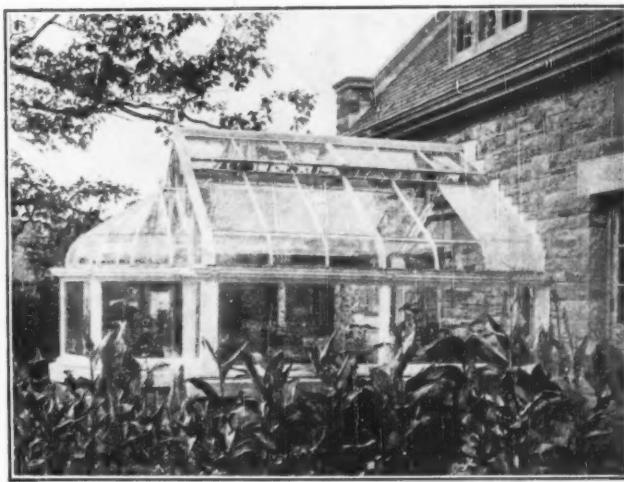
But he had his misgivings about the days that lay before him. After all, he had never been particularly fond of country life. He remembered only too well his last excursion into rural surroundings—the excursion which had left him with such a rooted aversion to cock-crowing. That farm-house had seemed a little oasis of sleeplessness in an endless Sahara of

Shanghai roosters. They began crowing long before the rise of the sun, and sleep had been out of the question, until his return from the nearest village with a number of berry-pails. Then, after secretly purchasing the co-operation of the small boy of the place, these different farmyard chanticleers were duly imprisoned, one under each pail; and there they remained, until a sign from the window signified that the man of science had arisen, whereupon the indignant and outraged captives were duly released.

THE young Professor sighed as he resumed his journey down the little winding roadway, between slopes of resinous pine, and through orchard-lands stippled with light and shade, and along rolling pasture-fields threaded with a flashing and tumbling little rivulet. For he had suddenly thought of his telegram and his arrival one day too late. After all it was just as well that he was getting away from his work. Twice old Ramsdell, the Professor of Greek, had accused him of absently carrying off his gold-headed umbrella. Once, too, he had worn his house-coat into the lecture-hall—a very comfortable garment which Anne Appleby quilted and trimmed with scarlet military braid for him. Then he had made that mistake about the overcoat of the little Fellow in Mathematics, puzzled over the fact that only the lowest button could be made to reach. And then, too, he had fallen into the habit of thinking aloud. It was a habit that had cost him many painful moments, and, he feared, lost him a number of friends. He had been "Grinding" too hard. The quiet life of the country had much to be said in its favor. For a moment he almost envied Shotwell, his old friend who had been Dean of the same "Residence," had lectured in the same halls, and had worried along on the same frugal salary. But seven years before the older man had startled both Amboro and the outer world by the unexpected publication of his romantic novel, "Princess Impossible." He had plaintively enough cried his apologies for it, before his gently smiling academic friends, but in clubs and car seats, in boudoirs and libraries, half a million readers had sighed and wept over its well stiffened mush of adventure and its well candied meringue of sentiment. Little did they imagine, all the while, that the "Shirley Legrange" of the eleven-editioned romance was the Ezra Ingraham Shotwell, M.A., Ph.D., F.A.S.L., author of "Racial Evolution." Yet, ironically enough, the returns from that eleven-editioned frolic in easy-handed eroticism had given the over-worked Amboro lecturer a belated chance to cut loose from academic confinement and to take unto himself the many-acred estate where he now toyed with the hybridization of orchard fruits and labored in secluded ease and content on the Sixth and last volume of his colossal "Evolutionary Series."

Again the young Professor of Anthropology sighed, as he came to a stop in the narrow winding road, and gazed absently about him at the murmuring woods, the softly rolling fields, the shadowy thickets from which the birds were singing. That

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was all he asked for—freedom, such as his old friend had found, to do his own work in his own way. And here, at least he would be free of all danger of entangling alliances.

It was not that he was so much afraid of women—he prided himself that he knew them too well for that!—it was more that he was afraid of his own racial instincts calling to him so arbitrarily out of the tomb of the past. Nor was he uncertain of what course to choose. Even when Miss Theodosia Mackleford, Anne Appleby's romantic maiden-aunt of fifty-three, had pointedly submitted to his attention several pages of statistics demonstrating the comparative longevity of man when lapped in the conjugal state, even then he had made it a point to reiterate that he, for one, was not a marrying man. When one was wedded to one's profession one is better off, frankly, without women about. Anne herself had always agreed with him on that. But even while her actions had given him the vague yet haunting impression of being stalked through the ever-deepening jungle of too multitudinous interests, she had candidly agreed that it would be a shame to spoil his chances by marrying—and then she would casually ask, ten minutes later, why he had gone out in the sleet without his rubbers, and if he was eating his meals on time. Or she would intimately demand, as she picked a piece of lint from his carpet, if Dodson was airing the Deanery blankets properly.

HE had often heard that it was the practical and housewifely sort of woman, from the day of the cave-dweller down to that of the auto-user, who ensnared men. He had even marvelled, too, that Anne was allowed so much time and space in his thoughts—for he had an abhorrence of practical-minded and domestic people. She had even come and bullied him about that new window and sent a chimney-cleaner to the Deanery when his grate refused to draw. Still, whenever she had mockingly aired her ideas as to the irresponsibility of bookish people he had made it a point to dilate on the charms of Selvyna Verrard, the singer in an itinerant opera company who also chanced to be a cousin of the Professor of Chemistry's sister-in-law. *That* was the sort of creature who appealed to him, he was always at great pains to point out to Anne,—a being of light and song, beautiful and ebullient, gay and volatile, free and glad-hearted as a bird singing in the midst of April meadows! Anne had only looked at him with her solemn grey eyes—it must be conceded that they were remarkably fine eyes—and told him that his necktie was on inside out. Perhaps that was her feminine way of getting even with him for his repetition of her own Aunt Matilda's dictum that a man should always marry his opposite, his temperamental complement,—a woman, for instance, of the Selvyna Verrard type!

Macraven, as he paced along, recalled the occasion on which he had taken that young actress in to dinner, and how she had squeezed his arm and pinned an orchid on the lapel of his coat, and begged to see a copy of "The Mating of Mammals"—which he had furtively carried to the

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Ramsdell's house the very next day, with two dollars' worth of violets. It was as well, perhaps, that she happened to be out automobiling. He felt that he was a fellow of impulse, at heart. And actresses, he had been told, were sometimes shockingly extravagant, even after passing under the yoke of martial subjugation. And, before the overlooked and uncut "Mating of Mammals" had been conscientiously returned to him by Mrs. Ramsdell herself, he had sent to New York for Miss Verrard's photograph, and had even lied, actually lied, to old Ramsdell and Taussig about it.

He had not passed through many such exciting periods, it was true. But that one gallant adventure had at least clinched his uncertain belief in the attraction of opposites and the sexual allurements of complementary characteristics, for, as he himself would phrase it, he still brokenly experienced a vague and subliminal call for some adequate *catharsis* of the super-emotional tract, some continuous excitation of the psychic substrate. All of which Anne, who neither squeezed his arm nor wore baby blue, to say nothing of never having read a page of physiological psychology, duly failed to understand. There was, however, something about the soft and yet steely derision in her calm and placidly brooding grey eyes that seemed, in its vague way, as eloquent to him of impending dangers as the red lamps of a tangled switch-yard might be to an engine-driver.

THE ruminating young Professor of Anthropology, as he trudged more blithely along through the quiet and fragrant pine woods, felt more and more grateful for the uncounted miles that lay between him and Amboro. A relieving sense of emancipation crept over him. It seemed, as he threaded his way deeper and deeper into the solitudes of that tranquil country road, that he was forging further and further across the frontier of some newer and freer existence.

Yet his day was not all delight. For as the morning grew older, and the sun mounted higher, he began to wish that he had waited for the Harkins boy and the team. As he had feared, his left knee had already begun to trouble him.

He unbuttoned his heat-absorbing coat of sombre black, and every now and then fanned himself with his broad-brimmed, clerical-looking "wide-awake" hat. Yet he kept stoically on, until he came to an alluringly secluded thicket of pine and thorn-tree. The country had grown more broken, and faintly, at times, he could hear the sound of running water.

He decided, at the music of that call, to swing aside into the coolness of the woods, and to rest, if only for a few moments, on one of the fallen logs.

He stood there, chewing a dandelion stem, idly debating whether to turn to the right or to the left, when all thought was arrested by a sudden and unexpected sound.

Macraven no longer hesitated. But with a strangely quickened interest he turned in the direction of that unlooked for interruption,—for the sound he had heard across the leafy silences was unmistakably that of a young girl singing.

CHAPTER IV

THE SONG OF SYBIL

AS John Herrin Macraven pushed his way through the aisles of dark pines bordering the roadside he was overtaken by a second subtle feeling of migration, a feeling that he was passing from a world of realities into one of purely imaginary and Hesperidean setting. A thick carpeting of pine-needles muffled his hurrying steps, the wind sighed continually in the tree-tops overhead, a bird or two chirped drowsily.

Then came the fuller sound of the human note, the high and clear soprano once more. The young Professor, like a man in a dream, made his way from the darker belt of pines to a thicket of wild plum, through which a little stream glimmered and flashed and danced. It was from the heart of this thicket, apparently that the light-noted Arcadian voice was singing, with all the *abandon* of an April bird.

The man of books was obviously more given to sentiment than he would have allowed, for as he approached the thicket he did so on tiptoe, removing his hat. He made note of the wild-flowers so thick about him, briar-roses, and may-apples, and a belated trillium or two; and contentedly he inhaled the perfume of blossoms, carried to him on the softly-moving breeze.

Then, of a sudden, the singing grew still. Silence seemed to hang on the air, heavy and expectant. Through this silence crept the tinkle and splash of a tiny waterfall.

As the young Professor guardedly pushed the tangled plum branches to one side, his startled eyes made out the crystal glimmer of a secluded pool. On the green-sward beside this pool knelt a young girl, vigorously towelling a great mass of golden yellow hair. As it fell and swung over her face, from time to time, she threw back her head with a quick upward motion, to free herself of the engulfing cascade. Her round young arms were bare, and gleamed in the strong sunlight. Her throat, too, was bare, and cut out against its emerald background, seemed at the moment, of more than ivory whiteness. As the girl rose languidly to her feet, taking up a comb from the grass behind her and combing out the heavy tresses of tangled gold, she once more broke into light and careless song.

THE Professor gazed down at her without restraint, without shame, without even a thought of intrusion. As he looked at that scene of Edenic simplicity, he could have flung a dozen classical allusions at her: Aphrodite emerging from the sea, Ariadne among her nymphs, Diana herself beside the secret pool. For his impression of the tableau, at the moment, was a purely impersonal and aesthetic one. Then, of a sudden, the charm was broken.

Whether it was mere accident, or whether through some vague and telepathic impression, he was never able to say. But before the impulse of withdrawal had come to him, as the eyes of the singing girl with the glimmering white

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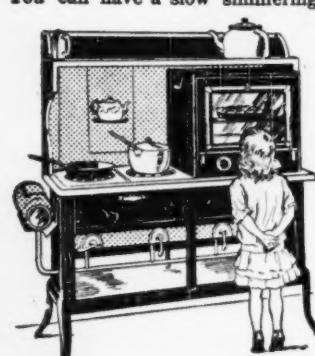


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shoulders idly turned about the little woodland coign, they came to a halt at the precise point where the intruding stranger stood.

He thought he heard the sound of a frightened and muffled and strictly human "Oh, Goodness!" The next moment he saw nothing more than a startled and indignant young woman covering her shoulders with a red-striped Turkish towel. He was grimly conscious, of a sudden, that the figure was in no sense that of mythology. He would have fled, madly, ignominiously, but flight was already too late. Instead, as was his custom in moments of great embarrassment, he coughed gravely, all the while conscious that his face was turning a deeper and deeper color. His mental misery, however, seemed somewhat to reassure and calm the young woman confronting him. The Professor repeated his premonitory cough.

"Hello!"

Her challenge was an audaciously timid one.

"Hello!" responded the Professor, inadequately.

"Well?" she demanded, more imperiously.

The intruder fumbled with his hat.

"Were you looking for anyone?" asked the girl.

"I—I hope you don't mind!" stammered the abashed scholar. "I didn't dream of intruding, you know!" And his scarlet brow plainly bore out the truth of his declaration. He waited for her to speak.

THE girl gave vent, at last, to a ripple of light and easy laughter. Then she stopped, and looked the intruder up and down.

"You're John Herrin Macraven!" she announced, with sudden conviction, plaiting her hair with deft and twinkling fingers.

The Professor bowed, gravely.

"Then you don't know me?" asked the girl, stooping to tie her shoe-strings, and then turning for a prolonged and pointed stare at his definitively attenuated limbs. He moved uneasily, remembering the conversation on the railway platform.

"And you don't know me?" laughed the girl.

The Professor confessed that he did not.

"I'm Sybil!" she announced simply.

"Is it possible?" gasped the scholar of the long legs. Little Sybil, grown almost into a woman, the child he had trotted on his knee, and put out of his study for knocking over his insect-cases; he gazed at her, from head to foot, and she in turn colored under his prolonged and studious gaze.

"Would you mind turning around for a minute?" she asked. He noticed for the first time, that she was holding her jacket in her hand.

He faced about, tingling with a new and disturbing embarrassment.

"I really forgot!" he stammered. There was a moment of silence.

"It's all right now," announced the girl, placidly. "You can turn back."

"You're—er—quite sure?"

"Yes—it's on!"

To be continued



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Why Are We Proud To Advertise This?

On the very day that war was declared the price of the Canadian Ford car was reduced \$60.

But don't mistake the reason for this reduction. It was made in spite of the war—not because of it.

To understand this reason properly requires a knowledge of how prices of Ford cars are decided upon.

These prices are based on the estimated production for the coming year—never on the profits earned the preceding year.

For instance, some time before August 1, 1914 the Ford Canadian executives decided that the demand for Ford cars for the fiscal year starting Aug. 1st, would be about 30,000 cars. With this production it would be possible to reduce the price \$60.

So an announcement was made to the public at large that the prices of Ford cars would be \$60 less for the coming year.

It must be admitted that this was a remarkably sincere and substantial expression of faith in the prosperity of Canada and the Empire that prompted this Canadian firm to stake their entire business, on the continued prosperity of their country.

Yet the Ford Canadian executives did not allow the war to interfere with their plans in the slightest degree. They considered the prosperity of Canada and the victory of the allied cause as assured.

This was emphasized a second time last August when the prices of Ford cars were again reduced by \$60.

Profitably to manufacture the Ford Canadian car at this lowered price requires a production of 40,000 cars during the year ending Aug. 1, 1916.

To quote from General Manager McGregor's own statement:

"If this company is able to manufacture and sell 40,000 cars between August 1, 1915 and August 1, 1916, we know that our buying capacity, the production efficiency of our manufacturing plant, and the distribution of overhead expense over a volume of this size will enable us to reduce our prices \$60 per car and

still make a reasonable profit for the company on this volume."

"If we are only able to manufacture and sell 20,000 cars, the reduction of \$60 per car would not be warranted and this company would be operating at a loss. It is the profit on the additional 20,000 cars which makes the price reduction of \$60 possible."

Although to build 40,000 cars means doubling last year's business, the Ford executives firmly believe that prosperity in Canada will be of such proportions this year as to create a demand for fully this much increased business. And the sales to date and the prospects for the next few months prove that they are correct in their belief.

Moreover, this action becomes increasingly significant when the advance in price of raw materials is taken into consideration. At least one automobile manufacturer has been obliged to increase the price of his car on this account. And the Ford Company again have an added burden in the increased duty on the few raw materials that they are obliged to buy in the United States. But all of these increases have been absorbed into manufacturing costs by the Ford Company as part of its obligations and its duty in times such as these.

It is another significant fact that while prices on other products have so generally been increased, the prices of Ford cars have been decreased.

So the Ford Company of Canada, is proud to advertise this reduction in price of Ford cars because it is a substantial, material proof of its faith in Canada.

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., is a Canadian Company owned in great part by Canadians, and as such believes in Canada. It believes in her prosperity. It believes in her final triumph and the triumph of the Empire in this tremendous struggle that is now demanding so much from her manhood and from the faith and support of her people.

And this Company is willing to back its belief to the last cent.

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